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THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Quarterly Review.

Πύλαι ᾅδου οὐ κατισχύσουσιν αὐτῆς.—*Matt.* xvi. 18.

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JANUARY, MDCCCLIII.

ART. I.—*The Mission and Martyrdom of St. Peter: Containing the Original Text of all the Passages in Ancient Writers supposed to imply a Journey from the East; with Translations and Roman Catholic Comments, showing that there is not the least Sign in Antiquity of the Alleged Fact, nor even of there having been a Tradition to that Effect.* By THOMAS COLLINS SIMON, Esq. London: Seeleys. 1852.

WE did not expect to find anything new brought forward so late in the day as this, on so trite and hackneyed a subject as the Roman supremacy—a subject which has been debated for three hundred years by some of the ablest men of their several generations, who might be considered very unlikely to overlook any important fact, or to neglect any valid and cogent argument. But, notwithstanding these prepossessions or prejudices, our expectations have been agreeably disappointed, in the volume before us, by finding the whole question put in a new light, simply through calling our attention to the fact that there existed a written document called "THE PREACHING OF PETER," which was circulated widely in the first age of the Church, among other places, at Rome; and that this book having been lost, the knowledge of Peter's

doctrines, acquired through it, was naturally enough interpreted as implying a "Preaching of Peter" *in person* and not merely by a *book*.

This book appears to have been a collection of the discourses of Peter taken down by his auditors—such as his address to the multitude who witnessed the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, or his discourse to the household of Cornelius at Cæsarea, and other similar appeals which are not recorded in the Book of Acts. It can scarcely be doubted that Cornelius would make a record of the transactions of that memorable day when God first imparted his Holy Spirit to him, and by that act opened the door of the Church to the Gentiles. And it is equally probable that Cornelius, who was a centurion of the Italian band, would lose no time in imparting the glad tidings of salvation to his friends at Rome; and strangers of Rome are mentioned among those who were present on the day of Pentecost.

But the tares quickly appeared among the good seed; and especially among those who, having received the truth in Judea, had removed to Rome, or some place which was not within reach of the apostles till they finally separated. And the first heresy which troubled the Church seems to have been Gnosticism, of which Simon Magus made himself the champion. To counteract this, a larger and more authoritative and official collection of Peter's discourses seems to have been made early in the reign of Claudius, and this was the book called "The Preaching of Peter:"—

"The Κηρυγμα Πετρου, called in English 'Peter's Proclamation,' 'Preaching,' or 'Doctrine;' and in Latin, 'Prædicatio Petri,' 'Doctrina Petri,' &c., was a document which appeared against the Gnostic heresy among the Gentiles at Rome before the siege of Jerusalem, and even as early as the reign of Claudius. It seems to have contained an account of the doctrines taught by Peter and the apostles in Judea, with some of our Lord's predictions respecting the destruction of Jerusalem, and to have been looked upon by the earlier fathers as really the production of St. Peter himself, or at least as having been authorised by him. Clement, the eminent Bishop of Alexandria, in the beginning of the third century, quotes a good deal from it as such. Eusebius also considered it in the same light, although he says that the authenticity of the work extant under that name *in his time* was by no means universally acknowledged—(Origen having rejected it as spurious, and none of the quotations cited by the Bishop of Alexandria being discoverable in it). The original *authentic* document was, he tells us, sent to Rome by St. Peter himself, a little before he went to Babylon, for the purpose of counteracting the Gnostic heresy in that city in the reign of Claudius; and this

historian has written a whole chapter respecting its success there upon that occasion, with the title 'On the Κηρυγμα Πετρου at Rome.' Lactantius also bears witness that this work was sent to Rome prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, and, therefore, during the apostle's life time; that it contained our Lord's predictions relative to that event; and that it was the means adopted by the apostles to announce those predictions in that city in such a way that they might afterwards be seen to be such—(Ea prædicatio, in memoriam scripta, permansit, Lact. Inst. iv. 21). I draw attention to these particulars respecting the book called 'Peter's Proclamation,' because its name seems to have been one of the main sources of the modern error about Peter's having left the east..... Does not Lactantius here say, as distinctly as he could well have said it, that it was not in person, but in the written document called 'Peter's Proclamation,' that the apostles publicly announced our Lord's predictions among the Gentiles at Rome upon the occasion alluded to? And does he not thereby corroborate the account given by Eusebius, that this document was sent to Rome by Peter a little before the final departure of the apostles from Jerusalem? In all which, however, we have not a shadow of reason for supposing either that 'Peter's Proclamation' contained anything about Peter's being in Europe, or that Lactantius was under the impression that it did" (31).

Our author cites all the authorities which are relied on by Roman Catholic writers in proof of St. Peter's having visited Rome as early as the reign of Claudius, and of his suffering martyrdom there in the reign of Nero. And, examining these authorities one by one, he shows that they afford no warrant for either of these suppositions; while the first visit can scarcely be brought within the range of possibility, so as to become consistent with the employment assigned to St. Peter in the Acts of the Apostles; and concerning his martyrdom at Rome, Clement, who is said to have been consecrated by him, is pointedly silent concerning the place of execution when he specifies Rome as the place where St. Paul suffered. His words are the following:—

"Peter, through unjust dislike, underwent, not one or two, but many sufferings; and, having undergone his martyrdom, he went to the place of glory that was due to him. Paul also, having seven times worn chains and been hunted and stoned, received the prize of such endurance. For he was herald of the Gospel in the west as well as in the east, and enjoyed the illustrious reputation of the faith in teaching as he did the whole world to be righteous. And when he came to the remotest limits of the west, he underwent his martyrdom before the governors of mankind; and thus, freed from this world, went to his holy place, the most brilliant example of steadfastness that we possess" (Ad Cor. c. 5).

Clement was at Rome during the time alluded to, and it

is inconceivable that he should omit specifying the place of St. Peter's martyrdom, while particularizing that of St. Paul's, if both had taken place together; and his making St. Paul the herald of the Gospel in the west as well as in the east seems intended to put a distinction in this respect between the apostle of the Gentiles and the other apostles, as if none of the apostles of the circumcision had ever visited the west, or enjoyed the illustrious reputation, which he had, of teaching the whole world. Moreover, Clement, in calling St. Paul "the most brilliant example of steadfastness that we possess," gives him the manifest precedency to St. Peter; and thus shows that, whatever precedency St. Peter might have had among the apostles of the circumcision, this was not then conceded by the Church of Rome, speaking through its bishop; but that they gave precedency to the Apostle Paul as founder of all the Churches of the west.

The forged epistles attributed to Clement speak otherwise; but of these we take no account, since they are universally acknowledged to be the clumsy inventions of a much later age.

The Papal claims all depend upon the alleged connection between the Church of Rome and St. Peter—that connection being assumed to have been one of no ordinary kind, but such as conferred upon the Roman Church peculiar and extraordinary privileges. Such a connection as that between St. Peter and the Samaritan Church will not suffice, though this was the first Church founded out of Jerusalem; nor will such a connection suffice as that with the Church at Cæsarea, although in that instance St. Peter was divinely commissioned to open the door of the Church to the Gentiles; for no peculiar privileges have ever been claimed by these Churches as resulting from their having been founded by St. Peter. But the peculiarity of the Papal claim is this—that it asserts an exclusive right to primacy and to supremacy over all other Churches as derived from St. Peter, who, being represented by them as prince of the apostles and as holding his seat at Rome, exercised, as they say, princedom as Bishop of Rome over the other Churches whether founded by himself or by other apostles, and transmitted that supremacy to his successors in the Roman episcopacy, or, as it is technically called, "St. Peter's Chair."

There are many very disputable points in the Papal claim, which rests upon assumption without proof from first to last. We might question the alleged princedom of St. Peter; and, if this were waived, we might question his power of trans-

mitting it to any Church he pleased, passing over Churches of earlier standing to fix on that of Rome; and, above all, we might question the transmission of a power greater than that of the other apostles to a succession of men who were less than apostles, being only bishops, and that not a real succession; for no Pope names his successor or transmits to him any grace he may have received: it is the cardinals who create the Pope when a death takes place, and the succession is cut off on every such occasion.

But all such questions as these may be passed by, to come at the real vital question, which is this—Was St. Peter ever at Rome at all? Because, unless this can be established in the clearest manner, it is idle and in vain to talk of the vast privileges bestowed upon "St. Peter's Chair." It matters not how many or how great were the prerogatives of Peter if the connection between Rome and St. Peter fails; but, in proportion to the lofty tone assumed in putting forth the claims, we naturally expect to find the stronger evidence of the titles to warrant such arrogant pretensions. And if, so far from being able to adduce any evidence to be depended upon of such connection, there is very strong ground for believing that this apostle never visited Rome, these lofty pretensions, not merely fall to the ground, but become puerile and laughable; and they would be a fair subject for ridicule were they not so wicked, but imposture in religion is too grave a sin to be treated with levity.

There is no one point in ecclesiastical history which is to Rome so important—few which have become so perplexed and rendered so difficult to determine as the relation of St. Peter to the Church of Rome. The use which has been made of this relationship for establishing the Papal supremacy is the proof of its importance, and the numerous and voluminous works which have been published on both sides of the question furnish standing evidence of the difficulty there is in coming to a satisfactory determination. If the matter were clear on either the affirmative or the negative side, a few words would suffice to settle the question.

The Romanists in general assume the facts which ought to be proved, and so evade the real points of the question. For to establish the Roman supremacy it ought to be proved, not only that Peter was first of the apostles, but that he ruled over Churches not planted by himself but by other apostles; and Churches of the Gentiles as well as Churches of the circumcision, in abrogation of that distribution of labour which St. Paul mentions (Gal. ii. 9). And then it

would have to be shown how Peter could transmit this supremacy over Churches founded by other apostles—(several of which had apostles presiding over them after the death of St. Peter)—to a succession of men who were not apostles, but were only bishops of Rome. And then one can hardly conceive what kind of succession it could be after the first bishop; for it is not hereditary—not by appointment of the predecessor—no kind of connection is established between one Pope and him that preceded or should follow; for it is never known who will be Pope till the election has taken place. And, above all, how can succession be maintained where the Papal chair has been vacant for two, three, or four years; and where there have been two, three, or four Popes at the same time, each claiming to be the only legitimate successor of St. Peter, and excommunicating the others as pretenders? The succession must surely have been broken by the numerous schisms which have taken place—such as that of the fourteenth century which lasted for seventy years, when there was one line of Popes at Rome—another line of Popes at Avignon—each of them claiming exclusive succession to supremacy, and the orthodox acknowledging the Pope who was seated at Avignon and not acknowledging the Pope who occupied "St. Peter's Chair!"

These are only a few of the elements of the complicated question of the Papal supremacy; but we may cut them short by adverting to an earlier element than these. For the simple point which determines the whole question is this —Can it be proved that St. Peter founded the Church of Rome? Or was it regarded as his seat in a special, peculiar, and exclusive sense? This is the real question, for, unless this be proved, all the other points go for nothing: this official connection with St. Peter must be clearly established in order to render any of the alleged prerogatives of Peter available for the support of Papal supremacy. And the founding of the Church of Rome is the point—not St. Peter's martyrdom or his tomb; for, if he suffered martyrdom there, this would no more suffice than the martyrdom of Ignatius would prove him to have been a bishop of Rome.

The Scriptures seem rather to indicate Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, as the founder of the Roman Church; and also seem strongly to negative the claim set up for St. Peter, who was one of the apostles of the circumcision; and it will be better to begin with the scriptural evidence on this point, and then examine that which is alleged from tradition in support of the Papal claims. And first we would direct attention to

what is written in the epistle to the Galatians—viz., that the Gospel of the uncircumcision was committed to Paul, as that of the circumcision was to Peter. "For (saith Paul) he that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me towards the Gentiles. And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go to the heathen, and they unto the circumcision" (Gal. ii. 9).

Now, this was written fourteen years at the least (Gal. ii. 1), or as some think not less than seventeen years (Gal. i. 18), after Paul's conversion: therefore, about A.D. 48-51; and during all this time it would seem that the twelve had literally obeyed the injunctions of our Lord, and had confined their ministrations to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. It is true that St. Peter had been used in opening the door to the Gentiles in the case of the Roman centurion Cornelius, but we do not find that he did anything more for the Gentiles than this. On the contrary, when he went to Antioch, his Jewish prejudices made him an hindrance rather than a help; so that St. Paul had to withstand him to the face (Gal. iii. 11). Nor can we evade the force of this evidence, as some have endeavoured to do, by supposing that St. Peter might have gone to Rome to found a Church among Jews resident at Rome; for we find no traces of any such Jewish Church before the banishment of the Jews by Claudius, and if it had existed it would have been dispersed by that imperial edict. The only trace of such a Church is found long after among the salutations of St. Paul to his acquaintance at Rome, where he says—"Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus; likewise the Church that is in their house" (Rom. xvi. 4). We presume no one would call this a Church founded by St. Peter, or contend that Aquila, who was the head of this Church, was Bishop of Rome.

The names of all the first bishops, such as Linus, Clemens, Anacletus, &c., are not Jewish names. Besides, it is only as head of the Gentile Churches that any claim of supremacy could be put in at that time: for until the destruction of Jerusalem the apostolic seat was unquestionably there, and the Church of Jerusalem was the head, not only of the Churches of the circumcision, but gave laws to the universal Church. So that, after the council held there (Acts xv.), St. Paul made a journey throughout the cities of Asia, where he

had preached the Gospel among the Gentiles, and "delivered them the decrees for to keep that were ordained of the apostles and elders which were at Jerusalem. And so were the Churches established in the faith and increased in number daily" (Acts xvi. 5).

And that the Jews at Rome as a body should know nothing about Paul, and nothing but evil of Christianity, at the time when Paul was sent a prisoner to Rome (Acts xxviii. 21), is scarcely reconcileable with the supposition that St. Peter had founded a Church at Rome many years before that time. For they said, We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee; neither any of the brethren that came showed or spake any harm of thee. But we desire to hear what thou thinkest; for, as concerning this sect, everywhere it is spoken against.

About three years before his imprisonment at Rome, St. Paul had written his epistle to the Romans, in which very strong presumptive evidence is afforded that no regularly organized Church existed in Rome at that time; but that he wrote to believers, whom he had met with in Asia or Macedonia, and who were then congregated at Rome on their private business. The only allusion to a Church is a meeting of believers in the house of Priscilla and Aquila (xvi. 5), with whom St. Paul had wrought as a tent-maker at Corinth (Acts xviii.), when Claudius had banished all the Jews from Rome; and to whom, though they were Jews, St. Paul renders thanks on behalf of "all the Churches of the Gentiles." And this enables us to understand what St. Paul means when he says of the saints that were in Rome that their faith was spoken of throughout all the world (Rom. i. 8). For all those whom he salutes by name in the last chapter, and to whom especially the epistle was addressed, he had met with in the course of his travels: some had been converted by him: others had helped him in the ministry; and, as they were continually mentioned in the prayers of St. Paul (i. 9), they became known as dear to him throughout all the Churches which he visited. Phebe, who was the bearer of this epistle, went on private business to Rome: for St. Paul calls upon them to receive her as becometh saints, and to assist her in whatever business she had need of. And though Priscilla and Aquila were Jews, St. Paul addresses the whole company collectively as Gentiles; and though they were destitute of Church ordinances, such as bishop, elders, &c., yet he writes—"And I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another. Nevertheless, brethren, I have written to you the more boldly,

in some sort, as putting you in mind, because of the grace that is given to me of God, that I should be the minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles" (xv. 16). St. Paul goes on to declare his practice of not building on another man's foundation, and also the great desire he had for many years entertained of visiting Rome, and his fixed intention of doing so whenever he should take his journey into Spain. From all which circumstances we may confidently infer that neither St. Peter nor any other apostle had at that time visited Rome; and be very sure that no regularly organized Church existed there at the time when St. Paul wrote this epistle, which is confirmed by reverting to what he had said in commencing it—"I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end you may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me" (Rom. i. 12),

St. Paul's epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, all tend to strengthen the impression that he was the only apostle that had visited Rome at that time. The epistles were written during Paul's first imprisonment at Rome, and there is not in any of them the slightest allusion to St. Peter, or to anything that had been done by him in planting a Church there—an omission which is utterly at variance with his having established a primacy in Rome some time before this. There is not the least intimation of bishop or elders as in regular Churches, but only of fellow-labourers with St. Paul in preaching the Gospel. Yet the salutations in some of these epistles avowedly include all of the circumcision who had been fellow-workers with him—"Aristarchus my fellow-prisoner saluteth you, and Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas, and Jesus which is called Justus, who are of the circumcision. These only are my fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God, which have been a comfort unto me" (Col. iv. 14). This Marcus is Mark the Evangelist, who probably wrote his Gospel at this very time, and afterwards became the first Bishop of Alexandria when a Church was planted in that city. And Timothy was also with St. Paul, as the opening verses of this epistle show. But we learn from the epistle to the Hebrews (xiii. 23), that Timothy was set at liberty earlier than St. Paul; and consequently the two epistles to Timothy were written at a much later period—the last being written during St. Paul's second imprisonment at Rome, and only a short time previous to his martyrdom. The faithful Luke was with him then (2 Tim. iv. 9); and he requests Timothy to come, and to bring Mark with him. But not a word of Peter still; which is

most extraordinary if Peter was, as they say, then at Rome, and underwent martyrdom there at the same time as St. Paul.

The general epistle of Peter affords no support to the idea that he exercised an universal episcopacy over Gentiles as well as over Jews. It is to the Hebrew converts that it is addressed, as strangers scattered abroad throughout Asia Minor and the Eastern Empire. It is like the epistle general of James, which was addressed to the twelve tribes scattered abroad—that is, to the Hebrew converts sojourning in distant countries—such as those strangers and proselytes who are spoken of in the second chapter of the Acts as having witnessed the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. It is rather to be inferred from these epistles that Peter and James still continued to limit their attention to those of the circumcision alone, leaving the care of the heathen converts to Paul and Barnabas, as arranged in the conference at Jerusalem (Gal. ii. 9). Many of St. Peter's expressions acquire fresh point by regarding them as addressed to Hebrew Christians dispersed among the heathen: such as the exhortation—"Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that whereas they speak against you as evil-doers, they may, by your good works which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation" (1 Pet. ii. 12). For the heathen commonly held the Christians to be a Jewish sect, and suspected the Jews of practising all manner of abominations, as we learn from Tacitus and the best accredited of their historians. So also the many references to the Old Testament in St. Peter's epistle have much more force when they are regarded as addressed to Jewish converts—such as the general reference, i. 10; the stone of stumbling, ii. 8; the royal priesthood, ii. 9; the ark, iii. 20; the chief shepherd, v. 4; and many more.

And as to the idea that Peter meant to date his epistle from Rome when he wrote—"the Church that is at Babylon elected together with you saluteth you"—it is an idea so absurd as scarcely to be worth reasoning upon. For, if it be said it was meant for concealment, it may be asked, concealment from whom? Not surely from those to whom the epistle was written, for this would be senseless; and care for their own safety would prompt them to keep the epistle to themselves; for the possession of such a letter would be sufficient proof of their complicity with the writer and expose them to the same persecutions as St. Peter. Besides, we altogether deny the fact that Rome had been called Babylon at the time when St. Peter wrote; for the Apocalypse was not then in existence, and it was by means of this book that the Christians were first taught

to regard Rome as Babylon. Moreover, it is the woman that rides on the beast, and not the beast, that is called the mystical Babylon: therefore, it is the Church of Rome and not the civil power—it is Papal Rome and not Imperial Rome—that is meant by the mystic Babylon, and the adopting such an interpretation of St. Peter's words is a suicidal act.

The Papal supremacy was not thought of till after the time of Constantine, who first made Christianity the religion of the State; and, during the fourth and fifth centuries, this claim to universal supremacy was rested entirely on the imperial patronage, and not on any inherent right supposed to be derived from St. Peter. And the first legal title to the exercise of such supremacy was given by the Emperor Justinian A.D. 533, at a time when there was no emperor of the west, which shows that the Church up to that time had been subject to the State; and we know as matter of fact that councils were called by the emperors, and that their decrees must then receive imperial sanction to make them valid; and even the Popes themselves were nominated by the Emperor.

The Romanists tacitly ignore these facts, and hope to conceal from their dupes the very late origin of the extravagant hypothesis that the Papal supremacy is derived from St. Peter having been Bishop of Rome for five and twenty years, or from the beginning of the reign of Claudius. The first who promulgated this wild notion was Baronius, A.D. 1607; and, curiously enough, he allows that we have no trustworthy evidence on which to rest such an opinion, and know nothing whatever beyond the scanty notices contained in Scripture concerning the missionary labours of St. Peter or the place where he suffered martyrdom. But, treating it one while as a not improbable supposition that St. Peter had gone to Rome and had been executed there, he on other occasions deals with these suppositions as if they were indubitable facts established by the most authentic records:—"As to the history of the apostles, after they once separated from each other, the whole matter is overhung with extreme obscurity ..... We cannot now hope to be ever able to know, with anything like historical certainty, what really took place in the subsequent lives of the apostles" (Bar. Ann., A.D. 44). Yet a few pages before Baronius had said:—"To ascertain into what countries each of the apostles went, we shall cite all that we can find in the fathers and elsewhere; and above all we must speak of Peter, who, according to the general opinion, came to Rome in the second year of Claudius.....

All the ecclesiastical writers have confirmed this same Peter's journey to Rome and have adorned it with everlasting records..... In short, not to lose time in a thing so evident, all the general councils have confirmed this great fact; all the bishops of Rome in their letters, and all the emperors in their edicts, have confirmed it: the event was of such vast importance that it was most deservedly recorded in writings of every description."

A writer who thus contradicts himself does not need refutation; but it may be as well to remind our readers that the writings of every description to which Baronius refers are no other than such forgeries as are found in Gratian's "Decretals"—writings which had been palmed off as genuine upon an ignorant and credulous age, but which are now given up by the Roman Catholics themselves as clumsy attempts at imposture to give a semblance of truth to a fiction.

Bellarmine is more guarded and handles his subject in a formal and less summary way, saying—"We have four questions here to consider. 1. Was Peter ever at Rome at all? 2. Did he die there? 3. Was he bishop there? 4. Was he never translated from that see to any other? Of these four it is the last only that is either absolutely necessary for the Papal supremacy or sufficient to establish it; for, as to the *first*, it is clearly neither necessary nor sufficient for the purpose we have in view, as many people come to Rome without being bishops of that city, and many bishops of Rome have never been in that city at all, as Clemens V., &c. As to the *second*, that also is neither necessary nor sufficient, as is proved by the facts that many bishops of Rome did not die there, and that many other people who never were bishops of the city die daily within its walls," &c. (De Sum. Pont. ii. 1-3). This and much more that follows is only an endeavour to throw dust in our eyes, that we may not see through the flimsy arguments by which Romanists attempt to defend the Papal usurpations; for, though it is a mere truism to say that numbers come to Rome who do not thereby become bishops of Rome, yet it is equally obvious that if Peter never was at Rome at all he could not have been bishop of that city in the Papal sense, so as to transmit his supposed prerogatives to his successors in that see. And all that follows is equally evasive, since it is assumed that the supreme and exclusive privileges claimed for the Roman see, because it was Peter's seat, does not imply or rather necessitate the presence of Peter; or, as if a primacy could begin without a primate; or, as if exceptions were the rule, and local and inferior episco-

pates had any analogy with the foundation of an universal episcopacy. The *fourth* question in fact involves the previous determination of the preceding ones; for it is quite idle to ask—"Was he never translated from that see to any other?"—if we are not first assured that he really held that see.

Bellarmine, however, thinks better of it afterwards, and endeavours to prove the first three points: and these are his arguments to that effect. 1. Peter has written an epistle from Babylon (1 Pet. v. 13), and Babylon means Rome. 2. There were numerous converts when Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans, and if Peter had not been to Rome to make them, there is no satisfactory evidence that any one else did so. 3. Mark wrote his Gospel at Rome at the dictation of Peter. 4. Peter defeated Simon Magus at Rome. 5. Peter's tomb is at Rome; and therefore he died there, and "he could not have died there if he had never been there"—a very notable conclusion! And it shows the very little truth there is to be found when an able man, like Bellarmine, has recourse to such trumpery arguments as these in support of so tremendously important a doctrine as the infallibility and supremacy of the Roman Church, deduced from the Papal figment of succeeding to St. Peter's Chair. For Peter's contest with Simon Magus, we imagine, there is little better authority than the "Golden Legend," a work of the thirteenth century. And in the appeals to older tradition, which is the common resort of Romanists when their arguments fail, we have to make sure of two things—first, that the works appealed to are genuine and have not been interpolated; secondly, that the meaning of the writers is correctly interpreted; and, as a preliminary to this, we ought to bear in mind the manner in which the Church of Rome had its beginning, and in ascertaining this we may be able to supply an answer to Bellarmine's second argument, by producing "satisfactory evidence" by what means those numerous converts were found at Rome when Paul wrote his epistle to them, and also when he was afterwards carried a prisoner to Rome, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

The Roman character appears to have been more simple, and more open to the reception of the Gospel, than that of other Gentile nations. Of one centurion our Lord spake, saying, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel" (Luke vii. 9). Another centurion, beholding the prodigies which accompanied the crucifixion, said—"Truly this was the Son of God" (Matt. xxvii. 54). And the centurion

Cornelius, whose prayers and alms had come up for a memorial before God (Acts x. 4), was the first among the Gentiles to whom the Holy Ghost was given in the same fulness as he had been poured out on the Jewish Church at the beginning of this dispensation. On the day of Pentecost there were strangers of Rome, both Jews and proselytes (Acts ii. 10), witnesses of the first effusion of the Holy Spirit, from whence the Christian Church has to date its proper commencement; and these strangers, on their return to Rome, would carry back the tidings of those wonderful events they had witnessed; nor is it at all unreasonable to suppose that some of them may have been among the three thousand souls which were joined to the Church by baptism on that first occasion. And when shortly after, by the baptism of Cornelius, a door was opened to the Gentiles, and a Church of neither Jews nor proselytes, but mere heathens, began in his house, it could not but happen that so remarkable an event would become known to their friends at Rome, and Cornelius himself might have gone thither and become the nucleus of a Church among the Gentiles of the west; for Cornelius had called together his kinsmen and near friends to receive Peter at Cæsarea, and said to him on his arrival—"Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God" (Acts x. 24, 33). Some of these friends of Cornelius, and some of the strangers present on the day of Pentecost, would certainly visit Rome and be sojourning there at sundry times; and this is quite sufficient to account for that amount of Christianity which is implied in St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, without having recourse to the groundless supposition that Peter or any other apostle had then visited the imperial city.

And this very early propagation of Christianity in the west is something better than mere conjecture, for there is proof of it in the epistle to the Romans, since St. Paul writes thus—"Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen and my fellow-prisoners, who are of note among the apostles, who also were in Christ before me" (Rom. xvi. 7). These must have been among those strangers of Rome who were at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost; for, being Christians of longer standing than Paul himself, they must have been converted before the martyrdom of Stephen, for it was soon after that event that Paul was converted. They must also have been baptized at Jerusalem, since the disciples were not scattered abroad till after the martyrdom of Stephen, and even then the apostles remained at Jerusalem (Acts viii. 1);

therefore neither Peter nor any apostle had then been to Rome, but the Gospel was carried there by such converts as these.

Aquila and Priscilla seem to belong to the same class of early converts; for Aquila was a Jew of Pontus whom Paul had first met with at Corinth (Acts xviii. 1). They had been expelled from Rome by Claudius, and they must have been experienced Christians, and therefore of some years' standing in the faith when St. Paul met with them, to be used by him in the confidential manner described in the Acts. And in the epistle to the Romans they are not only mentioned first among the salutations, but the Church in their house is saluted, which is the only intimation we have of anything like a Church subsisting at Rome when St. Paul wrote this epistle. And that Church seems to have been nothing more than a meeting for prayer and mutual exhortation, by what St. Paul says in connection with those who thus assembled—"I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another" (xv. 14); while there is strong reason for believing that no apostle had as yet visited Rome in the very earnest desire which St. Paul had long entertained to come to them in order to impart some spiritual gift, coupled with the objections which he expresses in the same epistle to building on any other man's foundation (Rom. i. 11; xv. 20).

And we should also bear in mind a fact which has been generally overlooked or suppressed, but which is fully established in the work now before us—a fact which greatly helps us to account for the rapid diffusion of Christianity, as well as to understand the means which little companies, like those at Rome, employed for mutual edification before the Gospels were written; and with a paucity, often the entire absence, of Church ordinances. It also affords a probable foundation for the current tradition of Peter's having visited Rome at a time when so many facts and probabilities concur in negativing such a supposition. We allude to the existence of a collection of St. Peter's discourses, made at a very early period and sent to Rome about A.D. 45, which book was called "The Preaching of Peter," and therefore led to the inference that the preaching of Peter at Rome necessarily implied a personal visit of the apostle.

Lactantius, Clement of Alexandria, and Eusebius, assert that a writing called "The Preaching of Peter" had been sent to Rome in the first or second year of Claudius to counteract

the Gnostic heresy, of which Simon Magus was held to be the leader, and on this has been grounded the legend of St. Peter's personal visit to Rome and his contests with Simon Magus in the presence of the Roman Emperor; and the fables which became current in the middle ages, and strike us with wonder at their ridiculous absurdity in the "Golden Legend," yet are still, as to their substance, retained in the Roman breviary. Eusebius expressly asserts that this document, which was no longer extant, had been sent to Rome by St. Peter himself a little before he went to Babylon, and was sent in the reign of Claudius for the purpose of counteracting the Gnostic heresy which was then infecting the disciples in that city. So that the testimony of Eusebius serves to show that there were Christians in Rome at this early period when no apostle had been there; and that Peter sent his discourses because he could not go there in person, being about to proceed in an opposite direction to Babylon:—

"I draw attention (says Mr. Simon) to these particulars respecting the book called 'Peter's Proclamation,' because its name seems to have been one of the main sources of the modern error about Peter's having left the east (to found the Roman Church). As to its supposed testimony upon this subject, the book in question is not now extant, nor is there any extract from it in which it is pretended that there is the slightest allusion to anything of the kind. Baratier and Bishop Pearson, who alone cite it as authority in this case, admit that there is not; but they think that it must have contained some such passage, because (say they) Lactantius seems to say so. But Lactantius says exactly the reverse. Lactantius says—'Christ disclosed some predictions to his disciples, of which the apostles made public proclamation at Rome; and that proclamation being in writing, to perpetuate the predictions, was still extant after their fulfilment. In this proclamation, among many other extraordinary things, they said that Providence would soon send a king to exterminate the Jews,' &c. Does not Lactantius here say, as distinctly as he could well have said it, that it was not in person, but in the written document called 'Peter's Proclamation,' that the apostles publicly announced our Lord's predictions among the Gentiles at Rome upon the occasion alluded to? And does he not thereby corroborate the account given by Eusebius that this document was sent to Rome by Peter a little before the final departure of the apostles from Jerusalem? In all which, however, we have not a shadow of reason for supposing, either that Peter's proclamation contained anything about Peter's being in Europe, or that Lactantius was under the impression that it did contain anything" (31) to that effect.

The sending such a book as this to Rome in the time of Claudius to counteract the heresy of Simon Magus, and this book being called "The Preaching of Peter," sufficiently

accounts for the vague floating tradition that St. Peter had gone to Rome, and had there encountered Simon Magus in person—a supposition which, even if it could not be accounted for, is surrounded with difficulties insuperable, amounting nearly to physical and moral impossibilities; for, as all are agreed that St. Peter suffered martyrdom under Nero, A.D. 66, the only question on this point being whether his death took place in Babylon or at Rome, the episcopate of twenty-five years standing at Rome, which Baronius and the Romanists claim for St. Peter, requires that he should have visited Rome A.D. 41—the very year which Usher assigns as the date of the conversion of Cornelius, effected through St. Peter, and requiring his presence at Cæsarea. But the work assigned to St. Peter in the Acts of the Apostles, both before and after the conversion of Cornelius in Judæa, and at Antioch, renders it a physical impossibility that he could have gone to Rome at anything near the time alleged—that is, not at any time earlier than the council of Jerusalem (Acts xv.), at which St. Peter was present, and the date of which, according to Usher, was A.D. 52; for, on the martyrdom of Stephen, A.D. 34, when all the disciples were scattered abroad, the apostles are expressly excepted (Acts viii). They remained still at Jerusalem. Philip went to Samaria preaching the Gospel and baptizing those that believed; and the apostles, hearing of this, send Peter and John to organise a Church at Samaria, who made a circuit among many villages of the Samaritans and then returned to Jerusalem (Acts viii. 25). In A.D. 37, St. Paul made his first visit to Jerusalem after his conversion (Acts ix. 26), and then saw Peter there (Gal. i. 18). Peter soon after made a tour in Judæa, healing Eneas and Dorcas, and abode at Joppa many days (Acts ix. 43). It was while Peter was staying at Joppa that he had that vision which prepared him for accepting the invitation of Cornelius, a Gentile, and so founding what was in fact a Roman Church, though located at Cæsarea. And, as Usher fixes this event in A.D. 41, and the Romanists say that their Church was founded A.D. 41, both are probably referring to the same event; but the Romanists erroneously suppose that it took place at Rome, whereas it really took place at Cæsarea; and as we may reasonably conclude that Cornelius would not only record the things which he had heard from St. Peter for his own continual meditation, but would also desire to send the glad tidings of salvation to his friends at Rome, we have in this a very probable origin of the book called "The Preaching of Peter;" and we see no reason to

disbelieve the tradition that Peter himself may have seen and sanctioned the document, and that it was sent with his knowledge and authority to Rome.

Soon after this Peter returned to Jerusalem, and gave an account of the things that had been done at Cæsarea in opening a door to the Gentiles (Acts xi). And then he was imprisoned by Herod; and, on his release from prison by the angel, it is said "he departed and went to another place" (xii. 17). This is usually fixed A.D. 44, and it is barely possible that he might have made a flying visit to Rome at this time, and may have returned to Jerusalem so as to be seen there by St. Paul fourteen years after his conversion—that is, A.D. 48; and to have been confronted by Paul at Antioch (Gal ii. 1-11); and to have been present at the council of Jerusalem, A.D. 52. These things are barely possible; but they are very unlikely, considering the imperfect state of navigation at that time, and the tediousness of the voyage of St. Paul as recorded in the Acts, though he went as a state prisoner, and therefore sailed under every advantage. And as such very momentous consequences are made to depend on the fact of St. Peter's having gone to Rome, we have a right to demand that a fact of such importance should be established by some positive evidence, and not be made to rest on conjecture and bare possibilities. And we hold it to be a moral impossibility that such an event should have taken place without the least allusion to it in the Acts of the Apostles or in the epistles of St. Paul—one of which was written to the Romans, and several of the others from Rome itself.

Many of the Romanists involve themselves in still further difficulties by affirming that St. Peter was Bishop of Antioch first and occupied that see during seven years, and afterwards founded the Church of Rome. "That St. Peter, before he went to Rome, founded the see of Antioch, is attested by Eusebius, Origen, St. Jerome, St. Innocent, Pope Gelasius, St. Chrysostom, and others" (*Times*, January 16, 1851)—an odd medley of authorities it must be confessed, and only showing how little reliance is to be placed on such assertions; for we know full well that Antioch was a Gentile Church and was Paul's peculiar charge as the apostle of the Gentiles; and we know from St. Paul's own testimony (Gal. ii.), that fourteen years after his conversion he went up to Jerusalem to ascertain the mind of the other apostles concerning the doctrines which he was preaching at Antioch; and that Peter, James, and John, gave him the right hand of fellowship, that he should go to the Gentiles, while they con-

fined themselves to the circumcision. On the other hand, the only notice we find in Scripture of Peter's presence at Antioch is as a stumbling-block to Barnabas and the weaker disciples, so that Paul had to withstand him to the face because he was to be blamed (Gal. ii. 11).

There cannot be a doubt in the mind of any believer in the Bible that the Church at Antioch was founded by St. Paul about three years after his conversion—viz., A.D. 37 or 38. It was one of the earliest Churches and there the disciples were first called Christians; and if they mean that Paul's work of gathering the Church was not founding the see, and assign this latter work to Peter and place it after the encounter with Paul at Antioch and after the council of Jerusalem, this only increases the difficulties of another kind by throwing forward the time of Peter's supposed visit to Rome; making it impossible that it could have taken place during the reign of Claudius, and bringing it into coincidence with the very time when St. Paul was sent as a prisoner to Rome.

It was in the direction of Antioch and Asia Minor that Christianity first spread abroad beyond the confines of Palestine; and, even as late as the time when St. John received the Revelation, Asia Minor was the chief seat of Christianity, as we learn from the epistles addressed by our Lord to the seven Churches in Asia. The general epistle of St. Peter is addressed to Jewish believers of the dispersion resident in these quarters; while St. Paul's epistles, written from Rome, are addressed to the Gentile Churches which he had planted in the same region. The division of labour between the apostles of the circumcision and uncircumcision seems to have subsisted still; and we have no evidence that St. Peter ever laboured among the Gentiles, although he had been used as the instrument of admitting them to the same privileges as the Jews in the case of Cornelius the centurion. It is our firm conviction that St. Peter wrote his epistle from Babylon and that he suffered martyrdom there; for the Jews had a flourishing settlement at Babylon, and a school of learning which rivalled that of Jerusalem, and among them it is exceedingly probable that St. Peter founded a Church and took up his final abode. The chief difficulty as to his martyrdom at Babylon has been removed by Mr. Simon, who shows that Babylon, though nominally under Parthia, was so cowed by the Romans that a command from Nero to slay the Christians would be very readily obeyed by them:—

"The correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Baratier, and others ..... argue that, if Peter was put to death at all by the Jews, it must have

been in Europe—that it was not likely that Nero either would or could persecute the Christians through the Jews within the territories of Parthia, of which Babylonia was a province, or in short anywhere, except in Europe; and that, therefore, as Peter fell in Nero's persecution, he must have perished to the west of Judea. Whereas it can be proved from Roman Catholic records that Babylon was, at the time of Peter's martyrdom, in the most abject dependence upon the will of Nero; that Nero's persecution of the Christians was carried on not only by imperial edict, which took effect throughout all the Asiatic provinces of the empire, but that it was also carried on within the jurisdiction of the states dependent upon the empire; and that there was, during that persecution, a large and violent faction of the Jews at Babylon in an extreme state of exasperation against the leaders of the Christians in that city' (35). 'Thus we see that Nero's persecution was universal; that Parthia was in complete subjection to Nero at the time of Peter's crucifixion there; that it was usual for the imperial commissioners, at that time, not only to put to death the Christians that were brought to them, but to track them out and arrest them wherever they could be found; and that the Christian Church at Babylon, as well as in all the other Jewish cities, had the whole of the war party in the fiercest hostility against it" (44).

The intervening pages between these extracts, which our limits do not allow us to quote, contain full proof of these assertions, and leave no doubt of the fact that Babylon in Mesopotamia was the place where St. Peter had for some of his last years resided, and that it was in Babylon he received the martyr's crown. This really disposes of the whole question by showing that St. Peter neither planted the Church of Rome in the reign of Claudius nor suffered martyrdom there in the reign of Nero; for both these points must be proved in order to establish the claim of supremacy on the part of the Roman Church. We need not, therefore, pursue the enquiry further, or attempt to give any account of the way in which all the testimonies are disposed of which are usually alleged in support of the Romanist pretensions. They are more than fifty, extending from the first to the seventh century: each testimony is carefully sifted, and it is shown that no one of them is of any value, as they all repeat but the same tale, resting upon an ignorant or wilful mistake. Jerome is the least excuseable among them, for he ought to have known better. But the fact is that, what with the haste and carelessness with which he generally wrote—and what with that abominable *falsitas dispensativa* which he held was a justification for practising equivocation, deception, or falsehood, whensoever the interests of the Church rendered such kind of lying expedient—Jerome is less to be trusted, in this matter, than any of the other authorities cited.

But it may be worth while to notice the argument which is drawn from the fact that the reputed relics of Peter and Paul are at Rome, and that no other place has put forward a similar claim. We do not ourselves set much store by any such proof as this, seeing such multitudes of pretended relics were palmed off at the very time when these supposed relics were removed from the catacombs to be deposited in the places where they are said to be still lying. This is, in fact, the main argument with Bellarmine in proof of the Roman supremacy having descended from St. Peter; and he allows that Eusebius suggests no other reason, save the relics, for supposing Peter to have died in Europe. The argument is this: we may not be able to prove by direct testimony that St. Peter suffered martyrdom at Rome; but we have his relics there, and surely this is sufficient proof that Rome was the place of his martyrdom.

Before we can acknowledge it to be sufficient proof, we must be satisfied by some valid testimony that the place of Peter's sepulture was known and distinguished from the other tombs in the same catacomb from the very time of his death till the time of Pope Sylvester, A.D. 319, when these relics are said to have been found. For there could be nothing in the bones of Peter to distinguish them from the bones of any other man; and the legend allows this in saying that the bones of Peter and Paul, which had been found together, required to be distinguished—a voice from heaven declaring that the larger bones were the preacher's—the smaller bones the fisherman's. Mr. Simon quotes from Sanctorius as follows:—

"Peter's bones were mixed with Paul's in the catacombs, either because it was the will of heaven that they who had lived in affection and brotherhood should be enclosed in the same busto, or because the Asiatics did it out of malignity. For certain people from the East came over out of affection for the apostles, who had lived so much among them; and, because they envied the Italians the good fortune that resulted from the possession of these relics, they made an attempt to carry off the bodies; but being discovered and frightened by the Roman Christians, who had arms in their hands, they threw the bodies into a well there (*in puteum quendam ad catacumbas*). At a subsequent period, there was a voice from heaven declaring that the larger bones were the preacher's, the smaller bones the fisherman's; and immediately St. Sylvester, the high priest of Rome, when Constantine was leaving Rome to live at Byzantium, weighed out these relics in equal quantities (A.D. 319), after having first separated them upon a slab of porphyry; and one-half of each body was placed in the Church now called the Vatican; the other half of each body in St. Paul's; and the two heads in the Church of St. John Laterah" (154).

Sanctorius wrote A.D. 1597. Gregory writing to the Empress Constantia, A.D. 604, gives nearly the same account; except in saying that it was by a storm of thunder and lightning that the Asiatics were deterred from carrying off these relics. But the earliest direct testimony to any of these facts is Eusebius (A.D. 340), who declares that Caius, a holy man living in the time of Zephyrinus, viz. A.D. 250, had reported that the remains of Peter and Paul were supposed to be buried in the catacombs, near the Ostian way, about two miles from the gate of Rome. And on this bald statement of a mere report, which can be traced no higher than the middle of the third century, and which is not found on record till the middle of the fourth, all the fine tales of the Asiatics and of the voice from heaven have been built. There is no proof given that Peter suffered martyrdom at Rome—no proof that the place of his sepulture was known or marked by any inscription; but a random search was made in the catacombs (A.D. 319), and, two bodies being found together, it was concluded that they must be the relics of Peter and Paul; and then a voice from heaven is brought in to determine which of the bones belonged to the preacher and which to the fisherman; and, contrary to all received notions, Paul is made the larger man. "Thus, the conjecture in Eusebius was formed nearly three hundred years after Peter's time, and the first allusion in the fathers to this conjecture does not occur until nearly three hundred years after it was formed" (270). Our readers may judge of the degree of weight which such kind of evidence is entitled to in support of so tremendously important a doctrine as Roman supremacy.

There is an amusing chapter on the "Golden Legend," by Jacobus de Voragine, a work of the thirteenth century—legends fully believed at that time, and which Tillemont says were extensively circulated and became one of the books most frequently printed in the fifteenth century. It is even to the present time credited in those countries which are regarded as being *par excellence* the most Catholic—that is, countries where the light of the Reformation never penetrated, or where it has been extinguished by the power of the priests and Jesuits. And the evidence of the hold it took upon the people, and the use which was made of it by the priests, appears in the Roman breviary, in which many of the most absurd of its stories can be traced to no earlier source, and no better authority, than the "Golden Legend," composed about A.D. 1298.

The contests between Simon Peter and Simon Magus, in

the presence of the Emperor Nero at Rome, rest solely and exclusively on the word of Jacobus de Voragine; and the whole story is characteristic of one who was living in the midst of an ignorantly besotted people, and who had either imbibed their spirit and had become himself besotted, or who wickedly pandered to their depraved taste. And the greater part of the contest between Peter and Simon Magus was copied into the "Historia Apostolica" of the following century, into the history of Nicephorus Callistus, and by many other authors of that age, as one calling himself Marcellus, Hegisippus, Metaphorastes, Cedrenus, Glycas, and others; which shows how universal the appetite for such trash then was.

Baronius, and such as countenance the "Golden Legend," ought in consistency to give up Peter's first alleged visit to Rome in the reign of Claudius, for the legend not merely ignores a former visit, but leaves no room for it, laying its scene at the close of Nero's reign, and when the apostle was nearly eighty years old, as Baronius allows. The legend asserts that Simon Magus had lived for five-and-twenty years in great prosperity at Rome and acquired immense reputation by his witchcrafts. "He was in the habit of making statues to walk—of changing everything into gold —of making the household utensils transfer themselves without being touched to wherever they were wanted—of assuming the appearance of a dragon, a sheep, or anything else he chose, and of transforming other people into all kinds of animals" (Nicephorus ii. 297), credited also by Cedrenus, Baronius, &c. Simon Magus had it seems a very large dog, which one day rushed into the presence of the magician, and in a man's voice announced that the great Apostle Peter had just arrived at Rome and was coming to Simon Magus. Those who were present enquired eagerly who this stranger was, and some of them ran away in consternation; but the magician himself remained calm, and told his dog to return to Peter and invite him to come in, "and be sure to speak to him like a man as you have done to me." When Peter came in a crowd soon collected, and Simon Magus challenged Peter to a trial of strength; and, having sent for a large bull, he whispered in its ear, when it fell down dead. Peter stooped down and whispered something, when it started up alive as vigorous as at first. The people shouted, "Life is a greater miracle than death."

This is a sample of the kind of miracles said to be wrought, many of them in the presence of the Emperor Nero, of whom

Jacobus de Voragine seems to have had no more formidable idea than that which was inspired in his own day by the Emperors of Germany; and that, as he was very much at his ease in the presence of an emperor, so Peter and Paul would be quite at their ease in the presence of Nero. We pass over all these intermediate acts to come to the final catastrophe, which took place before Nero and his court.

The "Golden Legend" asserts that the magician announced his purpose to take flight in a fiery chariot from the Capitoline-hill on the morrow; and that the emperor and the Roman people assembled at the time appointed, Peter and Paul being also present. The legend describes, in a manner suited to the ignorant age for which it was composed, the tinsel splendour both of Nero and of Simon Magus—"Conscensis quadrigis igneis, ab illa turri excelsa avolans, in modum volucrum sublime petiit;" and no less ludicrously, the bearing of Peter and Paul, for Peter is represented as agitated and alarmed—Paul as impatient and prompting his brother to act. Peter at length gives the word, and the enchanter falls to the ground and soon after dies. But this manifestation of the apostle's superior power is so far from producing its natural effect upon Nero that he immediately orders Peter and Paul to prison for having deprived Rome of one who was regarded as a sort of tutelary of the city; and finding that Simon Magus did not revive or return, ordered both the apostles to be executed. And this is the kind of trash which is referred to as evidence that St. Peter suffered martyrdom at Rome! And it is probably, as being the only kind of evidence which is producible, that this idle tale has found a place in the Roman breviary, as follows:—"Hodierna igitur die (July v.), beati apostoli sanguinem profuderunt. Sed videamus causam, quare ista perpessi sunt: scilicet, quod inter cætera mirabilia etiam Magum illum Simonem orationibus suis de aeris vacuo præcipiti ruina prostraverunt." And then proceeds to describe the scene as substantially similar to that contained in the "Golden Legend."

Peter is represented in the same work as having sumptuously entertained Titus and other noble Romans, who are waited upon by Petronilla, Peter's beautiful daughter. One of the guests falls in love with her and comes to take her away by force. She entreats three days' respite, that her twelve bridesmaids may have an opportunity of calling upon her, so as to make their acquaintance. She employs the three days to such good purpose that every one of the twelve is converted in succession, and handed over to Peter to be bap-

tised; and, having accomplished this good work, Petronilla is found dead on her knees the third day, since rather than marry the pagan she had starved herself to death. She is commemorated in the breviary on the last day of May.

For further satisfaction we must refer our readers to Mr. Simon's book, which, though not very well written nor always in good taste, yet contains much valuable and interesting matter and places the whole question in a new light. We think that Mr. Simon fully establishes his main point—that no proof whatever exists that St. Peter ever visited Rome. We think that he renders it exceedingly probable that Babylon on the Euphrates was the chief centre of that apostle's labours and the scene of his martyrdom; and we hope that either Mr. Simon, or some more practised writer, may take up the materials here brought together, which we think capable of being worked up into an argument such as would utterly annihilate all the pretensions of Rome which are alleged to be derived from St. Peter, by showing that he never was in Rome; and that no one ever asserted that he had been there till after it became necessary to bolster up a daring usurpation by a tissue of falsehoods so boldly uttered that they long passed current as historic facts.

ART. II.—*Clothing Society for the Benefit of Poor Pious Clergymen of the Established Church and their Families.* Reports, &c., Birmingham.

IT is remarkable how seldom our old familiar sayings lose their truth. They seem to have been the utterances of experienced and prophetic spirits; and are, therefore, the last part of a nation's literature that becomes antiquated. Thus, notwithstanding our overvaunted prosperity, the old saying is as true as ever—One half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It has even been the fashion to look for poverty and its ills, and to squander much profitless sentiment about it, in romances and ephemeral poems; but the world notwithstanding generally looks for it in wrong places. Our union-houses, at the worst periods, do not fairly exhibit it. Our crowded gaols are better exponents of the multiplication of vice than of genuine poverty. Nor are just conclusions of the width and depth of its evils to be drawn by wandering, without local and instructed guides, amidst the worst parts of our

manufacturing and other towns, where so many victims may be seen at all times to awaken a superficial pity—victims, however, not of the true poverty we are alluding to, but of the accidental vices of parents, whose ample earnings might have exhibited very different scenes had they been husbanded by virtue and not squandered by vice. Unquestionably, this is the form of poverty which arrests the superficial philanthropist, and we entertain no doubt that some of the violent tirades of certain foreign writers against the evils of "Aristocratic and Pauper England"—as we have seen it phrased—have been written under the influence of this confusion of vice with true poverty.

But the distinction we are pointing out must be carefully regarded by such as wish to write only what is true, and to trace out the evils of society to their real sources. We know how hard it is to enquire and reason calmly and put a restraint on the feelings, as we are called upon to behold some of the painful forms of poverty, in individual cases, even though we may be sure that, but for voluntary and hateful vices, we should be witnessing the happiness of the domestic hearth instead of the miseries of its destitution. But without firmly regarding this distinction, and regulating by it, if not our feelings, yet our conduct, the lofty ends of charity will be often defeated by its earnest and disinterested votaries. For the welfare of society requires it to be understood and followed out, that charity is a virtue whose best praise is that it ministers to the support of other virtues. When, therefore, in its merciful mission it is brought into contact with such scenes of human misery as we are now alluding to, it should never be forgotten that, unless guided by wisdom and self-control, charity may be ministering to the vice which has produced the poverty, and thus will actually strengthen the disease to work further and deeper mischief.

It is a moral question which our own professional experience has shown to be surrounded with painful difficulties how long the true friends of humanity should stand by, mere spectators and utterers of kind words, whilst the misery of wife and children is performing its salutary work upon a vicious father by *forcing* him to his duty; and, therefore, at least to better outward habits; for such profligates are not slow in learning when others have been doing their own work. Most keen-eyed are they in tracking out the gentle footsteps of charity to their doors; and then, too often, the pittance which *must* have been brought home will be spent in the old haunts of sin.

It may be gathered from these remarks that we are but cold believers in some of the popular forms of charity, as excluding the necessary discrimination. Indeed, we believe that the wise distribution of even a scantily furnished charity-purse requires a long apprenticeship, during which it will be learnt that the two grand causes of poverty are vice and imprudence. It is certain, therefore, that the careless relief of distress is even an abuse of charity, since it is so often the unerring symptom of vice or imprudence. The proficient in this noble and humanizing art will have disciplined himself, therefore, to control his first impulses at the sight of woe, to distinguish truth from falsehood—virtue from vice—hypocrisy in all its disguises from sincerity—health from sickness; and to see, in certain cases, something in misery whose corrective or restorative operations should, for a time, be but slightly, if at all, interrupted. To these homely views of charity, we subjoin the loftier philosophy of Victor Cousin:—"Il faut bien le reconnaitre la charitè peut avoir aussi ses dangers. Elle tend à substituer son action propre á l'action de celui qu' elle veut servir. Elle efface un peu sa personalitè, et se fait, en quelque sort, sa Providence."

Setting aside, however, the certain effects of vice in pauperizing, a vast amount of the distress which is assigned to poverty should be affiliated upon *imprudence* or improvidence. Indeed, we regard the want of common-sense prudence as one of the crying evils of modern society, and as the prolific ground of demoralizing miseries. In assailing this evil the preacher can find the best examples and counsels in the Gospels. Our own long intercourse with the labouring classes has convinced us that improvidence is pre-eminently their fault, though we admit that it is by no means confined to them. We have frequently urged upon them our argument that their earnings no more warrant their frequenting the alehouse than the earnings of their minister justifies his frequenting an expensive hotel; for in such a case he, too, would soon become an object of charity. But we must pass on from these general views to the immediate topic of this article, as furnishing a case of *genuine* poverty in our country which many will see mapped out in our pages for the first time—the poverty of a considerable section of the English clergy.

Poverty admits of classification. For example, that degree of it that should merely prevent the day-labourer from obtaining really respectable clothing for himself and family would not be quoted as a heavy evil, deserving of universal commiseration. Whereas, in one belonging to a higher class

of society, this deprivation might be regarded as one of its true forms, inasmuch as it would most probably prove a hindrance to his success and usefulness. "Having food and clothing, let us be therewith content," says the apostle; and happy is he who can take this philosophical measure of human wants. But that men and women are required to interpret this admonition according to the innocent habits of the society to which they belong needs no proof; otherwise the clothing might be cut out of sackcloth, and the food consist of some nauseous substance which would just suffice to sustain life. Measuring poverty, then, not by that worldly standard which includes luxuries, but by the Christian standard which includes legitimate wants, he may be said to be poor who cannot respond to the claims which society fairly makes upon one in his station and its duties. This is that standard by which we would measure the poverty of a large body of the clergy of the English Church and to which alone our remarks apply. We do not doubt that, amongst so numerous a body, there are many examples of that improvidence whose consequences we at least would never confound with those of genuine poverty. Society is very arbitrary, and to brave its unreasonable requirements demands a moral courage which is but too often preached up by those who fail in practising it. It would arbitrarily dictate the style of living proper to each of its upper sections, measuring, not by income, but station; and where its standard is not reached, there it visits with that biting contempt and those sneering words which strike into many like "sharp swords." Hence so many tragical issues have occurred amongst those who have cowardly succumbed to its arbitrary dictates, and then as cowardly have left others to brave its scorn and to become petitioners for its charity. This evil should be placed upon its right footing, and not be suffered to shelter itself under the wings of false indulgence, pity, and charity. It is for such reasons that charitable societies require to be admonished that their true mission is not always easily performed, and that it is oftentimes less laborious to collect funds than it is so to discriminate that they may be distributed wisely.

There are now lying before us some annual reports of a private society, whose existence, we imagine, is unknown to the large majority of the better endowed clergy. Its title stands in the report thus:—"Clothing Society for the Benefit of Poor Pious Clergymen of the Established Church and their Families." We apprehend that the name—"*Clothing* Society for Clergymen's Families"—must carry with it associations

not a little startling to those who have heard often enough *(ad nauseam)* of the poverty of English curates, vicars, and some rectors, without knowing in what way exactly it is experienced, unless it means that many of them cannot afford to set up an equipage and maintain a dainty table. To such some of the revelations made, and still more the humiliating facts *implied*, in some of the quotations we are about to make from these reports, will convey information, and awaken (it is to be hoped) emotions which we trust will not pass away without some good results. We think the public may with advantage peruse what has hitherto been mainly confined to the few subscribers to this most delicately managed society.

We ourselves were first made acquainted with the existence of such a society many years ago, and we still recollect the humiliating impressions made upon our mind by an appeal to the effect that such clothes as we might be able to dispense with would be thankfully received by certain individuals, and forwarded where they would be accepted as valuable donations. Its familiar sobriquet we were told was the "Poor Pious Clergyman's Society," which its presiding spirit, Miss Lamb, herself freely employs in her communications with its friends. To her kindness we are indebted for some reports containing letters from parties who have partaken of her bounty, from which we propose to make liberal extracts as the only fair means of establishing a case. We desire, moreover, to do justice to this lowly society, as affording a fresh chapter in the history of English Christian benevolence, as well as of human distress and Christian endurance, which deeply affected our own minds. It is possible that this kind of literature (samples of which we think are worth retaining) may offend some fastidious minds, which have had but slight occasions to learn that the language of the Gospel is the only happy dialect of grief. We remind them of what Lord Carlisle once said at an annual gathering of the Manchester Institute, just before "commanding" the ladies to dance—that "heaven seemed made for the unprosperous." Such must be allowed their own phrase-book.

After a piously-written preface to the report of 1845, Miss Lamb subjoins the following explanation relative to the origin of the society:—

"The contributors to this society, when it first commenced, were to be found principally amongst Miss Lamb's personal friends and their connexions; but it is now supported by many to whom she and they are strangers, and she is authorized to state that she is well known to Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P., &c. As too much delicacy

cannot be observed in the mode by which relief is imparted, the correspondence on the part of Miss Lamb is still carried on anonymously, with the exception of a few cases, in which accidentally, or from necessity, her name and residence have become known."*

"Dear Madam—Will you please to accept my sincere and grateful thanks for the very kind and Christian letter with which you have been so good as to favour me. I assure you I receive your letter and the kind offer it contains as a first proof of our heavenly Father's gracious care of me and mine, and an assurance that he is ever ready to supply our spiritual necessities. Having thus expressed my grateful acknowledgments to those unknown Christian friends whom God has raised up to enquire into our wants, I am happy to say that hitherto, by strict economy and by great plainness and simplicity of dress, we have been enabled through God's gracious blessing to make our income meet our expenditure; and, therefore, I do not think that at present we should be authorised in accepting your kind offer, as I feel convinced there are many who are in much greater need of assistance than ourselves. Hereafter, under other circumstances, I do not hesitate to say that the aid you offer would be most gratefully received, and would prove a great benefit to us all," &c.

To this Miss Lamb subjoins:—

"On further enquiry it was found that a conscientious feeling alone impelled the writer to decline the present aid, and that his case was one which called for immediate rather than postponed relief."

"Dear Madam—The parcels with their liberal contents were duly received by us last evening, and I beg to thank you most kindly for them: everything will be most useful, and I feel truly thankful to God who has so graciously raised us up friends, &c. Believe me, dear madam, yours very sincerely and gratefully."

"Being in haste to save the post when I acknowledged the receipt of your valuable present, I omitted stating a few particulars, which I am fully convinced you will be happy to know. In the first place, the articles contained in the parcel are found to be very useful—indeed, we all say we can never be thankful enough to you for such abundant kindness, and especially to the Lord who has raised us up such instruments in doing good. In the next place, you will be glad to hear we have a Sunday school in this parish, and consequently the books you have sent are and will be serviceable. It is impossible to state to you the arduousness of my duties in this very extensive parish," &c.

"Accept my most grateful thanks and those of my wife for your kind present of wearing apparel: a friend in need is a friend indeed; and I may truly say our merciful God has hitherto raised us up friends both to clothe and feed us, and has been our stay and com-

* Miss Lamb invites the correspondence of any lady or gentleman who, by pecuniary or other gifts, may wish to aid her benevolent exertions. Her address is—Hadley House, near Barnet.

forter, and enabled us through his grace to bear up against many trials. .....That you, my Christian friend, may long be spared to gladden many a heart, when oppressed with sorrow and anguish, is my most earnest prayer. To the tender mercy of God I sincerely recommend you and all your fellow helpers. And believe me, with heartfelt gratitude, to remain very faithfully yours."

The next extract can hardly be read without emotion:—

"My Dear Miss Lamb—Your box of clothes has just arrived, for which myself and family beg to be extremely thankful: it is, indeed, very valuable to me, because it comes to hand at a time when I must have unavoidably been compelled to lay out some pounds in clothing; and this, when so much expense is incurred through the long-continued affliction which the Lord in his great mercy is pleased to lay upon my family, enhances its value greatly by preventing such outlay. Will you offer my most grateful acknowledgments to my two unknown benefactors for their great kindness in sending me the coat, &c. The world has lost to me every charm. I have many comforters, and I am sure I feel thankful to them for them, but I long to be with Christ which is far better. Again: I beg to thank you for your disinterested kindness; and, since Almighty God has the disposing of all hearts, I often breathe out my desire in prayer that my heart, and your heart, and the heart especially of my princely donor (twice 50*l.*), may be, &c. My poor afflicted daughter, who cannot write as she lies in bed, reminds me I have not returned you her thanks for your kind remembrance of her," &c.

"Dear Madam—The parcel which you informed me you had forwarded came safe to hand on Saturday last, and I most cordially thank you for your continued remembrance of myself and family..... I cannot express the amount of comfort your liberality has conferred on us. I have at home with me still seven children, and what you send from time to time all comes into use, &c. Your obliged and faithful servant."

The next, from which we take extracts, is rather long; but we are persuaded it could not be read without awakening sympathy by any but those who have none for human sorrows and a noble fortitude under them:—

"Our distressed feelings have often been most relieved by your kindness, and last evening we were refreshed by the receipt of a parcel of clothing, which seems to be the fruit of your good wishes for our comfort. I assure you we do esteem it a remarkable instance of a merciful Providence; for you must excuse my saying that we feared that you had cast us off as unworthy of your further help. The Lord knows where to show pity and give help when his people are in need; but how prone are we to distrust him? Many, very many thanks, for your valuable present: it is a very seasonable one, as the different articles were all wanted.....Poor as I am, and or many years have been, I would not like to exchange situations

with the wealthiest of men who have no interest in the merits of a blessed Saviour. I hope my poor labours are still profitable to the people who seem to cling with more ardent affection to their minister who has resided amongst them upwards of twenty-two years, and I doubt not they would lighten my burden of the trials of poverty if they were able," &c.

We must trespass a short time longer upon the sympathy and patience of our readers in making out our case by adding a few more extracts, and then we shall consider enough has been done for it:—

"My Dear Friend—We are unfeignedly thankful once more to acknowledge the receipt of one of your usual presents of clothing; and although, as you say, the different articles are not any of them new, they meet with a hearty welcome in my family and will prove very serviceable.....It is seldom our dear daughter has to buy, as your gifts," &c.

"Dear Madam—I have to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of a parcel and box which were very acceptable. I am just recovering from a very severe illness, by which I have been confined to my bed for seven weeks. I am still very weak, but, thank the Lord, was enabled to read prayers and preach once at the workhouse and twice at the chapel on Sunday last, and hope I shall be strong enough to take my four services next Sunday. My illness has been very expensive, as I was obliged to engage two clergymen to do my duty, which no one individual could undertake," &c.

"My Dear Madam—Many thanks for your truly kind and Christian letter, to which I will endeavour to reply with as much brevity as possible. The daily services to which I am accustomed are visiting four sick and infirm wards in the workhouse daily, prayer and short expositions in each, and conversing individually as needful; also visiting in the district of the chapel the poorest of the vast parish of 130,000 souls, and giving them four full services on the Sabbath—two in the workhouse and two in the chapel. They are by no means oppressive to *me*, but I can get no one clergyman to undertake them. When I am in health I feel no fatigue from them: my whole soul is in the matter, and the Lord gives me strength," &c.

"My Dear Friend—It is very kind of you to enter thus warmly into our feelings. We are very grateful for the favours you have so often conferred upon us—indeed, were it not for your repeated presents of clothing, I know not how we should be able to keep up the respectable appearance desirable for a clergyman's family," &c.

"Dear and Unknown Friend—I have this day received your good and welcome parcel. Gratitude strikes me dumb! O, the mysterious all-seeing eye, the influence of the divine agency!..... Had you been in my house and fully known what we most wanted, you could not have made a selection more suited to our need, &c. Your faithfully obliged friend."

It appears that Miss Lamb is also made the conveyor of *pecuniary* donations, and we deem it but justice to the society to give one or two examples:—

"Dear Madam—I take the earliest opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of ten pounds draft," &c.

"My Dear Christian Lady—With feelings of inexpressible and most sincere gratitude I address you. I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your dear letter, and the receipt by the same post of the ten pound draft.....May the reflection that you extended the hand of charity to a poor distressed Welsh minister," &c.

"My Dear Madam—To attempt to describe my feelings on the receipt of your letter is impossible. The intelligence exceeded my utmost expectation, and I could only exclaim with the prophet, 'How great is his goodness.' To you, my kind unknown friend, by whom I have been put into possession of so liberal a donation as thirty pounds," &c.

We have already exceeded the limits originally prescribed for these quotations. But our eyes have fallen upon one more letter, and we trust its contents will make amends for this further and last trespass upon our readers' sympathies:—

".....Your benevolent mind would have rejoiced to witness the delight and gratitude manifested while I unpacked the box which seemed to contain an endless store of things. The dear invalid with tears of joy kept saying—How grateful we should be to our kind friends—how thankful to our God in thus helping us. The exclamations of my daughters would have convinced you that we duly appreciated your kindness.....We all unite in begging you to accept our most grateful thanks for assisting a class of persons who from their situation require to appear respectably dressed; but who, from their incomes, have great difficulty so to do. About three years ago, God, in his infinite love and wisdom, took her hopes to his glorious presence, a dear girl of seventeen years of age; and she and her elder sister, now married, frequently returned from church in the evening that they might not be noticed, not being so well dressed as their station required. They kept their feelings to themselves, and it is only lately that my eldest daughter named the fact," &c.

Having thus selected from the reports of this society a few proofs only of its valuable exertions, we are sure it can require no laboured discussion to show that there is more *implied* in these statements than meets the eye—that they are but fragments taken from a whole which delicacy forbade to disclose. Surely the readers of romance might find ample sources of excitement in the tales of life's struggles shadowed forth here, as well as those who like to ponder over

the struggles of the human soul in the midst of circumstances calculated to stir up its profoundest depths. For they must have been but of small experience in the darker phases of humanity from whom such veils, purposely let down and closely worn by refined delicacy, can conceal some of the saddest scenes of suffering virtue. Comparisons, if they are odious, are yet often very useful. Let those, then, who can recal the eagerness with which wanton and surfeited vanity has awaited the arrival of the last new dress from the milliner contrast the eagerness with which the virtuous decency of minds, equal in cultivation and in claims of station, have awaited the arrival of the village carrier with some such box of clothes as we have seen calling forth the most touching expressions of gratitude. "Take physic, pomp"—and here is physic which could hardly fail of producing some healing effects. We are sure, however, that such poor rhetoric as we are masters of is not required to garnish out scenes like those which the above extracts have outlined. It would be as superfluous as to lecture a disgusted audience upon the ugliness of the skeleton. We would rather hasten to the enquiry which is the spontaneous inference from all this—ought not all available ecclesiastical resourses to be held as a sacred trust for this one purpose, until the long-standing acknowledged evils of the Church are lessened or removed?

For if an Episcopal Church cannot dispense with a proper staff of bishops, quite as little can it dispense with such an efficient body of working clergymen as can alone confer dignity and worth upon their office. If there are certain worldly conditions without which bishops cannot perform their work, so are there certain worldly conditions without which the subordinate clergyman cannot perform his. If a bishop require a certain amount of income to enable him to maintain that worldly dignity which the state of the society in which his lot is cast requires, this is also true of a private clergyman. If a bishop would lose much of his influence amongst a commercial people, who should be compelled to adopt a style of living and habit much below what is demanded of the social rank arbitrarily assigned to him, this is also true, in its degree, of a private clergyman. And let those who deem that such an income is essential to a bishop, as shall place him beyond the so-called degrading shifts of comparative poverty, tell us why it should be tolerated that a private clergyman's influence is to be damaged amongst his parishioners by their knowledge that many of even the menial offices of his house are performed by the members of

his own family, because he is virtually poorer than the menial servants of his own flock. This we ourselves know to have been the case.

We submit, therefore, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that a case is made out requiring their consideration in the equitable distribution of the funds which have fallen into their hands for the general welfare of the Church. From the multiplicity of the claims, we do not shut our eyes to the difficulty of suggesting in all cases the practical remedies. But, supposing a *minimum* to be fixed upon for a curate's stipend, those cases would not usually afford difficulties where the law has already fixed the amount which the living must pay. In other cases—(we allude to district churches and the like)—the requisite enquiry might be, the exact incomes of incumbent and curate, in order to determine the amount of the donation to be equitably divided between both. But, without attempting to work out this problem, we submit one general rule—that no curate in priest's orders should be paid less than £——— a-year—of course we leave others to fill up the blank. We are too anxious to get to the end of our unpleasing task to plunge into the dark depths of the curates' struggles—hundreds of whom, it might be enough to say, are at this moment shrinking from an approaching old age of poverty, against which their own profession never enabled them to make provision. But, omitting personal considerations, this we must say of the office—that the dread of the curate's lot has kept from the services of the Church many who would have been its brightest ornaments. We have seen it asserted that some scores of dissenting ministers would have joined the Church if the bishop to whom they applied could have insured them somewhere about 150*l.* a-year. A friend of our own—a man of rare goodness, recently dead—was in the habit of lamenting what he termed his useless life (but it was far otherwise), alleging his father's opposition to his passionate desire to become a clergyman on the ground of his dreading for his son the curate's struggles and ultimate fate. We submit, further, that the utmost stretch of charity cannot lead to the opinion that the present unavoidable system of patronage, by purchase or otherwise, is the best for introducing picked men into the Church. But, as these are incidental topics which we had no intention of introducing, we shall add no more.

ART. III.—1. *Return of Criminal Offenders in England and Wales, presented to Parliament in* 1851.

2. *Abstract of Return of Juvenile Offenders, presented to Parliament in* 1852.

3. *Extracts of Rules of Prisons in England and Wales, presented to Parliament in* 1832.

A CALENDAR or catalogue of crimes, committed within a given period in any country, would furnish a tolerable clue to the contemporary moral history of that nation. But materials of this kind were not collected in former times, and it is only of late that they have been so preserved and classified as to be useful for the purposes of investigation; and even now, when accounts are supplied to us of the numbers of the persons accused, the nature of their offences, and the result of their trials—pregnant as they are with significant lessons—they are but little appreciated or even known. But the crimes of the last two winters brought a sense of insecurity and alarm into many a timorous heart; and so striking and so black have been the criminal calendars of the last spring that the question is forced upon our consideration, whether, whilst the old measures of repression are retained, some new antidote to crime cannot be thought of: for a feeling of personal security is an essential element in human happiness. No amount of health, or wealth, or domestic comfort, will make up for a sense of impending danger, or banish from the heart that uneasy excitement which is incompatible with enjoyment and repose. In that feeling there is no shame or cowardice, nor is it the growth and effect of modern luxury. Firmness and calmness are still the characteristics of our race; and yet we appeal to our readers whether, if a murder or a burglary, or a great railway catastrophe, has happened so near to them as to make them anticipate some such visitation for themselves, it has not disturbed their meditations and shaken their tranquillity. In fact, the proximity of danger has a serious and practical effect upon all mankind. We need not to look far for an illustration of this statement. In Ireland, for example, that effect is not confined to the *discomfort* of a sense of danger—it has produced an appreciable effect upon the wealth of the nation. One reason why land is being sold every week in Ireland, at prices often lower by one-half than the same or even an inferior description would fetch in England, is that such investments are effected by the

belief of the capitalist that he will purchase along with the acres an additional risk to his life.

And, if the feeling of personal security is so indispensable to human happiness, the security of property is scarcely less so. We know of few circumstances more vexatious in life than to reside where depredations are continually made upon property by the demoralised population of the neighbourhood.

But it is not only on the score of individual happiness that the safety of person and property are important: the civilization of a country is itself at stake when either is *habitually* insecure. We are wont to boast that we belong to a nation in which civilization has reached a pitch unequalled since the ruin of Rome, nor is that sentiment unshared by the people of other lands. Many of the intelligent foreigners who last year visited our shores—(after making every allowance for their *àmour propre*)—must often have felt disposed to acquiesce in the Englishman's opinion of England. They saw labour and industry at work; the arts and sciences honoured and promoted; religion apparently respected; wealth and prosperity inexhaustible, and life and property seemingly safe. But we fear that, if dissatisfied with a mere surface-view, the foreigner had delved deeply into the strata beneath, he would have found much matter for astonishment in the contrast presented to his eye.

Now, we have no right to be satisfied with our condition unless property and life are secure in a very high degree. It may be true that many or even most of the elements of civilization are daily gaining ground amongst us; but we invite our readers to pause before they profess themselves to be equally assured with respect to the element of *security*. And we propose to make some further investigation into the facts connected with this point, in order to discover whether our condition is satisfactory; or whether, on the contrary, we have retrograded in this respect. We further desire to portray the nature and cost of the machinery by which our security is sought to be effected; and if it should appear in the sequel that that security is very imperfectly guaranteed—that the cancer of crime has taken deep root in the country, and that the corroding ramifications are advancing upon us—then we will proceed to point out some of the causes which are feeding the disease, and some of the remedies which may yet operate to check it.

It has been wittily said that there is nothing so fallacious as facts *except figures*. Doubtless, the utterer of the paradox meant to say that both facts and figures are generally forth-

coming in support of each side of a dispute. They who have watched the contests of rival railways before committees of Parliament must have gained some insight into the facility of the manufacture. But it should be borne in mind that, of late years, statistical records have been more carefully prepared than at any former time; and the appointment of registrars, and inspectors of factories, mines, and schools, have made it far easier than formerly to obtain facts connected with the condition of the people. We may, therefore, turn with some reasonable confidence to those facts and figures which bear upon the subject we have in hand.

The question which naturally presents itself first in order is, whether crime does really exist in this country to a degree either unusual or alarming? And for an answer to this important enquiry we turn to those public records which ought to supply the most accurate information. It appears from a Parliamentary return, which we have placed at the head of this article, that in the year 1850 no fewer than 26,813 were committed for trial in England and Wales, of whom nearly 4,000 were charged with deeds of violence. Contrasted with former years, this number of commitments for trial appears in a very unfavourable light. For, in the year 1810, there were only 5,146 individuals committed; in 1820, only 13,710; and, in 1830, only 18,107. And although there was only a slight apparent decrease in 1850, as compared with 1849, any hope arising from that decrease is dissipated when we learn that it is entirely accounted for by the Legislature having exempted most of our juvenile offenders under the age of sixteen from trial at the assizes or quarter sessions, and made them liable to summary conviction. Now, in 1810, the population of England and Wales was in round numbers ten millions against sixteen millions in 1841; so that, whilst crime appears to have multiplied itself about five times over in forty years, the number of the people has only increased by about one-third—thus destroying the hypothesis that indictable offences have been multiplied only in proportion to the growth of the nation. Nor does the shadowing of our picture stop here. If we wish to realise the actual strength of the criminal population, we must take other circumstances into the account. To the 26,813 commitments, to which we referred above, must be added nearly 700 committals of juvenile offenders, and 4,647 summary convictions of the latter class, most of which would formerly have come before the higher tribunals. To these again should be added the summary convictions of adults, which

will swell the whole number of criminal proceedings in 1850 to upwards of 100,000. Then it should not be forgotten that this mass of offences against our criminal code is committed in the face of an augmented police, which, in the metropolis at least, and sixteen of our counties, has been established upon an improved plan. Add to this the consideration that, *besides the actual perpetrator* of a criminal act, two or three persons are for the most part privy to the deed, and the numbers of the dishonest and the violent will be doubled or trebled by the calculation. Indeed, if the number of committals were multiplied by six, and the summary convictions for theft were multiplied by two or three, it would probably not exceed the muster-roll of those who live wholly or partially by crime. For, if the accessories and instigators of crimes who are not reached by the police, the receivers of stolen goods, and the keepers of low lodging-houses and beer-shops in which thieves are harboured, are all included in the account, the numbers of the violent and the dishonest will appear a most alarming proportion of our fellow-countrymen.

Upon the whole then—not to weary our readers with more figures—we may assume the truth of the allegation that crime has enormously increased since the commencement of the present century; and, after all the praiseworthy efforts that have been made during that same period to extend the advantages of education, this is a melancholy and disappointing result. But it would be childish to rest satisfied with lamenting over this fact. It is our duty—(to use the language of divines)—to "improve" it by reflection, and, by studying the causes of the past increase of crime, elaborate new weapons wherewith to combat it for the future.

But some persons may, perhaps, be disposed to plead that, though indeed there is an increase in the sum total of crime, it is of a larcenous and petty character, and is no index to the moral state of the people. Alas! we cannot flatter ourselves that this is true, when we find that nearly every sixth person committed in 1850 was charged with some act of violence. And they who have paid any attention to the annals of our criminal proceedings, or even listened to the recital of such tragical deeds as have lately been familiar to everybody, must have deemed that the wickedness of the wicked had burst over its ordinary barriers. Let the tragical story of the murder of Mr. Jermy—the crime of the Mannings—the murders by poison in the eastern counties—the murder of Mrs. Barnes at Belper—the Frimley murder—and

the many charges of murder in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire, Monmouthshire, and Suffolk, tried at the very last assizes—let this fearful catalogue be taken for proof that in point of audacious atrocity our recent calendars are of the darkest significance. So quickly has one tragedy succeeded another that it is hard to recollect the circumstances even of those which for the day engrossed the public mind: whereas in former days a murder was comparatively rare; and the locality of it, and the story, and the gibbet, and sometimes the alleged ghost, remained for years in the recollection of thousands.

To fill up still further the foreground of our picture of crime, we will now state a few facts connected with the *cost* of it. Some years ago a most able report was compiled by three commissioners—(of whom the present Speaker and the late Sir Charles Rowan were two)—on the question of extending the new police to the counties as well as to the towns of England. In that report much information was collected which displayed the costliness of our criminal population. For instance, it was estimated by the corporation of Liverpool that the cost of crime within their jurisdiction alone, including all losses by theft and malicious destruction of property, and all the expenses of law and police, was not less than 700,000*l.* in one year. If we add to that estimate the accounts of similar losses in the metropolis, and all the cities, towns, and villages of England, we should find that the product would be a sum almost fabulous and incredible in amount. We ought also to place to this account the sums paid out of the consolidated fund for the prosecution of delinquents; and also the sums paid for the same purpose out of the county and borough rates. Then there is the expense of maintaining all our prisoners in jail, which varies for each individual from 22*l.* to 35*l.* yearly, and the cost of transporting convicts, which is about 15*l.* for each person. Nor ought we to omit the annual cost of the police, which in the metropolitan districts alone amounted last year to 422,000*l.* If we bring into the account all these and other secondary items, with which we will not weary our readers, the total estimate (to use the official phrase) for the current year, of the national loss and expenditure in connection with crime, would be far beyond the belief of the most credulous of men. Nevertheless, we do not affect to assert that society in general is living in apprehension of personal violence or larcenous depredations upon property; yet it is certain that our domestic arrangements

are influenced by the prevalence of crime in our country. There are, perhaps, few country-houses in which fire-arms and weapons of defence are not kept for the protection of the family. The house-dog is an indispensable retainer; and bolts, bars, locks, alarm-bells, and even rattles, are often part of the fortifications of the house. Does the dweller in the watched and lighted city say that such precautions are fanciful and childish? We can assure him that there are few country-houses which cannot tell their tale of a successful robbery, or, at least, the failure of an attempt.

If, then, it may be taken for granted without further proof that crime is being yearly committed amongst us to a degree most costly and most alarming, the question arises whether it is possible to discover any peculiar causes for its growth, and whether any remedies or antidotes can be discovered which may serve to counteract the disease. We will now approach this part of our subject, indicating both the causes and the treatment of the morbid symptoms, according to the method of the faculty, as they respectively occur to our minds.

Of the causes of crime in general most are to be traced to those corrupt dispositions which are developed in Englishmen in common with the rest of mankind. Though these natural tendencies to mischief must always be a source of crime, we are taught both by revelation and experience that, if we cannot "order the unruly wills" of men, we *may* restrain and direct them by moral and religious education. We are not about to enter upon an argument to show that the Christian training of the people is the only true counterpoise to the vicious tendencies of human nature. We hope that we need no argument upon that point at the present day. But there are some remarkable facts which bear upon the connection between education and crime which are too curious to be passed over. We are indebted to the industry of Mr. Fletcher — one of the inspectors of the British and Wesleyan schools —for the publication of a dozen maps which display with singular clearness the moral phenomena of English life. Amongst these are several which are intended to indicate at a glance the local variations both of ignorance and crime. Now, in these we do discover some anomalies so startling as to go far, at first sight, to shake our preconceived notions of the uniform association of those two states. Let a few examples be adduced by way of illustrating our meaning. If we turn to the map of ignorance, the county of Monmouth will be found to possess less education than any other English county except one. Of course, we should naturally expect

that, in looking for this county in the map of crime, it would be marked by the deepest shade; but, on the contrary, this district produces a smaller proportion of commitments than thirty other English counties. Cornwall, too, is marked as being ignorant far beyond the average, and is yet more free from crime than any English county except four. On the other hand, Gloucestershire is marked in the map of ignorance as being twelve per cent. below the average of the ignorance of England and Wales—or, in other words, as a comparatively instructed district. Yet this same county figures in the map of criminal commitments as forty-five per cent. *above* the average of criminality. So Cheshire also is an instructed county, and is marked far above the average of crime; and Middlesex and Surrey are the *most instructed* of all counties, and are *most deeply blackened* by the epidemic of crime. Such are some of the anomalies which are to be found in these interesting maps, and which seem to cast a doubt over education as the remedy and antidote to that epidemic. But, upon referring with care to another of Mr. Fletcher's maps, we find a key to some of these difficulties. In the first place, it seems that, where ignorance and a low average of crime are associated together in any district, it happens where the population is *widely dispersed*—as in the cases of Monmouthshire and Cornwall; and where a thin population is influenced by instruction—as in the counties of Cumberland and Northumberland—there the shade of criminality will be found to be the lightest of all; but, where instruction and crime are found together, it happens in those districts where the population is most closely crowded. This is the case in Middlesex and Surrey, and in Gloucestershire and Cheshire; and it is probable that in all these counties much of the crime may be accounted for by the collection of migratory thieves in their populous cities and towns.

If a different classification of crimes is adopted, excluding thefts and depredations which are often committed by migratory and professional thieves, and including only such serious acts of violence and malicious injuries to property as are likely to have occurred from local causes and to have been perpetrated by the stationary population—and if we may presume that these are the fairer index to the moral condition of any district—then it will appear that there is more correspondence between ignorance and crime than we should otherwise have been inclined to suppose. For example: ignorance prevails in a deep shade over the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; and yet the aggregate of *all kinds* of offences is considerably below the average of many other

counties of England. But if we look at the other class of serious offences, which may be deemed to be exclusively local, we perceive that these districts are marked by an extraordinary notoriety for such crimes. Somerset and Wiltshire, Bedfordshire and Cambridgeshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire, tell the same tale, and concur in supporting the theory that, as ignorance fosters these crimes, so Christian education may expel them.

This view of the influence of ignorance upon morality is remarkably corroborated by the curious fact of the identity of those counties in which serious local offences abound, and with those in which illegitimate children and improvident marriages are most common. In all these points we lament to observe that the eastern counties, lying between the Wash and the Thames, maintain a sad priority. If these are, indeed, the circumstances (as we think it probable they are), which supply the safest indicia of morality, the friends of education may take courage. They may be appalled, perhaps, at the inert mass of ignorance which they have to combat; but they may rest satisfied that it is mainly from their armoury that the weapon which is to subdue it must be drawn.

But even supposing that these grounds are insufficient to explain the anomalies before alluded to, there is still another mode of explaining them abundantly sufficient, in our opinion, to stimulate the further progress of education. Let us admit for the sake of argument that the most instructed counties *are* the most criminal—we deny that it follows from this admission that education is not the best antidote to crime. When the people of any country are referred to as being comparatively better educated than others, what sort of account can be given of the education which they are at present enjoying? Is it really *Christian* and *moral* in its tone, and is it *universally* received by the people? If it is, then it must, indeed, be conceded that education has failed as a remedial measure. But if, on the contrary, it is still in a great measure imperfect, not only as a system of moral training, but as a system of exercising the intellect and raising the standard of character and manners—and if, instead of being universally, it is only partially, imparted to the people—it is easy to believe that it may as yet have produced no appreciable impression upon the ranks of ignorance and crime. In fact, so far from defeating, education has not even kept pace with its foes. The lagging march of the schoolmaster has been distanced by the eager strides of vice.

For it is not difficult to show that, great as the exertions

of individuals and associations have been to promote the good cause of education, they have hitherto fallen very short of compassing the accomplishment of their hopes. We fear it must even now be confessed that England is practically a land of ignorance more than a land of knowledge. Of 367,894 couples united in marriage in three recent years, no less that 303,000 individuals were unable to write their own names. In a comparative view of popular education, England is undoubtedly left behind by many countries of secondary importance. In Massachusetts, and other portions of the United States, education is almost universally received. In Prussia, the State watches over and guarantees the education of its citizens. In Iceland it would be hard to find a man or a woman who could not both read and write; and in Nova Scotia, out of a population of only 178,000, more than 20,000 children were being educated in 1841. But when we turn to England and enquire into the character of our schools, we are shocked by such statements as the following, which are taken at random from the reports of the inspectors. Speaking of the schools of Lincolnshire, it is reported—"The standard of instruction in most of these schools is very low: the internal organization and arrangements are bad." In Derbyshire, we hear that "the school at Brimington, which is in the neighbourhood of extensive iron-works, has been closed for more than a year: the master, who obtained his certificate, resigned his situation in consequence of a contemplated reduction of his salary. There is no girls' school in the village, and that to which I have alluded has never prospered." And again—"In combining the result of two years' experience in the inspection of schools in the East Midland district, it is obvious that they minister *very imperfectly* to the educational wants of the population." Under such circumstances, no one has a right to say that education has failed as an antidote to crime; for it is clear that we have never yet applied that remedy either in quality or quantity sufficiently. Be it remembered that it is not mere *instruction* which is calculated to form a virtuous citizen and to arm him against the allurements of vice; for children are endowed with faculties, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, together with a set of animal propensities and passions. We hold that education approximates to excellence just in proportion as it serves to bring into harmony of action and mutual obedience these various gifts of God. The knowledge of arithmetic, geography, and grammar, do exercise and inform the understanding; but a child so informed may be no better than an instructed savage,

if his moral habits are uninfluenced for good, his temper unregulated, and his heart left void of religious sentiments. The happiness of virtue, and the misery of vice, with examples of the former to invite, and of the latter to warn, the tender mind, should be often presented to each child. Above all, some definite religious teaching is essentially included in the full notion of education. Whatever be the form of Christianity which may prevail in the school, *some* specific faith must needs be taught as the main source of duty both towards God and towards man. This, and this alone, is the education which will cure the tendency to crime. Let us not look for a golden harvest when the field has been partially sown with inferior seed. The evil is being gradually lessened, and the art and duty of the schoolmaster is becoming much better understood. And when a body of trained schoolmasters shall have been spread over the land, and the "*rudis indigestaque moles*" of the uneducated masses shall have been fairly submitted to their teaching, then we shall have a right to be disappointed bitterly if crime still continues to flourish:—

> "The discipline of slavery is unknown
> Amongst us; hence the more do we require
> The discipline of virtue; order else
> Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace."

But it is time to leave the respective influences of ignorance and education upon crime, and hasten to point out some other causes of it, with the remedies applicable to each. There can be no doubt that one considerable cause is the present *uncertainty* of its detection. It is true that the difficulties of offenders have been increased in some counties by improvements in the establishment of the police. But there are still about twenty-four counties in which no better police exist than the old-fashioned local constabulary. Now it is certain that, as a *preventive* force, these persons are absolutely useless. As a *detective* force, they are of more or less service, according to their individual shrewdness or courage; but they know nothing of disciplined combinations, or of that intelligence which is the result of training. We cannot possibly convey to our readers a more lively notion of the facilities of theft, and the impunity of thieves, than by an abridgement of the story of two boys which is stated at length in the report before referred to. Being confined together in Cold-Bath-Fields Prison, they planned a professional journey to Kidderminster. As soon as they were released they built a dog-cart, stole two

dogs, and bought some hard-ware to vend. Whilst they were buying it in the shop, their comrades stole a dozen and a-half of brooms from the door, for which the boys paid them half-a-crown. They took with them also twenty sixpences and ten shillings in bad money, which they carried under the false floor of the cart. They first stopped at Wimbledon, where they paid a bad sixpence for some beer, and stole four silver salt-spoons from a shelf, which they disposed of to the landlord of the house in which they slept, at Kingston, for their lodging and five shillings. On the next day a coach passed them, from which one of the boys cut down a portmanteau, which turned out to be filled with papers. One of them manufactured cloth caps, and stole a great coat from a customer to supply him with materials. When they arrived at Kidderminster, they visited a carpet factory in which one of them formerly had employment, from which they stole at various times large quantities of twine and string. They were always punctual at church, where they regularly took occasion to commit thefts. In this town they succeeded in stealing three watches. At a neighbouring fair one of them obtained eight purses from as many farmers, but having fallen under suspicion received a handsome ducking in a pond. On their return to London they entered a vacant house and took away a pair of decanters, a hearth-rug, and a great coat, which realised 25s.; and, after picking the pockets of some soldiers of 2*l.*, and stealing a watch and some silver salt-cellars, they reached London *without detection*, where the silver fetched 3s. 6d. an ounce, and the watches no less than 15*l.*

Other convicts were asked by the commissioners to furnish them with some account of their various crimes. The general answer was, "hundreds;" or, "they are too many to remember;" or, "I could not remember a tenth part." The governor of Cold-Bath-Fields Prison ascertained, from professional pickpockets, that "one day with another they must steal about six pocket-handkerchiefs, or articles of such value, *to live.*" And it was established by other credible evidence that the average career of such characters, prior to their permanent removal from this country, would last for about five or six years.

It may, perhaps, be surmised that the statements made by these persons are unworthy of credit. But many of those statements were corroborated by credible evidence; and as those which were elicited from the convicts were believed by Mr. Lefevre and his experienced colleagues, and inserted by

them in their careful report, we do not think we need question their accuracy.

Now, these examples show in the most striking manner how great is the facility for committing crimes, and how often they may be perpetrated with impunity. A thief may not only commit many thefts without detection, but, if detected, he may still escape from prosecution. One of the causes of this state of things is to be found in the *inefficiency of the police arrangements in the rural districts.* It is only in the counties of Bedford, Durham, Essex, Gloucester, Herts, Lancaster, Norfolk, Northampton, Nottingham, Salop, Hants, Stafford, Suffolk, Warwick, Wilts, and Worcester, that an establishment of trained policemen exists at all. In the gross total of commitments, which include those minor depredations which may be called "nursing crime," there has been a clear diminution in the policed counties; and as *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, and the vicious boy does not begin criminal life with a burglary, we deem it to be of the highest importance as a remedy, and in the long run a most economical measure, that a more efficient detective force should be maintained in *all* our counties, in order to break down the schools of crime in which youthful scholars are now stimulated by impunity to press forward into the highest class of their art. Such a measure would bring under more vigilant control the migratory tribes of vagrants by whom many petty larcenies are committed. The professional policeman becomes acquainted with the criminal population, and ought to accomplish more good by making it difficult for them to elude his watchfulness than by detecting them after crimes are committed. The policeman locks the door *before* the horse is stolen—the bucolic constable locks it afterwards.

But, besides the inefficiency of the detective force, crimes obtain much impunity from the reluctance of parties to prosecute them. The manufacturer, the farmer, and the masters of large establishments of any kind, well know how often this is the case. They prefer to dispense with the law, and content themselves with dismissing the suspected person. Nor can this practice be wondered at when we recollect how much trouble is involved in attending the criminal courts, the fear of a cross-examination, and the vexation of a failure of the prosecution, and the consequent triumph of the accused. These and other private considerations operate to check the prosecution of large numbers of offenders. In other cases, the excitement and vindictive feelings of injured parties induce them to commence prosecutions with evidence

inadequate to convict. The best arrangement, perhaps, which could be made with reference both to the reluctance and the injudiciousness of prosecutors, would be the appointment of *public prosecutors*. Surely it must appear more rational that criminal proceedings instituted in the name of the Sovereign, as representing the State, should be entrusted to a public functionary, responsible for the due performance of his office, than that the care of bringing a criminal to justice should be thrown upon the injured individual. Occasionally, indeed, the Government takes up some special case —such as the murder of Lord Norbury or Mr. Jermy—and endeavours to bring the delinquent to justice; but, speaking generally, there is no person officially charged with the duty of putting in motion the criminal law, and responsible for seeing that crimes shall not escape punishment from favour, fear, or corruption. Such an office would put an end to many scandals of common occurrence, and would make the functions of a grand jury almost entirely superfluous. We learn from the able work of Mr. Whiteside on "Italy," that by the laws of Tuscany, Florence, Genoa, and some others of the Italian States, the proceedings with regard to crimes, so far as they relate to public punishment for offences against society, are entrusted to functionaries of the State, who are empowered to prosecute the accusations. To show the necessity for a similar office in our own country, we need only state that there are more than five hundred voluntary associations for the prosecution of felons in the counties of England and Wales. They are established on the ground of self-protection, and it is part of their system to offer rewards for the apprehension of offenders, and to instruct their attornies to prosecute them. The existence of such societies is a proof that the State has abdicated its functions in this respect; nor is it improbable that our posterity will refer to them as evidence of the imperfection of our present social condition, and of the misconception of its primary duties on the part of the State.

It appears, then, from what has gone before, that a criminal may for years reasonably expect to escape detection, and if detected has some chance of escaping a prosecution. But suppose him to be detected and prosecuted, what encouragement remains for him then? We reply, that he will find it in the uncertainty of *conviction ;* for, if our readers will refer to the returns, they will perceive that out of 26,813 persons committed for trial in 1850 no less than 6,238, or about one out of every four, escaped scathless from that ordeal. So

that the number of persons *acquitted* by juries in 1850 exceeded the total number of persons *committed* in the year 1810. And it is impossible to deny that in this kind of calculations, which are far better understood by the criminal population than by ourselves, much encouragement is discerned to continue in their vicious profession.

But advancing a step further, and supposing the criminal not only to be detected and prosecuted, but *convicted*, is it possible that he can *now* descry any encouragement in the prospect which is open before him? It is to be feared that even at this point of his career the convict will build strong hopes upon the good fortune that may befall him with respect to the punishment to be awarded. The laws of England can scarcely be said to enact special punishments for special offences, because they admit of such great variations in the nature and quantity of them that no man can guess beforehand what the penalty for a crime will really be. The punishment of manslaughter, for example, varies from transportation for life to imprisonment for an hour. Thefts of every kind, and nearly every other description of offence, are punishable by an uncertain rule. And, as the quantity and the quality of the punishments are left to the varying discretion of each tribunal—provided it acts within the wide limits we have indicated—and as it naturally follows of course that sentences upon the same kind and degree of crime do in fact vary very widely, the culprit fixes his hopes upon being tried before a lenient judge, and escaping with less punishment for his guilt than others have received for the same.

Into the general theory of punishments we are not now concerned to enquire; but we protest that, in the practical application of them, much mischief is done to society, being convinced that the uncertainty which governs it tempts criminals to fresh deeds of audacity. It is to this practice that we venture to point as an additional cause of crime. Those who feel tempted to transgress the laws must be supposed to make some sort of calculation as to the quantity of the risk they will run. If they perceive that the advantage of a criminal course is more certain than its punishment—or, at least, if it appears so to them—they will pursue the course of their inclinations. But if the punishment, however slight, were indissolubly associated with the notion of the offence, the latter would be rarely committed. If the punishment merely consisted, as Bentham says, in taking from the offender the fruits of his crime and that punishment *were certain*, no more such crimes would be committed; for no man would be so

foolish as to commit them. But, as there are so many chances of escape, it is necessary to make punishments more severe than if they oftener followed the offence. No measures, therefore, can be more humane than such as tend to attach certainty of punishment to crime, because, just in proportion as that certainty is increased, the severity of the penalty may be diminished. Hence also it further appears that the due proportion and immediate connection between crimes and their punishment are points likely to have great weight with criminals; because the great body of offences being larcenies, and perpetrated from cupidity and not from passion, the thief will soon abstain from plunder, and the forger from his counterfeit art, when common sense calmly whispers that he will lose and not gain by the transaction.

But the encouragement held out to convicts by the uncertainty of our penal practice will, perhaps, appear still more palpable by a reference to capital punishments. We will take for an example of this kind the number of persons sentenced to death in the year 1847. No less than thirty-seven individuals were in that period solemnly sentenced to die upon the scaffold. Of these only eight were executed, and the sentences of the residue were commuted. We are far from regretting that those thirty-seven capital sentences were not carried into effect; but we lament that some clearer distinction should not be made between homicides of different degrees of aggravation; so that, instead of charging cases as murder in which neither the jury would convict nor the Government execute the accused, that awful charge and high solemnity might be reserved for those black deeds in which the charge, and the conviction, and the execution, are almost certain to follow each other. If we ultimately retain capital punishment in our code, the limitation of the charge of murder which we have suggested will cause the notion of deliberate murder and the scaffold to be associated together in men's minds. They are not so associated at present; for, besides the chances of escaping conviction, it is notorious that condemned convicts rarely abandon hope even to the very last. Let us strive to get rid of the mockery of pronouncing solemn sentences of death in cases which are unfit for execution. The impression made by such scenes is the very reverse of what it is intended to produce. When soldiers fire over the heads of a turbulent mob, or the schoolmaster scatters threats which his rod fails to fulfil, or the law awards punishments which public opinion forbids it to execute, derision and contempt are the consequences.

The same observations, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to many other offences. Transportation is ordered, and imprisonment substituted. Mr. Justice A. pronounces a more lenient sentence than Mr. Baron B. upon the same description of crime; and the Court of Quarter Sessions awards a punishment different from, and often heavier, than either. It would greatly surprise our readers if they had the means of contrasting the fate of offenders against the identical law when tried before the various jurisdictions. Fortune generally befriends him who is tried before the judge, and frowns upon him who is brought before the local courts of the county magistrates. To all these uncertainties and irregularities of our existing system is to be traced one cause of crime. It should never be forgotten that it *is not the cruelty*, but *the certainty*, of punishment which deters mankind from evil; and when the source of these hopeful calculations of the criminal population are more effectually cut off, and they perceive that they oftener lose by their transactions, we shall see industry superseding idleness, and honest gains replacing plunder.

Lastly, in the *nature of our punishments*, we may find a barrier against the flowing tide of crime. During the last century a sanguinary code of laws prevailed in England, by which the penalty of death was attached to a long catalogue of offences. Even so late as 1805, when only 4,605 persons were committed for trial, three hundred and fifty of that number were sentenced to death, and sixty-eight were actually hanged. Happily for the reputation of our own times, that Draconian code has been abandoned. In 1849, out of 28,000 convicts, sixty-eight were sentenced to death, and only fifteen were executed. We are not disposed to discuss the vexed question of capital punishments and the right of society to inflict them; but one thing at least is certain—that sanguinary punishments have not met with success. Although fifty years ago one convict out of ten was sentenced to death, and one out of sixty-five was executed, crime continued to advance by mighty strides. In Japan the criminal code is sanguinary in the extreme; and, by way of deterring others, the culprit is made to execute himself by ripping open his own living body: yet these revolting spectacles have only brutalized the people. They are *not deterred* from transgression; and it is remarkable that they have become so hardened by such exhibitions that suicides, which are common in Japan, are often accomplished by the very same manner of death. This is but an illustration of the proposition that it is not the cruelty of punishments, but the certainty, which is calculated to produce good fruits.

Now, having ceased to rely upon death punishments, and having practically adopted a system of secondary ones, the great question arises—what those secondary punishments ought to be. It would have been easy, some years ago, to answer this inquiry by referring to that facility of transportation which England possessed beyond any other nation; but this resource is no longer available to us. Independently of the abstract objections to it, which are founded upon the sin of planting a new settlement with the worst criminals of an old one, and the malignant disorders which are generated by such a constitution of society, our colonies will *no longer endure* to be swamped by cargoes of murderers, burglars, and thieves. And even supposing this difficulty to be surmounted, the disorganization of society, consequent upon the discovery of new gold fields in Australia, will render it utterly impracticable to transport our convicts thither. To send them to desolate islands where their own labour would not support them, and a large garrison must be employed to watch them, would be far more expensive than wise. What, then, remains but to adopt a system of discipline at home as a substitute for that which must be abandoned? What this discipline shall be is a question which cannot long be postponed; nor is it unworthy of the attention of our wisest statesmen, because it is intimately connected with the safety and the morality of the State. We purpose to state, very briefly, the principles which we think ought to govern that discipline.

The end of the criminal law is the prevention of crime, and the only means at its disposal (if we except the punishment of death) are either to deter men from crime by fear, or to reclaim the guilty by reforming their moral character. Now, we apprehend that a system either wholly penal or wholly moral would be alike faulty. If the criminal, whether vicious and hardened or young and impressible, is dealt with by punishment alone, he will probably be turned loose upon society no better, or perhaps worse, than before. He may serve as an example to deter others from crime; but mere penal treatment will rarely, if ever, deter the *criminal himself* from resuming his habits of vice. He will be discharged from punishment with a character lost; and, in the absence of new motives and better dispositions, he will be driven by the force of bad habits and old companions to become again the enemy of society.

On the other hand, if the mitigation of punishments, which has been going on gradually since the days of Sir Samuel Romilly, were to end in the entire abolition of them, and the substitution of a reformatory discipline, the interests of the

criminal would be then considered to the exclusion of the interests of society. Yet, there are not wanting advocates of such a plan. If these pages meet the eye of such a person, we request him to go and visit the haunts of the vicious and violent, and watch their demeanour and their language. Moral discipline may cure an individual, indeed, but will it deter or alarm his companions? The discipline of reform is invaluable, but society must invoke fear also to its aid. By a salutary combination of both systems, some individuals may be discharged better men, and the crowd may still be influenced by examples. In a word, we believe that a sincere attempt should be made to reform every single convict; but we also believe, with Bishop Butler, that the Author of Nature has as truly directed that vicious actions should be punished, and put mankind under the necessity of thus punishing them, as he has directed and necessitated us to preserve our lives by food. Independently of these considerations, we have the testimony of experience against the efficiency of moral discipline *alone*. When Messieurs Beaumont and De Tocqueville visited the gaols of the United States, they had a conference with Mr. Elam Lynds, the eminent director of the model Auburn prison. "Do you believe (they asked) in the reform of a great number of prisoners?"....."I do not believe in a complete reform, except with very young delinquents. Nothing, in my opinion, is rarer than to see a convict of mature age become a religious and virtuous man. I do not put great faith in the sanctity of those who leave the prison. I do not believe that the counsels of the chaplain, or the meditations of the prisoner, make a good Christian of him. But my opinion is that a great number of old convicts do not commit new crimes, and that they become useful citizens, having learnt in prison a useful art, and contracted habits of constant labour."

Such is a portion of the valuable evidence which the French commissioners collected. We beg that it may be well weighed by those who would substitute, not reformation (for who could expect *that* in *all* cases?), but the *attempt* to reform, for every other kind of penal treatment.

Now, the late Government of Lord J. Russell imported into their last settlement of penal treatment most of the principles just indicated. In lieu of the convicts under sentence of transportation being speedily carried to Australia, and "assigned" (as it was called) to masters in those colonies, whose slaves they were in fact to be—there to work out the term of the sentence—a more complicated plan was devised. It was to

consist, first, of a period of separate confinement of from twelve to eighteen months' duration, with a view to break up the previous habits of the convict and bring him into contact with advice and instruction; secondly, of a term of compulsory labour in or near Great Britain; and, thirdly, of deportation to a distant colony where he was to be allowed to work for his own living in his own way, subject only to some partial restraints and surveillance. With this arrangement, provided it be practicable, we have no desire to find fault. Whatever may be the final settlement of this matter, separate imprisonment must be an ingredient of the plan. It differs from the solitary system, which has been extensively tried in the United States, in supplying the prisoner with wholesome food, instead of confining him to bread and water; in alleviating his discomfort by giving him employment, and by the visits of the officers of the prison and the chaplain, instead of consigning him to idleness and unmitigated solitude; in separating him from none of the inmates of the prison *except his fellow-prisoners;* and in allowing him the privilege of attending the chapel and school (securing, on these occasions, his separation from the sight and hearing of his fellows), instead of excluding him from both. In a word, it allows communication for good purposes, but cuts off the contact with evil. We approve also of the second period of forced labour. But, for the reasons already assigned, we doubt the future practicability of transportation; and, however inconvenient it may be, we fear the question will soon be forced upon us, how to dispose of our convicts without it.

Space forbids us at present to deal with this difficult question. If transportation is replaced by home-discipline, it is possible that we may gain by the exchange. It is certain that commitments and re-commitments have increased in the face of transportation. It may be that the *remoteness* of that punishment has caused its exemplary influence to fail. It may be that the *proximity* of home-punishments, in the shape of imprisonment and forced labour, would deter the vicious more effectually. At all events we think it would be wise, in cases where transportation would have been ordered, to attempt to reclaim the criminal by a period of separate confinement, and to compel him to perform such labour on public works as shall be useful to the country or the State. We further suggest that, during this period of hard labour, some intervals should be reserved besides Sundays for reviving and applying the instructions received during the period of confinement. Lastly, we think that

subsidiary establishments should be set on foot for the reception of prisoners, under a modified kind of imprisonment, after the period of forced labour has expired. Voluntary emigration, assisted by the State, might be connected with those institutions. And from those who preferred to remain in this country security for good behaviour might be taken where the circumstances admitted of its being given; and, failing such security, the prisoner may be finally released subject to a period of surveillance by the police.

It only remains to suggest some other measures which, in our judgment, might operate as *preventives*. First, crime should be attacked in its *nursery*. Juvenile pilferers grow up into bold robbers, and we are convinced that it would be far cheaper to the State to take possession of and endeavour to reform such children than to punish them momentarily and let them go. The fault is often more the parent's than the child's. To meet cases where this can be proved, let the parents be taught that they shall not nurse their children in crime with impunity, by being mulcted in some portion of the expenses of the penal school. After being subjected to a reformatory discipline, of which the prison of Parkhurst is an experiment, situations of different kinds might be found for such youths, reserving for a certain period the power of re-apprehending them without trial on proof of renewed ill-behaviour.

In the next place, vagrancy should be more strictly watched and severely repressed. It is known by the police to be the source of much crime, and the lodging-houses of the professed trampers need a more careful supervision of the authorities. Indeed, the low lodging-houses of every description are too often the very hot-beds of wickedness. But an Act of Parliament passed in the last session will make the keepers of such houses more circumspect, and compel them, when properly watched, to make some sacrifice to decency.

Lastly, in the vice of drunkenness and the vast multiplication of public-houses, lies one of the most unfailing springs of crime. As the establishment of inns is one of the surest signs of improvement, so the increase of low drinking-houses is both the cause and effect of depravity. It is better to prevent offences than to punish them; and the magistrates fail in their duty if they grant licenses to more beer-houses than are necessary. If they exert themselves and prevent drunkenness and disturbance, out of which great crimes are daily arising, they will at least have the women on their

side; for none but the wives of our labourers can truly tell what the beer-houses have done for their families.

We have now described the state and increase of crime, and indicated some of the causes of it and their remedies. As ignorance of duty, impunity from detection, uncertainty of conviction, and inadequacy of punishment, were the principal feeders of crime; so the extension of education, a more instructed police, and a better system of penal discipline, were shown to be the remedies for those defects. But the master-remedy is *education*. If alone it will not do everything, it is the base on which everything must rest. There can be no permanent peace unless it is founded upon religion, virtue, and industry; and these will no more grow without the application of patient labour than the inert ores of Australia will yield their golden treasures to the heedless passer-by. Our generation has not done its duty. Children may be yet counted by hundreds of thousands whose immortal souls and plastic minds are being trained up in wickedness and misery. These *might* be moulded into virtuous and useful citizens, as running waters may be turned into new channels. "Of all the men we meet with (says Locke), nine parts out of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, *by their education*. 'Tis that which makes the great difference in mankind." And one greater than Locke has left this memorable rule in the imperishable records of Revelation—"Train up a child in the way that he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

ART. IV.—1. *The Half Century: its History, Political and Social.* By WASHINGTON WILKS. London: Gilpin.

2. *Great Exhibition: Catalogues and Juries' Awards.* London: Clowes and Co.

3. *Novelties, Inventions, and Curiosities, in Arts and Manufactures.* London: Knight.

THE last half century stands by itself in proud and significant isolation as having been completed with so many gratifying results. It has no parallel in the vast circle of its achievements in any other age or country. No chronicles of advancement—no catalogue of inventions—no vast successes over the obstacles cast by time and circumstances in the way,

can for a single moment be placed in comparison with the brilliant consummations that have surrounded us and our efforts in such prodigious and prodigal variety. We may assert, without fear of contradiction, that never before in any period of the world has there been witnessed and testified to, by the universal earth, a tableau, a detail, an illustration of progress, so decisive and so emphasized by its own fruition and harvest as this. The most costly and stupendous wars have been succeeded almost immediately with us and with our neighbours by years of peace, during which the arts of civilized life have developed themselves in an incredible degree; and the reaction has been full and complete in its providential and benevolent compensation for the many and grievous evils that have gone by. The country had become under the pressure of these wars almost bankrupt, and the national debt increased to an enormous degree. Burthen after burthen was laid upon its shoulders, and men began to think it could endure no more. Repeatedly the last "straw" was supposed to have been put upon this patient "camel's back," and still it bore with comparative cheerfulness the heavy load, and by its elasticity exhibited the boundless extent of our resources. The devotion of patriotism, often of a noisy and unrefined kind, was placed beyond the reach of suspicion by the readiness with which the people submitted to the ceaseless calls made upon them. Bribery, corruption, and intimidation, characterized and varied the brutal features of the electioneering periods. Public offices were scandalously trafficked in, in every way, and there existed a corruption which rivalled that of the period of the Second Charles. Drunkenness, with its correlative vices, prevailed to a frightful extent; and was only equalled by the almost universal ignorance that reigned on all sides.

If the demands of the insatiate wars showed our exhaustless powers of reproduction, the same wars, for causes we cannot here enter into, eliminated at the time but little of national genius, save in the camp and the senate, which cannot be taken either as a rule or an exception, since educated men can speak in a more or less degree to the purpose, while war is always an active college for the education of the soldier. Our condition at the beginning, and even to the middle, of the half century, was in some things as bad as it could be desired even by our most inveterate enemies.

That the statistics of crime were on the increase, the following extract from the first book on our list will pretty convincingly show:—

"The number of offenders committed for trial is declared to have risen nearly four thousand in one year, and to have doubled within fifteen years—a rate of increase quadruple that of the population. Of the number committed for trial, about two-thirds were convicted. A considerable portion of these offences were against the person; and, towards the end of the period, there were many of a novel and revolting character. 'Body-snatching,' and its more frightful sequence, 'Burking,' were the worst of these. For some years the graveyards for miles around the metropolis, and wherever there were surgical schools, were infested nightly with the ghouls of civilization—ruffians who tore the newly-buried from their graves for the sake of what the body would fetch at the dissecting-rooms—as much as ten, twelve, or even twenty guineas—while others laid fictitious claim to the corpses of persons who had died in the workhouse or by the wayside. But, towards the end of 1828, an accidental discovery horrified the profession and appalled the public—namely, that systematic murder had been going on in London and Edinburgh for the supply of the doctors. The detected accomplices, Burke and Hare, confessed to the death of fifteen victims, whom they had enticed home and stifled by a plaster or wet cloth. Uncertainty to what extent assassination had thus been practised produced a general consternation; and all who are old enough remember that for a year or two after the wretch who gave a name to the method he used had been executed, amidst unparalleled expressions of execration, the timid avoided fields and byeways after dusk, lest they should be waylaid and 'Burked.' Another species of crime originated about the same time; and, unhappily, survives to this day to an alarming extent. At the Lancaster assizes in 1828, Jane Scott was convicted of having poisoned her mother; and, before her execution, she confessed to having murdered in the same way her father and two children. As if the notoriety given to a new form of crime by its punishment stimulated to its repetition, poisoning has been ever since one of the commonest and most destructive of crimes, especially in the rural and more destitute districts. The name of Esther Hibner is also met with in the record of these years as the type of another class of newly-discovered crimes—that of cruelty to female servants. This woman had been in the habit of taking parish apprentices, and of treating them with the most wanton barbarity, till one died under her hands, which procured the release of the remainder, and the death of their tormentor. Again was morbid imitativeness excited; or, perhaps, it was only that people's attention was excited—anyhow, a number of such cases were brought to light. War upon machinery by the operatives it had unfortunately displaced was no new thing; but in 1829 it took the new and desperate form of burning cotton-mills, and blowing up with gunpowder the houses of the employers. A still wilder madness, that had first shown itself in France, was about to break forth in England—that of rick-burning, of which many were incredulous till it glared upon their own sight. In these scattered facts we find symptoms of the condition to which society had wrought itself, and proof that poisonous elements were running side by side with the quickened streams of healthful life."

The gulf between the great and the low—the rich and the

poor—was almost illimitable The former looked on the latter with a contempt scarcely attempted to be disguised. The latter looked on the former with an eye that spoke both hatred and a desire for vengeance of wrongs, we will charitably suppose to have been purely imaginary. These sentiments have been exploded. We now know and respect each other, for we know each other's qualities better. It is of very little consequence which made the first concession, but the awe with which the peasant regarded the peer exists no longer: neither does the noble feel shocked at the blunt truths which the labourer dares now to speak with impunity. If this antagonistic condition had existed till the present moment, we should perhaps have witnessed a similar scene to the French Revolution; and here, too, would have existed a "reign of terror" all the more sanguine that, when the mass is become ferocious and once tastes blood, nothing will satiate the horrible appetite till the arm wearies with slaughter. Let us be thankful that the amenities of life are now so well understood. Let us rejoice that every class—even that which is named the "dangerous" and which is found in all great towns and cities—now comprehend so well the humanities and the responsibilities of existence. Better to see now the noble going to the "Ragged School" than being led to a "Place la Gréve." Better the scaffolding which erects institutions of peace and comfort than that *scaffold* which, looming in the morning air, told of a remorseless death to be done upon some unhappy human being. Better the coronet moving in amicable contrast among a crowd of felt hats than to behold its owner flying for life by the glare of a conflagration, such as once filled all France, from Picardy to the Pyrenees; and, therefore we say, that this amity—this reconciliation—this closer bond of union between the lofty and low, may be taken as one of the excellent signs of a time which is remarkable for even loftier tendencies, and which in this exordium we can only briefly enumerate.

While, therefore, some fifteen out of the fifty years have been spent in ruinous and furious wars, the remaining have not been altogether years of peace, except as stated at home, of which the opening pages of the book under notice give a succinct summary. During the last thirty-five years the shores of the Mediterranean, of the African, Chinese, and Indian seas, have been the scenes of reverses and conquests heralded by extensive battles. The mountains of the Indian Peninsula from Burmah to the frontiers of Persia, have echoed to the thunder of our cannon and to cries of vic-

tory and death. If all this is to be deplored, we ourselves have still infinite reasons of self-gratulation. Our wealth has augmented to an almost fabulous amount, and fresh sources in our colonies have realized the ancient Pactolus. Literature, in its highest developements and most enlarged views, has become what it never was before—the weekly, yea, the daily mental food of the people. The wonders of science and art are akin to miracles, and the magic of the age of the alchemists, the fictions told of Cornelius Agrippa, and of Paracelsus, are mere "conjuring" tricks in comparison with what our lecturers can now easily perform. Mesmerism (whether true or false matters not, but if the former) explains to us much of the mysteries of old sorcery, the power of the eye, and the mystic sympathy said to exist between us as individuals, bound together by impalpable attractions, such as is supposed to be conveyed by the great sympathetic cord or ganglia of nerves to every part of the body. Religion has experienced a re-awakening. A re-action has roused up from a long slumber the holier aspirations of our kind, and we have avoided the extreme of credulity on the one hand and of incredulity on the other; and, freed from scepticism and fanaticism, it is comprehended to be in very truth an "inward and spiritual grace." The missionary in distant lands has tasted of the rejoicing fruit of his labours. The Sabbath-school teacher has been indefatigable in his work of love, and among the dark and benighted suburbs of our own people the light of the Gospel of peace has been shed.

We are free to think, to speak, and to act. The teeming presses of the land pour out their treasures like floods of waters around us. The schoolmaster with his vast auxiliary army is abroad, and education has become a law of necessity. Instruction possesses a vitality that it never before had; and, while we have no reason to believe but that the world may again produce men of great and original minds—(such a probability has been denied on the score that a comparatively general ignorance was necessary for the advent of such men)—we know well that the letterless, helpless, half-idiotic peasant or artizan of the past, will cease to exist in the same form in the future. We feel certain that the inane doltishness men have been accustomed to meet with in distant out-of-the-way localities will be converted into intelligences more or less clear. We shall not have the ferocity of a human animal excused by the darkness of his mind, and by a logical consequence all those crimes generated by ignorance will be annihilated.

We need not lament if we have not another Shakespeare,

a Bacon, or a Newton. If one was for "all time," and a second the father of modern philosophy, while the third opened the portals of a wondrous and unerring mathematical science for us—if it takes a life-time to comprehend these men and do our daily work, it will be a life-time well and happily spent—and what can a man desire more? The elements are rendered subservient to our will: we paint by the sun, and regulate the hours with an unvarying and unerring correctness by the galvanic force. We sail among the clouds, and have annihilated time and distance by the use of steam. The seas are swept by ships which outstrip the wind—literally traversing the waste of waters at a speed greater than that of ordinary breezes. We are now able to cope with the appalling evils of pestilence; and, ceasing to be paralysed with the horror once felt at its presence, we apply ourselves to those methods of prevention and cure with a full faith in their efficiency; and thus, year by year, the virulence of the cholera is being overcome through the resources which courageous and clever men have pointed out.

Under and *over* rivers go our great highways; and India —that land so mysterious in its antiquities—will soon be reached and traversed as though it were but at an ordinary distance from us. We have flung across the valley a band that spans mountain to mountain, and we hold converse with neighbour-nations beneath the waters of the ocean! Skill, energy, and perseverance, characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, have, in fine, overcome the brute force of the universe. Science has found a mastery over fire, and an invention which, out of gratitude, has a right to be ranked among the blessings of the age—"Phillips's Fire Annihilator"—by the simplest means, places those who brave the perils of the deep beyond the risk of such awful catastrophes as the burning of the *Amazon*—an event which must be fresh in the memory of all.

Look for instance, as an example of progress more familiar, at the handsomely printed cotton gown—a produce of taste combined with art: look at the elegant muslin which the proudest lady in the land does not disdain to wear and which all can procure: look, in fact, at all the textile manufactures in wool and cotton, fitted for the winter's cold or the summer's heat, and contrast them with the coarse costliness of fifty years ago. If it be said that whatever be cheap is obtained at the sacrifice of the labourer, to a greater or less extent, it may be replied that whatever evils still exist in the remuneration of the workman will in time find their own

remedy, and right themselves, according to the law of compensation; and our business is less to debate this question than to show that these, so far out of our reach once, are among the beneficent results of this last half century of progress.

Our commerce travels with the sun—our empire is washed by every sea which belts the globe. We possess colonies—not sterile and barren, requiring all the tilth and labour and the patience of years to bring the land to anything like perfection—but fat and prolific in every sense. Neither are they on a small and narrow scale of extent, but "continental" in their very vastness, and so relieving us from all fears of pauperism—that bane of existence—for the future.

Co-existent with the deplorable evils enumerated a few pages back, there was a germinating principle of good struggling for existence among us, and becoming finally victorious, despite the innumerable obstacles that were in the way. The following summary, in immediate contrast with our former extract, will amply vindicate it:—

"That there was much healthful intellectual activity throughout this period, we have many enduring monuments. So soon as the energies of the nation, released from the misdirection of war and recovered from the exhaustion of collapse, found themselves at once free and strong, they were put forth, as by instinct, to enterprises of spirit and utility. Discoveries and inventions that could before scarcely gain a listener now found hands outstretched from all sides to give them application. Thus, from fifteen to twenty miles of the metropolis were lighted with gas; steam-vessels were run up and down the Thames and all the principal rivers; the Menai Bridge was stretched a hundred feet above high water-mark; the Caledonian Canal was completed at an expense of 900,000*l.*; Chat Moss, traditionally impassable as any Irish bog, was solidified for the passage of locomotives and railway-trains between Manchester and Liverpool; the Thames Tunnel was commenced, and perseveringly continued, spite of difficulties from soil and flood; the St. Katherine's Docks were built upon the site of eight hundred houses; the ugly and dangerous old London-bridge was supplanted by the splendid arches which connect the City with Southwark; whatever is creditable in the market-places of London was effected; two of the parks at the West-end were beautified and a third constructed; and the Post-office stretched, in the progress of its erection, over the whole period of our review. James Watt was the genius of the age, and was honoured as such by men of the highest rank in society and of the highest eminence for intellect. There was something of the spirit of adventure and romance in this rage for improvement and material creation. It was the same spirit, only flowing in another channel, that impelled a Sunderland ship-master, named Smith, to venture so far beyond the usual track of the Pacific whalers as to stumble on the country he

designated New South Shetland—that sent Captain Parry through the so-called Baffin's Bay into the Polar Sea, whence the Arctic enterprises of himself, Franklin, and Ross—that sustained Denham and Clapperton, Laing and Salt, to overcome, or consoled them in sinking under, the hardships of African discovery—and that inspired Belzoni, an Englishman by adoption, with the ardour of the antiquary and the skill of the engineer.

"Education was another great work of the time. As upon no subject is there more disagreement than upon the provision now in existence for the instruction of the juvenile population, we will not hazard an estimate of the educational machinery that was then at work upon the rising generation. But it was not school instruction alone that had come to be in demand, or that the enlightened and benevolent were anxious to supply. It had begun to be perceived that what can be taught at school, however valuable and though indispensable, is but an inconsiderable part of the process of education. It had occurred to a man of practical science and earnest philanthrophy, Dr. Birkbeck, that adult workmen might be made acquainted with the principles which underlie their occupations; and that to give them, if only an inkling of scientific knowledge, would be to ameliorate their condition, and to indefinitely advance the interests of science itself. He had made an experiment of the kind at Glasgow, and on his removing to London he resolved to renew it on a larger scale. He accordingly originated, with the aid of Mr. Brougham, in the year 1823, the London Mechanics' Institute; and in the next year laid the foundation of the edifice in Southampton-buildings. In a short time nearly all the large towns had each a Mechanics' Institute; then similar societies were established in the smaller towns; and within five or six years these institutions might be counted by the hundred."

We are therefore—and speaking as men without egotism and in general terms—richer, happier, and, let us hope, wiser, than ever was nation or people of the modern world before this period. We have not now whole generations born to the servile heritage of impoverished labour, since everything is open to all, and emigration has already unlocked the gates of plenty. We have not now whole parishes that cannot read or write: in our day this is becoming a solecism, and it is only the remnant of the last age who are destitute of one or both of these absolutely necessary qualifications for the common duties of life.

This last half century, too, has witnessed the growth of new villages, new towns, and new harbours, with all their labour-creative train. On the Cheshire coast opposite to Liverpool—on a mere creek or waste of waters once known as the *Wallasey pool* and formed by the bounty of the river Mersey—on this spot, where a few years back the little town

of Birkenhead only boasted of a "landing-place," an hotel, and a few small houses, there has arisen a magnificent trading port, with docks, harbours, and stores, such as have enabled it in an incredibly short space of time to rival the might and commercial magnitude of Liverpool, and which now shares with the "mother-town" her opulence and prosperity.

Steam machinery, which has become the creative agent in all the great manufacturing districts of the empire, has produced such a prodigious and prodigal amount of wares of every kind that we have been compelled to find markets at the extremities of the globe; and our merchantmen are to be found in every harbour dispensing the commodities they carry, and returning laden home.

It would be as tedious as unnecessary if we were to enumerate the applications of the sciences to the arts of life, to our necessities, our comforts, and our luxuries. Everything almost is now done by steam and machinery, and human labour is fast being superseded; and whether this be for the better or for the worse we will not undertake to decide, save that it is one of man's chief aims to spare himself as much of mere brute labour as possible; and, if this did not interfere with the necessities of *bread-winning*, it might be pronounced as a blessing in every way, since in releasing him from long hours of bodily toil the mind has more time for culture, and the moral health of man, we must assume, is thus benefitted and assured.

While our naval and military power has been steadily increasing, one new and singular feature, as the result of intellectual progress, must be noticed also. We allude to the "Peace Congress," whose meetings and discussions continental cities have witnessed with feelings which can scarcely be analysed; for, in the midst of empires based on military despotism, it was strange to hear men propose to do battle by arbitration—to settle quarrels, involving the cost of armies and human life, by the pen and the tongue! We have temperance societies battling with intemperance—educational institutions subjugating ignorance—"parliamentary and financial reform associations" labouring for the political elevation of the people—"sanitary commissions," and "boards of health," sweeping our streets and closing reeking graveyards—insurance, benefit, and building societies without end. In addition to the establishment of "baths," "washing," and "model" lodging-houses, on a scale of cheapness within reach of the very poorest, we have book societies, church extension, and a

thousand other associations for a thousand other good purposes.

Thus, in a style at once unpretending and agreeable, but full of well digested information—and which for its extensive grasp merits every praise for the judicious nature of its arrangement—thus we have, in admirable summaries, the history of home events, of continental wars and revolutions, and of the struggles that occurred in those more distant regions that were compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of our arms. To the parliamentary debates, the important questions of the time, and the more valuable decisions resulting, succeed chapters devoted to the recording of agricultural distress, the menacing disturbances in the manufacturing districts, agrarian riots, Chartist insurrections; and, in addition to the "wars and rumours of wars" of the earlier period, there also occur a condensed history of conspiracies, which, if not checked in time, would have been pregnant with rapine and bloodshed. The following comprehensive glance at the political attitude of the Chartist districts is not without its value in our eyes:—

"We come now to the first of two or three distinct periods in the Chartist movement, including under that designation all that passed for Chartism. This period stretches over the years 1838 and '39. We find first on record a great open-air meeting at Holloway Head, near Birmingham, on the 6th of August, 1838. Mr. Attwood, M.P., presided. Delegates from the working-men of London, Liverpool, and the towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, attended. The numbers present were estimated at fully 200,000. Mr. Scholefield—Mr. Attwood's colleague in the representation of Birmingham—and Mr. Feargus O'Connor, an Irish barrister, were among the speakers. The proceedings were orderly even to solemnity, commencing with a short prayer by the chairman. A petition for the enactment of the People's Charter was adopted. A few weeks later a similar meeting was held at Kersal Green, Manchester, when Mr. Feilding, M.P. for Oldham, presided. The orator of the day was the Rev. J. Stephen, a Wesleyan minister, notorious for his fanatical opposition to the Poor-law. He rightly described the agitation as at bottom a 'knife and fork question;' but, unhappily, soon got to suggest its settlement by pikes and bludgeons. The latter part of his speech, on this occasion, was garnished by such exclamations as these:—'Why have you left your arms at home? Because you are afraid?'—to which, of course, the excited populace responded, 'No, no!' The London Chartists held a noonday meeting in Palace-yard, Westminster; and suburban meetings in the evenings in open places. As the winter drew on, these assemblages were not discontinued, but lit by torches, in the glare of which the timid saw all the apparatus of rebellion and incendiarism.

"In May the National Convention—a body of delegates from the

working men of Great Britain, probably as *bonâ fide* a representation as they ever enjoyed—commenced its sittings in London. Whatever may be alleged of the qualifications or motives of its members, it cannot be denied that it was decided and earnest in its reprobation of violence, and that the majority were under the influence of talented, honest, and temperate men. Under its superintendence the National Petition was presented on the 14th of June. It purported to bear 1,200,000 signatures; and so enormous was its bulk that it was literally rolled into the house by half-a-dozen Radical members. The house received it with respect, and consented to the suspension of a standing order that Mr. Attwood might enlarge upon its prayer. On the 12th of July he moved for a committee of the whole house to consider of its five points; but that was deemed too great a demand upon the indulgence of the people's representatives—the motion was negatived by 235 to 189. A few days before, there had broken out at Birmingham the first of a series of disturbances. The Government immediately sent down sixty of the London police, armed. Their interference greatly excited the populace, and was afterwards resented by the Town Council. The convention also sent down from London resolutions strongly condemning this employment of the metropolitan force; for which Lovett and Collins, the secretaries, and a Dr. Taylor, were apprehended by the authorities. The Chartists, refused the use of the Town-hall, insisted on meeting in a place called the Bull-ring; the police attempted to dislodge them, but were unable without the aid of the military. The day after the refusal to consider the petition, there was a far worse outbreak than any before. Several houses were burned down, and it was some days before quiet was restored. As the winter advanced there were riots at Sheffield and other places.

"On the night of Sunday, November the 3rd, Mr. Frost, a magistrate of Newport, marched bodies of armed men, four or five thousand strong, upon that town. Mr. Frost had been appointed by Lord John Russell a borough magistrate some years before. Learning that Mr. Frost had been elected a delegate to the convention, his lordship called upon him to resign his commission; but received a spirited refusal on the ground that the convention was a perfectly legal assembly, and he was not superseded. His brother magistrates were prepared for the attack; and posted themselves, with a company of foot soldiers, in the principal inn of the town. They awaited the assault of the first column, led by Frost in person, and received an irregular volley of slugs which wounded the mayor—Mr. Phillips (afterwards Sir Thomas)—and several other persons. But one or two rounds from the soldiers routed the miserable array. The insurgents took to flight—Frost was captured—Williams and Jones, who were advancing with other columns, disbanded their men, but were also captured. The three were tried for high treason by a special commission. The evidence disclosed the existence of preparations for a really formidable rising had Newport been carried; and, as it is not necessary to design the death or overthrow of the Sovereign to constitute the guilt of high treason, the prisoners were convicted and left for execution. But the hearts of a large portion of the middle classes

revolted from the thought of the gallows and the hangman's knife being employed to vindicate the throne of a youthful Queen on the eve of marriage. Chartists, who condemned the enterprise no less than they deplored the fate of its authors, joined in pleading for clemency; the judges were divided on a technicality raised by the prisoners' counsel; and so the punishment of death was commuted to transportation for life."

To counteract these downward tendencies, there was the legislator in Parliament, the philosopher in his closet, the press recording all, and aiding to make a mutual understanding between the people and the Government more clearly comprehended; and literature, in connection with the arts, working their way slowly, but steadily and surely, onward.

That our morality as a people has advanced—despite of the almost awful exceptions that are to be found in the depravities of many brought before public notice and which only serve to mark the rule with greater decision—is beyond all doubt or question. We have reverence and worship for divine things, and on the whole differ only in method and degree. Let us take, without being captious, those evidences of a grave and thoughtful nature which give a characteristic to nigh thirty millions of people; and let us without ostentation congratulate ourselves upon the hypothesis that, if prosperity in worldly things and the establishment of peace and order in our land—a physical and moral good, in every way and form combined, be any token of an especial heavenly providence watching over men and nations—we may claim, with any other people, and with more justice perhaps than most, this lofty privilege as our own. The following extract is a proof of the ability, the literary might, which we possess; and when we add that with this array of talent is joined earnestness of soul, a purity of thought, and a scientific attainment never before surpassed in all branches of learning and science, we behold here one of the great elements of that progress to which we are indebted for so much:—

"Contemporaneously with Chartism and the League, there arose, as we have seen, a school of social reformers who sought to ameliorate the lot of poverty by legislation and charity—who propounded no principle of social reconstruction, but simply enforced the old-fashioned precepts—that the rich should be kind to the poor and the strong protect the weak. The philosophy and literature of the age seemed remarkably affected by its social maladies—either touched with the sympathy of healing virtue, or the infection of unhealthy sentiment. The brothers George and Andrew Combe had taught their numerous disciples to despair of the moral regeneration of the morally diseased classes, but through an alteration of their social con-

ditions. Charles Dickens insinuated the same doctrine through the pathos and humour of 'Oliver Twist.' Thomas Hood checked his waggery to sing the touching lament of the shirt-maker. Douglas Jerrold turned the artillery of his wit and sarcasm upon the contrasts of 'St. James and St. Giles.' Disraeli revealed to the fashionable world the existence of 'Two Nations' in the heart of England. Carlyle shouted from the heights of his renown as a philosopher and literateur that the legislation which, to petitions big as cart-wheels and escorted with pikes, could answer only with able speeches and special commissions, was an accursed sham. Lord John Russell declared from his place in Parliament that the working classes had not shared to their fair degree in the progress of other classes since the beginning of the century. In the tardy appreciation of Wordsworth's genius there seemed a symptom of that appreciation of humanity which inspired the poet of the 'Excursion;' and the poetry of Alfred Tennyson seemed to derive half its popularity from its participation in this quality. The theories of Robert Owen, experimented upon (it will be remembered) twenty years before at New Lanark, had taken a wide and deep hold upon the working classes; and retained it despite the failure of Socialist organizations, and the horror which the name of Socialism inspired among the religious and respectable, as a synonyme for atheism, licentiousness, and universal spoliation. When Chartism ceased its collision with anti-corn-lawism, it took the form of an agrarian Socialism; and no sooner had the value of forty shilling freeholds, as a political weapon, been proved, than the absolute possession of house and land became an object of eager ambition to thousands of artisans and small traders, and the basis of numerous associations. The Temperance movement had rescued thousands from the dissipation of means and health, and educated hundreds of thousands to habits of self-denial and thrift. Ragged Schools had sunk a shaft into those subterranean recesses of society where generations of criminals are hatched, and the materials of riot are collected against the moment of explosion. Factory laws had abridged the severity and protraction of factory labour; and public opinion was being brought to bear upon the same evils in commercial towns. Public baths and washhouses in London and Liverpool challenged a commencement of sanitary reform."

It was thus that from the depths of the closet the student, the scholar, the philosopher, sent forth their silent utterances, and taught the world so wearied with strife what it willingly listened to. We may have laughed at them as ascetics—as men who have lost the sunshine and the open day. What matter, if their lives were calm, and quiet, and retired? So much the better for *us* if these noble souls, with an eye to the future blessings they dispensed, *did* dwell like owls in ruins, and only aroused them to their toil as the night was lighted up by dim lamps?

It was such as these who by theory (in the earlier time)

invented the lever and the pulley and multiplied the capabilities of the inclined plane—it was they who were the fathers of chemistry, medicine, and the liberal arts. It was they who made schoolmasters, teachers, and preachers—who evoked the benign and slumbering genius, and bade it go forth among men upon its errand of good. Let us love and reverence them, be they dead or be they living. It is such as they who now call labour "noble" and all the world repeats the word.

To the pen and not the sword—to genius rather than to wealth—we owe now the position we have contemplated with such complacency. The names of literary men are as national as the chronicles of a nation themselves are. In fact, it is they who often give to a nation's name a great and significant value, and indicate the intellectual standard of their country. At the mention of Plato, one is reminded of the glories of Greece. Horace refers us at once to Rome, as Virgil does to all Italy; and Dante, with his compeers, shares in the same honour, as having in addition to purifying the language elevated its intellectual capacity of expression; while St. Augustine and the fathers point out an era and a time pregnant with an illumination of intelligence almost sacred; and, looking at the healthy condition of our present literature, the prodigious amount of instructive books and works on rudimentary branches of the sciences, as well as in the higher departments of learning and of art, assisted by the beauty of their pictorial illustrations, together with the extremely low prices at which they are disseminated—looking at the continual reprints of the classic authors whether ancient or modern, the thousands which are in daily demand—we have a right to conclude that morally, mentally, and spiritually, we are far in advance of any age marked by its literary splendours, not excepting the age of Elizabeth or the more insisted upon Augustine age of Anne. If we admit at the same time, as we fairly may, that we cannot select individual names from among our own which shall be equivalents for those of Raleigh, Ben Johnson, Shakespeare, Sidney, and the rest—(though, so far as the writers of Queen Anne's time are concerned, we may not fear a rivalry)—it is rather the *amount* of *healthy* moral literature spread among the people that we take to be the best test of the spirit of the age than the brilliancy of names as put in rival opposition to each other; and we speak more of the influence than of the matter—of the reading impulse, rather than of the gift of writing—only that, to a certain extent, one is contained in the other, and

when we speak of the readers of a certain time, by analogy we speak of the writers also. Intelligence is like electricity: it pervades the whole of the moral fibre, and literature is the prime conductor. Like him who grasps the conductor of a battery with one hand, and takes hold of his neighbour's with the other, and so on to the next, until the whole circle is complete, so is a book—a truthful earnest book to him who reads it. All at once the shock comes—a light breaks in upon his soul. He is struck with a new truth; or else a profound conviction of a former error, once obstinately cherished and adhered to, is experienced. What was dark and mysterious to him before, is in a moment rendered clear and lucid; and he no longer rejects that truth which he has taken the pains to test, and which comes with such intuition to his soul. Men who surrender themselves to the guidance of others do not always act wisely. There must first be the consciousness of what is right from what is wrong cultivated: there must be a judicious selection made from among the number of teachers as to who is best qualified. The opinion of the world commonly leans towards the side of right and the truth; and, when men have by a tacit and universal consent been admitted as competent, great, and good, there is little fear of falling into error by following the path pointed out by them.

We apprehend that, in speaking of those leading elements to which we owe so much, the arts should be joined with literature rather than with science; for the arts, properly so called, are not the result of following geometric and mechanical rules any more than nature and the seasons can be governed or meted by line or plummet. A picture cannot be turned out by the lathe or worked by steam; and, being beyond the governance of mere mechanical laws, it is dependent upon the intelligence, the skilful hand, and the superior talents, of the artist.

Art is in itself a species of literature, and, if not existent before literature, it was at the least independent of it and grew with it. Still art, in its fine modes, speaks but to the cultivated. It does not affect the masses like a book; and great paintings, and eloquent sculptures, are seen but by a few at any time. We cannot retain the mere moral of a sacred painting—we cannot always remind ourselves of the emotions that a grand and solemn anthem impresses upon us as at the moment it is heard. These, too, require some cultivation before their beauties are comprehended.

Music, painting, and sculpture, belong to the luxurious department of the things that minister to us; but the sobbing

of the winds in the woods, the roar of the tempest on the mountain side, the rush of the swollen river hurrying on angrily to the sea with quite a change upon its usually placid bosom—these are universally impressible, and these always form pictures. The rudest creature apprehends the loveliness of a flower: the lowest intelligence breathes with a new sense of the joys of being when in the hay-fields in the summer. Few can imagine the deep passionate love of the gipsy for his shady boscage—for his nomadic life—for his full and seething "flesh-pot" one day, and his heedlessness of the empty wallet and pannier the next. The love of nature is inherent in this restless people, whose picturesque groupings by the road-side, in all the glory of their party-coloured tatters, remind us of those romantic vagabonds as seen in the engravings of Callot or Claude Gillot. Such living pictures are open to the inspection and the notice of all, and without knowing it men admire them.

Hogarth, as an illustration of *reading* a lesson by painting, is the only man, perhaps, that can be pronounced a universal teacher. Every series of his paintings complete a story as grotesque in its humour as it is terrible in its tragic moral. What finer lesson can either art or literature teach than is derived from a study of his "Idle and Industrious Apprentices," which embody the vices and the virtues so familiar to every mind, whether it be tutored or not? They convey a perfect sense of terror, and abound in the manifold hues of guilt. They breathe too of integrity, happiness, and prosperity: they make one feel with astounding force how noxious is the atmosphere of crime; and they teach, beyond all doubt, how pleasant are the "paths of peace" and a course of industrious rectitude; and he who can arrive at the catastrophe of either—the ruin of the one and the ultimate success in life of the other—without comprehending the lesson, must be wofully deficient of intelligence in its lowest degree.

By the aid of the sciences we read the heavens as a book, and look on the stellar canopy as on a familiar scroll. We can foretell the rising, the setting, the ascension, and the declension, of moon and stars for years to come, and point out the path of a comet centuries before it may appear. We understand somewhat of the law of storms, the ebb and flow of the sea, and take advantage of the great *tidal wave* to reach a destined port in a quicker space of time than ordinary. We fathom the depth of the ocean and reveal the secrets hidden in its bosom.

By the agency of explosive materials we can destroy fleets

and cities, and by the electric spark we can blow up the wreck of ships sunk fathoms deep, into the bosom of which the diver can penetrate with ease and safety.

Schools of design, now rapidly spreading over the country, are likely to open out new paths to a more general cultivation of the principles of design in the manufacture of articles in general and common use; and, since the application of the ornate and the beautiful to the common necessities and comforts of daily life is now becoming a rule, we may safely calculate upon a corresponding good resulting.

If, in course of this summary of the last half century of progress, we shall make mention of things that have occurred *out* of its exact verge, we do so on the grounds that they are the consequence and part and parcel of the said progress—the new blossoming buds as it were of the seeds sown—the branches laden with noble fruits springing from the brave parent tree. The most striking, vast, and comprehensive of these was the Great Exhibition, in which was comprised all that art, skill, invention, genius, and talent, could create and congregate together.

The Exhibition of 1851, with its mighty palace, more perfect and more superb than any fanciful creation of the eastern imagination and the germ of others springing up over the globe—this industrial meeting of the nations—this artizan Olympiad which places those of the antique world completely in the shade—showed what could be done under the pressure of a friendly emulation, giving a direct evidence of the existence of powers still latent, capabilities still dormant, but yet to be developed, astounding even ourselves. We gained then a triumph over inert and amorphous matter, which by the application of chemical, manufacturing, and artistic skill to its fusible, plastic, fictile and textile, qualities, became transformed into splendours which commanded universal admiration, mutually paid, and in which all received an honourable share.

This noble building, one-third of a mile long and some one-fifteenth of a mile wide, with its miles of iron ribs and pillars, its myriads of acres of space, and glass walls and roof, with its graceful and stupendous aspect, in which the treasures of the earth were placed, was a new wonder of the world. There were some fifteen thousand exhibitors divided into producers, importers, manufacturers, designers, and inventors. Scores of men were employed in the different departments; and all the learning, skill, and talent of the day were engaged in the arrangements; and in making these arrangements, as well as the nature of the goods shown, plain and comprehen-

sive even to the least intelligent capacities. The very formation of the catalogue was a marvel, and difficulties of an almost insuparable kind were conquered by perseverance and tireless labour. The visitors were in number upwards of six millions of people, and the total receipts amounted to half a million sterling; while railways and metropolitan conveyances had at least a *million* of money disbursed among them; and the lesser but still important items of ginger-beer, coffee, buns, &c., produced 30,000*l.*—a proof of the enormous wealth distributed among the middle and lower classes even.

On the whole, the results of the Great Exhibition must have been pregnant with grand and impressive lessons. What conquest ever produced so much? What armies of war could compare with these armies of peaceful industry? What are the trophies torn from the most powerful monarchies of the east, the additions made from time to time to the empires of Europe, the spoils of Grecian cities or of the Asian victories brought to Rome, and paraded in the very capitol—what are these to compare with the treasures and the trophies which the skill of man has created from the earth's bosom, and torn out of her very heart, as shown in the Crystal Palace? A memento of glory like this, which has occurred but once in two thousand years, may well be handed down with pride to the generations yet to come, and in that pride we share, taking so much of it as we do to ourselves. It is not for a day or a year only that its impulses reach. It will last truly for "all time." Its results ended not when its doors closed for ever; and even now, that not a stone marks the spot whereon it stood, and not a vestige of the mighty structure remains, there is an audible bubbling of it in the trees that stood like huge exotics in the transept; and the very air, made harmonius by the thunderings of the great organs, are vocal with their hymns of praise to the sons of toil and labour.

A few passing notices of the improvements and inventions that are most striking may not be inappropriate, and to which Knight's "Handbook of Novelties, Inventions, and Curiosities," is a guide of compact and well-digested matter.

The uses of the electric telegraph are so suggestive of a countless variety of arrangement, that, while verbal communications may be made to any distance, we find that in Boston it is used to give the alarm of fire, its locality and place, in every engine-station of the city, at a simultaneous moment. It has also been proposed to connect the police, law, and other courts, which are engaged upon important matters of a ger-

mane kind. Time is thus saved. Confidence is not unnecessarily disturbed. Matters where secrecy is of value may be arranged in secrecy, and a wide and general publicity can be given of a fact throughout a city in a wonderfully short space of time. The safety of the public is thus rendered more secure. Property is better protected. Fire and robbery cannot under this sleepless surveillance be so general as they have been; and thus, while every advance in electric and magnetic science tends to simplify the complex, to unravel to us the still folded mysteries of nature, we find that the principle of utilising everything in its minutest detail, and of applying sublimities (so to speak) to the minor necessities of life, become to us ministers and messengers, guardians and police. The discovery of gutta-percha, which, while opening a new and extensive source of employment to thousands —while it is also likely to realise for its patentees a handsome return for labour and outlay—has enabled us to render the electric wires incorrodible and to defend them from all external action. The catalogue of infinite uses to which this can be put would fill pages; and one important use, that of supplanting the uses of lead and iron pipes for conveying water, and for cold water tanks, &c., and its impressionable and convertible qualities in addition to its ductile elasticity, has made this remarkable gum one of the most valuable adjuncts to the mechanism of every-day-life that the bounteous hand of nature has presented to us.

Two instances of improvement in the mechanical and creative arts, if such a term may be used, are worthy of remark. The one is the "steam-travelling crane," and the other is the "paper-machine." The travelling crane combines the two powers of lifting and of locomotion, commanding an area of any extent according to the necessities of the case: one of these cranes is said to have removed logs of timber, one by one, to the weight of twenty tons, a distance of one hundred feet, and piling them up in less than twenty-eight minutes, at a wage cost of *threepence!* The paper-machine is still more ingenious, and most admirable is the manner in which its complicated structure is fitted to every phase which the manufacture of the paper necessitates. "A creamy pulp flows into the machine at one end, the same pulp comes out in the form of made and dried paper at the other in less than two minutes!" Such is the succinct history of the manufacture of paper. A machine can scarcely go nearer perfection than this, unless we were to suppose that to this engine there was added an automatic compositor, a printing-press, a fold-

ing, stitching, and binding apparatus; so that the *book* should be created as by a spell of magic! This, indeed, would be a climax, and intelligence would be paralysed at its own success and stand in awe of its own daring.

It is scarcely to be imagined that the most exquisite perfumes are attained from the most fetid and noisome substances. From a feculent oil ("fusel-oil") generated, during the making of brandy or whiskey, chemistry extracts the fragrant oil of pears—by other processes oil of apples, oil of grapes, or oil of cognac. Sugar and putrid cheese yields oil of pine-apples; and the repulsive liquor issuing from gas-tar and aqua-fortis are transformed into oil of bitter almonds! Who would believe that the unsavoury drainage of a cow-house, by the same wondrous potency, becomes the delicious *Eau de Mille Fleurs?* The ingredients that nature mixes together, man has been enabled to combine, and prove nature true to herself, by producing the like results.

Chemistry prizes the refuse of the three kingdoms of nature and will not throw away a single thing. Formerly bones were cast aside; they are now converted into manure, or phosphorus is extracted out of them. Blood, lime, charcoal—things emptied into the sewer after having been used in the refining of sugar—are useful in agricultural chemistry, which forms of them a compost as valuable as guano. The refuse ammoniacal liquor of gas-factories, being used for washing fleeces and being impregnated with their oil, by a little alkaline addition makes a coarse kind of soap useful in the scouring operations of the woollen manufacture. The reaping, the sowing, and even a composing-machine for setting up type, together with a number of other inventions that displace manual labour, prove the constructive skill of our artizans. As in the case of hand-loom and other kinds of weaving, where the employment of great bodies of men is necessarily dispensed with, an immediate evil (but unquestionably productive of great future good) will follow; though this displacement, we have no reason to believe, will affect many in number at any future time. Let us, however, here glance for a moment at the emigration fields, and the new area for the thousands that have exhausted employment in England. Let us look on Australia as the home—the happy, comfortable, prospering home—opening there for the toiling masses who here overstock the labour-market. Let us see in this enormous area, that has out of one little corner sent over *three millions and a-half* sterling in gold in less than one year—that has pasture lands and corn lands—that has

wood and iron, fuel and food—that has vineyards and corn and olives—and may also in time rival in productions the South of France, Italy, and Spain—a land where climate is "heavenly to live in, wholesome and invigorating, with one unclouded glorious day suceeeding another in almost certain succession for eight or ten months out of the twelve"—at night the "dews are falling from the clear Australian sky in which the stars glisten and sparkle like living gems"—this is the future home of those who find machinery superseding manual labour in England, and here the man has only to work for himself.

For by an indestructible law of the moral universe there exists "that balance of power"—that principle between men and things, and conditions of things, which we call "compensation"—and which in new forms and modes again makes the equilibrium between wants and the supply of wants just and equal. Here is labour, wages, food, and shelter in plenty: here is the panacea—(we know, indeed, of no other)—for the evils that arise from a deficiency of work or an over-supply of workers. It is one of the ways in which the all gracious Providence watches over the necessities of its creatures; and thus it is that to him who has courage and strength of heart there is really nought to fear or apprehend, and in an almost literal sense a man may live without "taking thought for the morrow what he shall eat, drink, or wear."

Of the mighty steam-press that prints its eight thousand sheets of the *Times* per hour—of the pneumatic battery that can discharge the secret mine and rend a mountain quarry into fragments—of the enormous hydraulic press of the Britannia-bridge, that lifted at one time the weight of 1144 tons by the force of only *eighty gallons* of water applied with consummate skill to this labour of Titans—of the new methods of extinguishing fires in coal-pits by forcing in millions of gallons of choke-damp and so stifling the internal flames—of the hot-blast furnace, the centrifugal pump—of electric power in its innumerable applications of chemistry, in its vast range of combination and reproduction—of the elegant and cheap paper-hangings—the "tell-tale clock" that proof of watchfulness and punctuality—the perfection of textile fabrics, their dyeing and printing—of the substitution of innoxious zinc-paint for the destructive white lead—of the be-devilling of old rags, filthy and of every hue, into "shaddy"—of saw-mill veneers—the new safety-lamp—railway improvements, and a thousand other things we could also recapitulate and amplify upon, but must not for want of

room—all these we must leave to the reader's imagination, and refer him to scientific manuals or the year-books of facts, where he will find all the information that he can desire or want.

We mention the following instance of mechanical despatch, and it is worth recording as showing how difficulties of time may be got over by a judicious division of employment; and we mention it here since no other opportunity will be offered us, very probably. The great bronze funeral car of the late Duke of Wellington, in the ordinary course of labour, would have taken a twelvemonth to execute and finish if confided to one contractor. As there existed an imperative necessity, however, for its being completed in a much lesser time, the work, after having been designed, was divided among seven founders; and the massive structure, elaborate, grand, and exquisite in all its detail, and weighing some eleven tons, was finished in *fourteen days!* It is almost incredible, therefore, how the word "impossible" vanishes from the language when men have once resolved that it shall be so; and how, by confiding in their own energies and exhaustless resources, the difficult becomes facile, and the impossible, possible.

Our shortening space reminds us that the remainder of our summary must be a brief one. The census of 1851 shows a vast increase of population in spite of the great drain the tide of emigration has caused; and the conflicting theories of the statisticians—(those, on one hand, who contend that a low condition of manufacturing prosperity tends to develope numbers; and that, on the other, it is necessary that food should be cheap, labour abundant, and wages high—all of which conditions, strange to say, exist in varied degrees)—do not appear yet to be reconciled. The total numbers, then, on 31st of March 1851, were—England and Wales, 17,922,768 souls; Scotland, 2,870,784; the Islands of the British Seas, 142,916; while we may reckon some six-and-a-half millions for Ireland, making in all a total of nearly twenty-eight millions.

The demand for cheaper law, accompanied by features less cruel, less extortionate, a much greater saving of time than by the costly and barbarous processes that made a debt of 7*l.* involve 70*l.* for costs, and left poor debtors to rot in the cells of a jail, has led to the establishment of County Courts, to the mutual satisfaction of plaintiff and defendant, the general harmony of all contending parties, and with consequent and legitimate profit to the exchequer of the courts.

Public improvements have been extensively undertaken,

and have in many towns progressed with majestic strides—in Manchester, Liverpool, and London; while modern smaller towns, adopting the best methods of draining, arrangement of *abbatoirs*, markets, water supply, &c., show the attention that has been turned to the health and comfort of the people. All sanitary regulations introduced from time to time are productive of good; so that soon, typhus may no longer be indigenous to our large populations.

To this belong also the long agitated adoption of extra-mural burials and the closing of metropolitan and other grave-yards. That we live in the midst of death, and side by side with corruption, is now a fact as notorious as it is incredible. Summer heats and fœtid drains cause the pestilential agents to reek and flow beneath above and around us. The air of great cities is tainted—the atmosphere corrupt. Plague has lurked in obscene corners; but it is to be hoped that ere another decade passes by, these things will be among those that are past, and in process of time take their place in tradition and belong only to those chronicles of horror that have appalled humanity so often.

Cheaper and purer water is a desideratum to be hoped for. The removal of the window-tax has rendered ventilation easy; and, in conjunction with numberless lavatories and streams flowing plenteously in our underground channels, the sweet air of heaven will not longer be contaminated by the noisome substances that it holds so plenteously in solution, which, however nutritious they may be to animalcular and infusorial life, is not found quite so agreeable and not at all necessary to man.

The recent death of two great men fitly rounds off the stirring period that has passed, and which we have done little more than glance upon. Both were great in their degree—Sir Robert Peel as a statesman, calm, competent, and full of practical wisdom—the great Duke as warrior, not surpassed by the greatest generals of ancient or modern time, while as a statesman he stood loftily in the estimation of many; and, while the obsequies of the one were accompanied with all the respect and the admiration due to his character, to the other was accorded a pomp, a stateliness, and a funereal majesty befitting a conqueror going to his last sleep amidst roll of drum and blare of trumpet, and in accordance with the brilliant successes attendant on his efforts for the peace, welfare, and glory of England.

ART. V.—1. *Auricular Confession: not the Rule of the Church of England. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Exeter in respect to the Recent Enquiry at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth.* By PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS. London: Hatchard. 1852. 8vo.

2. *Auricular Confession, and Special Judicial Absolution, Examined by the Canon of Holy Scripture, and by the Ordinances of the Reformed Church of these Realms. An Essay.* By WILLIAM PEACE, Esq., a Lay Member of the said Church. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Painter. 1852. 8vo.

3. *Auricular Confession, and Priestly Absolution: A Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Dorchester.* By the Rev. W. C. MAGEE. London: Hatchard and Son. 1852. 12mo.

4. *Auricular Confession: a Sermon preached in the Cathedral of St. Peter, Exeter, on Sunday, Nov. 24th,* 1852. By the Very Rev. THOMAS HILL LOWE, M.A., Dean of Exeter. London: Rivingtons. Exeter: Holden. 1852. 8vo.

5. *The Ordinance of Confession.* By WILLIAM GRESLEY, M.A., Prebendary of Lichfield. London: Masters. 1851. 8vo.

WE class these publications together, on account of their relation to a subject, which has recently attracted much public attention, in consequence of the extraordinary proceedings at Plymouth against a clergyman of the United Church of England and Ireland, who was charged with the practice of auricular confession of sins among the members of his flock. Those proceedings, reported at length in various newspapers, have called forth the indignant remonstrance addressed to the Bishop of Exeter, by "Presbyter Anglicanus." From a comparison and examination of those proceedings, the author has proved two points—viz., first, that "the enquiry was conducted with none of the solemnities befitting such an occasion: the two parties concerned—the accuser and the accused—did not consent to the exceptional course pursued by his lordship; and there was not the safeguard of perfect publicity." And, secondly, that his "lordship mistook, and therefore misrepresented, the doctrine of the Church of England, as stated in her authorised formularies, and contended for by the chief of her champions." The second

of these positions is ably argued at considerable length, and the author has corroborated his arguments and statements by quotations *at length* from those formularies, and from the writings of Hooker. The Bishop of Exeter's quotations from the "judicious Hooker" are subjected to a most sifting examination; and the result is, the establishment of the author's second position, that the bishop has mistaken, and therefore has misrepresented, the doctrine of our Church.

Mr. Peace's Essay on "Auricular Confession" is the work of a reflecting and intelligent layman, who has brought that mode of confession to the unerring standard of holy Scripture, and to the ordinances of our Church; and the result is, a conclusive and satisfactory demonstration that auricular confession is altogether a Popish practice. Those who have not time to peruse larger treatises will find Mr. Peace's volume a convenient, cheap, and most useful manual on this important topic.

Mr. Magee's "Lecture on Auricular Confession" is a well-written popular discourse, in which he has defined and contrasted the Romish and the Scriptural doctrines of absolution and confession, and a thorough contrast they are. He has conclusively proved, both from Scripture and from ecclesiastical history, that the Romish doctrine is as false as it is modern. He has also pointed out the dreadful consequences which must always follow from it, and has most successfully vindicated our Church from the charge of teaching or sanctioning it.

The Dean of Exeter's sermon is singularly well-timed, and deserves extensive circulation, especially in the diocese of Exeter, for which it is eminently adapted. We do not wonder that the dean was requested to publish his "Sermon." It is, indeed, a cheap, concise, plain, well-reasoned, and well-written discourse, in which he has most clearly proved that there is no ground in Scripture for the doctrine and practice of auricular confession; that it leads in practice to the grossest abuses; and that it is not sanctioned by our Reformed Church.

Mr. Gresley's treatise on "The Ordinance of Confession," demands a more extended notice. In truth, it might have been more correctly entitled "An Attempt to Revive in the Church of England the Popish Ordinance of Auricular Confession;" or the duty and practice of the habitual confession of sins to a clergyman, after his examination of the state of a penitent's conscience. Mr. Gresley asserts that "confession" is "enjoined and sanctioned by the English Church;" and,

in pp. 9-11, he lays much stress on the fact, that it was distinctly recognised in the first Prayer Book of King Edward VI., which was published in 1549. But how stands the REAL fact?—

"In 1548, it was declared that auricular confession should be left indifferent—that is, that those who were accustomed to the old Romish superstition might, if they preferred doing so, continue to practise it; but that it should not be required of those who, adopting the enlightened views of the Reformers, were not inclined to make secret confession. At the same time the people were recommended to exercise Christian forbearance towards each other, as well towards those who practised the old superstition, as toward those who adopted the new persuasion." (Peace's "Auricular Confession," p. 44.)

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"It will be borne in mind that many of the people, who had been accustomed to the discipline and teaching of the Church of Rome, were in the practice of making special confession and of receiving priestly absolution, and that some might still retain an attachment to that teaching and to that discipline: therefore, however much those doctrines and that teaching might be repudiated, the Reformers desired that the feelings of those who still adhered to them should not merely be respected, but should be gratified." (*Ibid.* pp. 45-46.)

In pp. 16-23, Mr. Gresley argues at some length that confession *is* enjoined by our Church, "in order to enable persons to come to the holy communion with a quiet conscience." But what is the language of the second exhortation in the "Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion?—

"And because it is requisite that no man should come to the holy communion, but with a full trust in God's mercy, and with a quiet conscience; therefore, if there be any of you who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort and counsel, let him come to me or some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's holy word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness."

Such are the words of the venerable compilers of our Liturgy, some of whom were martyrs and others were confessors for "the faith once" for "all delivered to the saints" (Jude 3), during the sanguinary reign of Mary. Most clearly do these words prove nothing in favour of auricular confession; the reference here made to confession is most clearly exceptional. "It is made," as Presbyter Anglicanus most truly states:—

"Only in consideration of the communicant not doing what the Church expects him to do—namely, 'quiet his own conscience herein.' And in that case the only absolution he is warranted to expect is that which he is to receive 'by the ministry of God's holy word'—namely, the declaration by the minister of God's forgiveness to all who truly repent and truly believe. It is not directed that confession of individual sin, or acts of sin, be made to the minister. That would be a snare to both penitent and priest. But it is meant that the minister may give comfort to the penitent, together with ghostly counsel, by assuring him of God's absolution. The absolution is declaratory and ministerial—not personal, on the part of the priest. Yet I deny not the minister's power to absolve at all. Such a denial would be a Novatian heresy. But I say that it does not follow, from this permission of the Church in the communion service, that individual sin is to be exposed to a priest, or that he can do more than pronounce God's absolution. It is quite sufficient that a communicant should declare being burdened by unforgiven sin. A judicious minister would thereupon indicate the mode by which alone that sin could be forgiven. An injudicious priest would assume the prerogative of Rome's confessional and arrogate the power of Rome's priests. A judicious priest would take to himself little, if aught, more than the power of imposing or remitting the Church's censures. An injudicious priest would presume to wield the awful and incommunicable attributes of Deity. The judicious priest would repel from the holy communion or otherwise, as the case might require, excommunicate the impenitent offender. The injudicious priest would essay, upon his own judgment, to trammel the soul and determine the damnation of the sinner. The one acts in absolution only 'by the ministry of God's holy word,' the other beside and beyond it. In this lies the distinction in the two lines pursued by two ministers in one and the same case." ("Letter to the Bishop of Exeter," p. 16).

Mr. Gresley also asserts that "confession" is "enjoined to the sick;" and, in pp. 24-34, he lays great stress upon the following passage in the rubric of "the Order for the Visitation of the Sick:"—

"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter; after which confession the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it), after this sort." (Then follows the form of absolution).

On this rubric it has been well remarked by our learned Ritualist, Dr. Nicholls, in his Commentary on the Book of Common Prayer (Second edition, London, 1712), that

"Our Church here having understood that the consciences of most men are very tender under the fear of approaching death; that reflections upon their former sins do then most sensibly affect them; and that withal many scruples do arise in their minds, either concerning

some acts of injustice, which they may in the course of their lives have committed, and may be at a loss how to find out proper methods of restitution; or concerning some sins of a more heinous nature, which they are not certain that they have pursued the most proper methods of repenting of:—I say, our Church upon these considerations has ordered that the sick person, when he has been visited by the minister, may be moved to make confession of such sins as he finds do trouble his conscience; to the end that, by the spiritual advice and comfort which he may receive from him, his mind may be eased.

"Now it is to be observed, that our Church herein acts very differently from the Church of Rome: for that Church has' [on pain of anathema] 'adjudged it '*necessarium jure divino confiteri omnia et singula peccata mortalia, quorum memoria cum debitâ et diligenti præmeditatione habeatur:—necessary by the divine law to confess all and single* [singular] *mortal sins, which any one does remember or can recollect by due and diligent premeditation.*' (*Conc. Trid.* [Sess. xiv.] *Can.* 7.) Our Church only orders persons to be moved to it that require it as necessary for the forgiveness of sins. Our Church motions special confession, with relation only to such sins as disquiet the person's mind: that Church absolutely demands it upon account of all sins whatsoever. Our Church does this only with the view of instructing and comforting the sick person: but the Church of Rome anathematizes all who say so. '*Si quis dixerit, confessionem tantùm esse utilem ad erudiendum et consolandum pœnitentem, ... anathema sit.*'—'*If any one shall say, that confession is only profitable for the instruction and consolation of the penitent, ... let him be accursed.*' (*Conc. Trid. Ibid.*) But as the auricular confession of the Papists, which they hold necessary for all penitents, and have enjoined to be performed by a particular enumeration of all sins which can be remembered, is a doctrine which was never known in the world, till the very late ages of it; so the special confessing of some very affecting sins which disquiet the mind, to be made to the minister as a spiritual physician or counsellor, (as our Church enjoins), was practised by the purest ages of Christianity." (Nicholls, *on the Order for the Visitation of the Sick, note* h.)

The passage, cited in page 82, from "the Order for the Visitation of the Sick," is also quoted by "Presbyter Anglicanus," who thus comments upon it:—

"From this rubric it does not follow that the 'weighty matter,' is to be disclosed to the Priest, nor that the Priest's absolution is indispensable to the forgiveness of the sick man's sins, even should he confess them to the Priest. For the absolution is to be given only *if the sick person humbly and heartily desire it.* He may confess, as far as the Church's law or permission is concerned, to God only in secret: and receive God's forgiveness. He may confess also, if he will, outwardly and aloud, and receive God's forgiveness. In each case, without the interposition of a Priest. Yet if in his great distress he requires some outward manifestation of God's will, the *Priest ministerially* may assure him of God's absolution.

"Manifestly, this, as the former case, is exceptional. No judicious man would dream of making either of these two cases a Rule, far less a precedent applicable to either Communicants or sick persons—the only persons whom the Church, in the stretch of her Charity, contemplateth. But, assuredly, it will not do for injudicious men to quote the Church of England as enforcing their own mode of dealing with difficult cases or as enjoining upon the people at large a reference to the Priest who may or may not be judicious. On the contrary, the Church's voice on the matter is merely permissive; yet she is particular in guarding the penitent against such Priests as might abuse their office: for she intimates that the minister must be '*discreet*' as well as '*learned.*' And all her members are free; perfectly, absolutely, in *foro conscientiæ* as well as in letter and form, from the dominion of a Clergyman in such a solemn matter. So says the Church in her formularies."—(*Letter to the Bishop of Exeter*, p. 17.)

While Mr. Gresley asserts and endeavours to prove, but in vain, that auricular confession is "sanctioned and enjoined by the English Church," he has *altogether omitted* any reference to the standards of that Church—her Articles and Homilies, in which it is most explicitly condemned. He quotes, indeed (page 11), the Twenty-second Article, which condemns "the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons," &c.; but he does not quote at length the Twenty-fifth Article (though he cites a sentence of it with respect to extreme unction), in which it is declared that the five pseudo-Sacraments of the Romish Church, "that is to say, Confirmation, Penance," [of which confession is a part], "Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, are not to be counted for-Sacraments of the Gospel." And why? Because they are "such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the apostles; partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures; but yet have not like nature of Sacraments with Baptism and the Lord's Supper, for that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God."

But what says the Church of England in her Homily on Repentance:—

"The second' [part of repentance] 'is an unfeigned confession, and acknowledging of our sins unto God, whom by them we have so grievously offended, that, if he should deal with us according to his justice, we do deserve a thousand hells, if there could be so many. Yet if we will with a sorrowful and contrite heart make an unfeigned confession of them unto God, he will freely and frankly forgive them; and so put all our wickedness out of remembrance before the sight of his Majesty, that they shall no more be thought upon. Hereunto doth pertain the golden saying of the holy prophet David, where he saith on this matter: *Then I acknowledged my sins unto thee, neither did I hide mine ini-*

quity: I said I will confess against myself my wickedness unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the ungodliness of my sin. These are also the words of John the evangelist: *If we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to make us clean from all our wickedness.* Which ought to be understanded of the confession that is made unto God. For these are St. Augustine's words: 'That confession which is made unto God is required by God's law; whereof John the apostle speaketh, saying, *If we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to make us clean from all our wickedness.* For without this confession, sin is not forgiven.' This is then the chiefest and most principal confession that in the Scriptures and word of God we are bidden to make, and without the which we shall never obtain pardon and forgiveness of our sins.

"Indeed, besides this there is another kind of confession, which is needful and necessary. And of the same doth St. James speak after this manner, saying, *Acknowledge your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be saved.* As if he should say, Open that which grieveth you, that a remedy may be found. And this is commanded both for him that complaineth, and for him that heareth, that the one should show his grief to the other. The true meaning of it is, that the faithful ought to acknowledge their offences, whereby some hatred, rancour, ground, or malice have risen or grown among them one to another, that a brotherly reconciliation may be had; without the which nothing that we do can be acceptable unto God, as our Saviour Jesus Christ doth witness himself saying, *When thou offerest thine offering at the altar, if thou rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thine offering, and go and be reconciled; and when thou art reconciled, come and offer thine offering* It may also be thus taken, that we ought to confess our weakness and infirmities one to another; to the end that, knowing each other's frailness, we may the more earnestly pray together unto Almighty God, our heavenly Father, that he will vouchsafe to pardon us our infirmities, for his Son Jesus Christ's sake, and not to impute them unto us, when he shall render to every man according to his works. And whereas the adversaries go about to wrest this place, for to maintain their auricular confession withal, they are greatly deceived themselves, and do shamefully deceive others. For if this text ought to be understood of auricular confession, then the priests are as much bound to confess themselves unto the lay-people, as the lay-people are bound to confess themselves to them. And if to pray is to absolve, then the laity by this place hath as great authority to absolve the priests, as the priests have to absolve the laity. This did Johannes Scotus, otherwise called Duns, well perceive, who upon this place writeth on this manner: 'Neither doth it seem unto me that James did give this commandment, or that he did set it forth as being received of Christ. For first and foremost, whence had he authority to bind the whole Church sith that he was only bishop of the Church of Jerusalem? Except thou wilt say, that the same Church was at the beginning the head Church, and consequently that he was the head bishop, which thing the see of Rome will never grant.' The understanding of it then is as in these words:

Confess your sins one to another; a persuasion to humility, whereby he willeth us to confess ourselves generally unto our neighbours, that we are sinners, according to this saying, *If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.* And where that they do allege this saying of our Saviour Jesus Christ unto the leper, to prove auricular confession to stand on God's word, *Go thy way and show thyself unto the priest;* do they not see that the leper was cleansed from his leprosy, afore he was by Christ sent unto the priest, for to show himself unto him? By the same reason we must be cleansed from our spiritual leprosy, I mean, our sins must be forgiven us, afore that we come to confession. What need we then to tell forth our sins into the ear of the priest, sith that they be already taken away? Therefore holy Ambrose, in his second sermon upon the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, doth say full well, *Go shew thyself unto the priest.* Who is the true priest, but he which is the priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedech? Whereby this holy father doth understand, that, both the priesthood and the law being changed, we ought to acknowledge none other priest for deliverance from our sins, but our Saviour Jesus Christ, who, being our Sovereign Bishop, doth with the sacrifice of his body and blood, offered once for ever upon the altar of the cross, most effectually cleanse the spiritual leprosy, and wash away the sins of all those that with true confession of the same do flee unto him. It is most evident and plain, that this auricular confession hath not his warrant of God's word, else it had not been lawful for Nectarius, bishop of Constantinople, upon a just occasion to have it put down. For when anything ordained of God is by the lewdness of men abused, the abuse ought to be taken away, and the thing itself suffered to remain. Moreover, these are St. Augustine's words: 'What have I to do with men, that they should hear my confession, as though they were able to heal my diseases? A curious sort of men to know another man's life, and slothfully to correct and amend their own. Why do they seek to hear of me what I am, which will not hear of thee what they are? And how can they tell, when they hear by me of myself, whether I tell the truth or not; sith that no mortal man knoweth what is in man, but the spirit of man which is in him?' Augustine would not have written thus, if auricular confession had been used in his time. Being therefore not led with the conscience thereof, let us with fear and trembling, and with a true contrite heart, use that kind of confession that God doth command in his word; and then doubtless, as *he is faithful and righteous, he will forgive us our sins, and make us clean from all wickedness.* I do not say, but that, if any do find themselves troubled in conscience, they may repair to their learned curate or pastor, or to some other godly learned man, and show the trouble and doubt of their conscience to them, that they may receive at their hand the comfortable salve of God's word: but it is against the true Christian liberty, that any should be bound to the numbering of his sins, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance."—(*Second Part of the Sermon on Repentance*, pp. 538-541 of the Cambridge Edition. 1850. 8vo.)

This necessarily long but important passage contains the

protest of the Church of England against the Romish doctrine of auricular confession: we think it impossible for language to be more explicit.

Mr. Gresley devotes eleven pages to the "Testimony of English Divines in favour of Confession." But even if all these authors did advocate it, as his quotations imply that they do, their sentiments are only those of so many uninspired and fallible men; which are to be received as possessing authority only so far as they are consistent with the teaching of the Holy Scriptures and (subordinate to them) of the Church of England in her liturgy, articles, and homilies. It would require a much larger space than we can spare for the examination of *all* the passages which he has printed as quotations from seventeen different authors, from archbishop Cranmer, confessor and martyr, down to bishop Tomline. As we perused them, we could not help suspecting that some of them were garbled quotations: and we were led to this suspicion from the fact, that Mr. G. is sparing in his references to the pages of the several treatises which he professes to cite. Of the seventeen quotations which he has given, six have no references; and of the references assigned to the remaining eleven authors, some are so general, not to say vague, that the passage intended can only be verified by a long and patient examination of many pages. We select the six following instances of Mr. Gresley's unfair quotations, in which our suspicions, that they were garbled, were converted into reality by actual collation: and, in order that our readers may be enabled to judge for themselves, we shall print in italics the *omitted* passages, which make directly against the purpose for which he has adduced them, and to the passages so marked we shall annex Mr. G.'s quotations.

"1. Bishop Latimer.—*Here our papists make much ado with their auricular confession, proving the same by this place* [*i.e.*, Matt. viii. 4]. *For they say Christ sent this man* [the leper whom he had miraculously cleansed] *unto the priest, to fetch there his absolution; and, therefore, we must go also unto the priest, and, after confession, receive of him absolution of all our sins. But yet we must take heed, say they, that we forget nothing; for all those sins that are forgotten, may not be forgiven, And so they bind the consciences of men, persuading them that when their sins were all numbered and confessed, it was well. And hereby they took clean away the passion of Christ. For they made this numbering of sins to be a merit, and so they came to all the secrets that were in men's hearts; so that emperor nor king could say or do, nor think anything in his heart, but they knew it; and so applied all the purposes and intents of princes to their own commodities. And this was the fruit of their auricular confession.*"

"But to speak of right and true confession, I would to God it were kept in England; for it is a good thing. And those which find themselves grieved in conscience might go to a learned man, and there fetch of him comfort of the word of God, and so come to a quiet conscience, which is better and more to be regarded than all the riches of the world." (*Sermon on the Third Sunday after Epiphany.*) [Sermons and Remains, pp. 179-180. Cambridge, 1845.]

There is not a syllable of the venerable martyr, Latimer, in this quotation, which affords any sanction to auricular confession. The words "might go" are only a permissive recommendation, to be adopted or rejected by the person who is "grieved in conscience"—not an injunction.

2. "Bishop Jewel.—Touching the third" [private confession] "if it be discreetly used, *to the greater comfort and better satisfaction of the penitent*, without superstition or other ill, it is not in any wise by us reproved. The abuses and errors set apart, we do no more mislike a private confession than a private sermon. *Thus much only we say, that private confession to be made unto the minister is neither commanded by Christ, nor necessary to salvation.*" (*Defence of the Apology of the Church of England*, Chap. vi. Div. I. [Works Vol. iii. p. 351. Cambridge, 1848.]

In his treatise on the sacraments (of which Mr. Gresley could not be ignorant), Bishop Jewel not only proves that the practice of compulsory auricular confession, as enjoined by the Romish Church, has no foundation in holy Scripture; but that it was utterly unknown in the early and best ages of the Christian Church:—

"*The other sort of confession made unto men I do not condemn. It may do much good, if it be well used. St. James commendeth it among the faithful. Acknowledge your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed* [James v]. *He speaketh not of priest or minister, but of every one of the faithful. Every Christian may do this help unto another, to take knowledge of the secret and inner grief of the heart, to look upon the wound which sin and wickedness hath made, and by goodly advice and earnest prayer for him, to recover his brother. This is a private exhortation, and as it were a catechising or instructing in the faith, and a means to lead us by familiar and special conference to examine our consciences, and to espy wherein we have offended God. The use and practice hereof is not only to be allowed, but most needful and requisite, if so the superstition and necessity, and conscience, which many have fondly used and put therein, be taken away.*

"*That the priests should hear the private confessions of the people, and listen to their whisperings; that every man should be bound to their auricular confession, it is no commandment or ordinance of God. It is devised and established by men, and was lately confirmed by Innocentius the Third*" [at the Lateran Council held in 1213].

"*The Church of God in the time of our olden fathers was not tied to any such necessity.*" (*Treatise of the Sacraments*, Works vol. ii. p. 1113. Cambridge, 1847.)

Bishop Jewel proves this last statement by testimonies at length, from Chrysostom, Augustine, and Ambrose, and by the observations of Erasmus and Beatus Rhenanus, which want of room compels us to omit. For the same reason also we are reluctantly obliged to omit a long but conclusive passage in the Decades of Heinrich Bullinger, the learned and pious Swiss Reformer who was the contemporary and friend of Jewel, in which Bullinger proves the modern date of auricular confession, and that it is utterly unsupported by Scripture. (*Decade* IV. Sermon II.. or vol. iii. pp. 80-87, of the Parker Society's Edition.) Bullinger was justly regarded as one of the most learned men of his time; and on account of his piety, Christian wisdom, and moderation, he was held in great esteem by the fathers of the English Reformation, to many of whom he afforded a safe and hospitable shelter during the sanguinary Marian persecution. We thus especially refer to the recorded judgment of Bullinger against auricular confession, because his Decades come to us recommended as expressing the deliberate religious opinion of the Church of England of that day, whose clergy were ordered by the convocation, held in December, 1586, each to procure a copy of the English translation of Bullinger's Decades, and carefully to study them:*—

3. "HOOKER.—For private confession and absolution it standeth thus with us: the priest's† power to absolve is publicly taught and professed, the Church not denied [deemed, *Gresley*], to have authority either of abridging or enlarging the use and exercise of that power; *upon the people no such necessity imposed of opening their trangression unto men, as if remission of sins were otherwise impossible, neither any such opinion had of the thing itself, as though it were either unlawful or unprofitable, save only for these inconveniences which the world by experience hath observed in it heretofore.*" (*Eccles. Pol.* vi. 4, 15) [Vol. iii. p. 48. Oxford, 1820.]

This declaration of Hooker most explicitly contradicts the purpose for which Mr. Gresley adduces it. The following passage will appropriately conclude his testimony:—

"*I dare boldly affirm that for many hundred years after Christ the fathers held no such opinion; they did not gather by our Saviour's words*" [whose sins ye retain, &c.], "*any such necessity of seeking the*

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* Wilkins's Concilia, vol. iv. p. 321, 322; or Cardwell's Synodalia, vol. ii. p. 562.

† "Ministers" is the reading in the Oxford edition of 1820.

priest's absolution from sin by secret and (as they now term it) sacramental confession. Public confession they thought necessary by way of discipline, not private confession, as in the nature of a sacrament necessary." (*Ibid.* book vi. vol. iii. p. 24.)

4. "ARCHBISHOP USHER.—*Our challenger here telleth us that the doctors, pastors, and fathers, of the primitive Church 'exhorted the people to confess their sins unto their ghostly fathers.*' And we tell him again that by the public order prescribed in our Church before the administration of the holy communion, the minister likewise doth exhort the people, that 'if there be any of them which cannot quiet his own conscience, but requireth further comfort or counsel,' he should 'come to him or some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief'.....Be it therefore known unto him that no kind of confession either public or private is disallowed by us, that is in any way requisite for due execution of that ancient power of the keys, which Christ bestowed upon his [the, *Gresley*] Church. *The thing which we reject is that new picklock of sacramental confession, obtruded upon men's consciences, as a matter necessary to salvation, by the canons of the late Conventicle of Trent.*" (Usher's *Answer to a Jesuit*, pp. 74-75. Cambridge, 1835.)

5. ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.—In order to exhibit this quotation fairly, we think it right to give Mr. Gresley's extract in juxta-position with the archbishop's own sentiments:—

"GRESLEY.—Confession to a minister.....is always lawful, and sometimes highly expedient; and if people among us did more practice it, there is no doubt they would find both great comfort and great benefit thereby" T. 5, Serm. 11, 12 ed. 1734.

"ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.—*And as for* confession to a minister (*though that* is always lawful, and sometimes highly expedient; and if people among us did more practice it, there is no doubt they would find both great comfort and great benefit thereby, *yet*) *it cannot reasonablybe thought to be intended in this place.*".....Sermons, vol. 5, p. 192, Edit. 1734.

Here a parenthetical admission of the archbishop is perverted by Mr. Gresley into a positive assertion in favour of auricular confession! So much for the accuracy of his quotation.

6. "BISHOP TOMLINE.—*But though there is not the slightest ground for considering penance as a sacrament, nor any authority for requiring auricular confession to priests, yet* confession of sins to God is an indispensable duty; and confession to priests may sometimes be useful by leading to effectual repentance, and therefore our Church encourages its members to use confidential confession to their priest, or to any other minister of God's holy word; *but this is very different from being an essential part of a sacrament instituted by Christ or*

his apostles" (On the 25th Article, Elements of Theology, vol. ii. pp. 370-371).

We have not space to analyse Mr. Gresley's chapters, entitled "Hints for a First Confession," "Act of Confession," "Absolution," "Penance Considered chiefly as Remedial," and on the "Frequency of Confession." But regard for the moral welfare of our readers impels us to select a few of his practical directions for confessors and for penitents, which (he states in p. 61) are "partly suggested from his own knowledge, partly gathered from the works of others." These "works of others," we vehemently suspect, are the productions of Romish casuists. We have, however, compared Mr. Gresley's directions with the "Praxis Confessarii" of *saint* Alphonso Liguori; and truth requires us to add that we have found some of them so coincident in sentiment, that we are constrained to believe that Liguori furnished him with some of his materials. For the sake of brevity we shall arrange our quotations under only two heads—viz., the qualifications for the office of a confessor, and on the mode of confession:—

I. *Qualifications for the Office of a Confessor.*

1. *A Confessor is a Father.*

"To this end he must have the kindly *affection of a father* for his children. Far from shrinking from the most degraded sinner who comes to open his grief, he should receive him as a parent would receive a long lost erring son—as the good father in the parable received the returning prodigal, with compassionate affection. Our Lord did not shrink from the touch of the sinful Magdalene. He received alike Publicans and Pharisees. So should God's minister kindly welcome even the worst of sinners who come to him for help."—(GRESLEY, pp. 62, 63).

"In order that a confessor may fulfil the part of a *good father*, he ought to be full of love."*—(LIGUORI, *Praxis Confessariorum*, cap. I., § 1, No. 3).

While, however, the confessor must take care not to exasperate or to terrify his penitent, he must persuade him to confess the rest of his sins, saying:—

"Brother! do you wish to repent of [or to recover from] this wickedness? Is it not so? And since you are prepared to do this, be of a cheerful spirit. Therefore, narrate [your] remaining sins, concealing nothing. Beware, I beseech you, lest you commit sacrilege: for this would

* "Confessarius ut boni patris patris adimpleat, debet charitate esse plenus." (*Praxis Confessariorum*, cap. I., § I., No. 3; annexed to "Theologia Moralis S. Alphonsi de Ligorio." Tom. v. p. 478. Parisiis. 1852.

be the greatest of all the sins, which you have hitherto committed. Therefore tell everything with a courageous spirit: conquer yourself. *Confess* ALL *things sincerely*: for God is ready to spare thee."*(*Ibid.* No. 4).

2. *The Confessor is a Physician.*

"He who would exercise rightly this important function should have a certain *tact and knowledge of character*, a skill in detecting the real state of the penitent's mind, which may, in some degree, be attained by study and practice, as the physician's skill in respect to diseases of the body, is gained by careful attention to the subject. The office of Confessor is, in many respects, analogous to that of physician. A patient enduring bodily suffering is often unable to tell the physician the actual seat of his disease. It is for the physician by his skill to discover the real ailment; by hearing the symptoms detailed he is able to discern what is the malady under which the patient labours. Just so, the minister of God will often have to detect the penitent's spiritual disease by eliciting from him a detailed statement of his symptoms. And as the physician's skill consists in prescribing the remedies suitable to each case, in order to restore the patient to health and comfort, so it is with the minister of God's word. He has to apply the remedies therein contained to the

The second section of Liguori's "Praxis Confessiarirum" is intitled "*Circa Medici Officium*"—On the Office of a Physician." In this capacity he ought to know the origin and cause of all spiritual diseases. Some confessors enquire only into the number and the species of sin; but Saint Alphonso Liguori says:—

"Good confessors act otherwise: for they, in the first place, begin to investigate the cause and seriousness of the disease, by interrogating concerning the habit of sinning, the occasion, the time, the place, the persons with whom, with what concurrence of circumstances. For thus they are better able to correct penitents, to dispose them to absolution, and to apply salutary remedies."†—*(Ibid.* No. 6).

* Eja, frater! Vis te ab hoc vitio resipiscere? Non ita est? Et quoniam hoc facere es paratus, esto animo hilari. Itaque enarra reliqua peccata, nihil reticens. Cave, quæso, ne sis aliquod sacrilegium commissurus: hoc enim esset maximum omnium peccatorum, quæ hucusque commisisti. Igitur dic omnia animo forti: vince teipsum.—*Confitere omnia sincere:* Deus enim paratus est tibi parcere." (*Ibid.* p. 479)

† "Aliter procedunt boni confessarii: hi enim prius investigare incipiunt morb originem et gravitatem, interrogando de peccandi consuetudine, de occasionibus, de

special case of each soul; to minister to each 'mind diseased.' —(GRESLEY, pp. 64, 65).

"And especially if he finds him [the penitent] evading or glossing over the full enormity of his sins, or endeavouring to palliate the sinfulness, he should exhort and encourage him to conceal nothing, but to make a clean breast of it; and, if occasion requires, he should interpose such questions or observations as may be necessary to assist him in his sad and painful task."—(*Ibid.* p. 90.)

"Brother! be of good cheer; be not afraid: confess thy sins without fear."*—(*Ibid.* No. 3.)—See also the sentence at the top of page 92.

II. *On the Mode of Confession.*

In his chapter, entitled "Act of Confession," Mr. Gresley passes the decalogue in review, as furnishing so many topics for the confessor's examination. On the *seventh* commandment he thus expresses himself:—

"The penitent must not shrink from accusing himself in respect to this commandment as well as the others: the very shame of the avowal is a part of the contrition and of the cure. Of course, in such confession, and in the questions which the priest may ask, care must be taken to use such language as may least shock the ear. And though it is not necessary to recount all the shameful particulars of such sins, yet so much must be told as will enable God's minister to judge of the degree of guilt, which admits of much aggravation—as, *e. g.*, the having led those who were innocent into sin, whether by

"Disclose everything with confidence; be ashamed of nothing. It is of no consequence if you have not explored [or looked into] all the secrets of your conscience. It is sufficient, if you answer my interrogations. Give thanks to God, who hath thus far invited you to penitence. Now let your life be changed. Rejoice, for God does certainly pardon all [your] sins, however great [or, grievous] if you have a good will; and therefore he hath invited you, that he should spare you. Therefore tell everything with a cheerful mind: conceal nothing through unwillingness."†—(*Ibid.* No. 3.)

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tempore, de loco, de personis quibuscum, quo rerum concursu. Sic enim melius poterunt pœnitentes corripere, eos ad absolutionem disponere, et remedia salutaria adjungere."—(*Ibid.* p. 481).

* "Eja, frater! bono animo esto; peccata tua impavide confitere."—(*Ibid.* p. 479.)

† "Aperi omnia confidenter; nullius te pudeat. Nihil refert, si in omnes tuæ conscientiæ sinus non introspexeris. Sufficit, si ad interrogata respondeas. Age Deo gratias, qui te hucusque ad pœnitentiam expectavit. Nunc tibi mutanda est vita.

solicitation or example, would of course greatly add to the guilt. A confessor will take heed not to suggest a knowledge of evil to those who are innocent. If he has occasion to question a young person, he will say, Have you indulged in evil thoughts? If the penitent says, Yes, he will enquire, Of what nature? If the penitent says, Of anger and stubbornness—and not others—the confessor will at once see that he is innocent of what he perhaps suspected, and forbear to enquire further. If, on the other hand, he finds that impure thoughts have been cherished, he will then elicit further, though cautiously, whether such thoughts have developed themselves in words or deeds."—(*Ibid.* pp. 37, 38.)

Lest our readers should imagine that females are to be exempted from this inquisitorial examination, we transcribe the following instruction of Mr. Gresley on—

III. *The Confession of Females.*

"Precautions are more than ever necessary, particularly in respect to young females; to debar whom from the privilege of confession would be only less absurd than to debar all other classes on account of the dangers incidental to one class. Let the confession of females take place in church, and under circumstances of solemnity. Let elderly priests of staid character only be licensed to hear the confession of females under a certain age. Surely much of the evil complained of might be avoided by some such arrangements. There is a remarkable prejudice in the English mind against 'Auricular Confession'—that is, the whispering into the ear of the priest through a hole in the confessional, and therefore perhaps such a mode of confession is not to be recommended. No arguments would prevent uninstructed people from regarding it as Popish."—(*Gresley*, pp. 44, 45.)

Nor will any arguments or assertions of Mr. Gresley, and those who sympathise with him, prevail with intelligent and well-informed people from regarding such confession otherwise than Popish. Long—very long, indeed, may this "*great*

Lætare, quia Deus certe omnia peccata quantumvis ingentia tibi remitit, si bonam habes voluntatem: ideoque te expectavit, ut tibi parceret. Igitur hilari animo dic omnia: nihil involucris tegas."—(*Ibid.* p. 479.)

prejudice" (as he terms it in page 3) subsist in the uncontaminated English mind against auricular confession! It is to be regretted that the advocates of pure *Bible-morality* are precluded from exposing all the gross (we had almost written, beastly) indecencies set forth in the interrogatories for the confessional by the Romish Church, which there is such a yearning for imitating among us. The tendency of auricular confession is, to enslave the mind and lay the people prostrate at the feet of the priest, and above all to demoralise the soul. In conclusion, we entreat all Protestant parents to watch most carefully over their children, husbands to watch over their wives, and heads of families to watch over their domestics, especially females, lest the minds of either should be contaminated by the immoral questions proposed in auricular confession.

ART. VI.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, Correspondence, Financial Statements, &c.: and Reports by her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.* 1851-52.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Manchester and Salford Education; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed June 21, 1852.

3. *National Education. The Secular System, the Manchester Bill, and the Government Scheme Contrasted.* By the Rev. FRANCIS CLOSE, A.M., Incumbent of Cheltenham. London: J. Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly; Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1852.

4. *Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company: respecting that part of the Proceedings of the Annual General Meeting of the Company, March* 24, 1852, *which has Reference to the Educational, Moral, and Religious Charge to be taken by the Company over the Persons, and especially the Young Persons, in its Employment.*

THE all-absorbing subject of Free-trade, on which men's minds have of late been almost exclusively engaged, having been at length set at rest, and the impediment which for the last six years has stood in the way of all useful legislation having been removed, it may reasonably be expected that

some of the many great practical questions which have been long and patiently waiting for solution will at last meet with calm and impartial deliberation, and prompt and final decision. Amongst these, if not the first, at least a prominent position must be assigned to that which is connected with the education of the labouring classes. Wholesome food for the *body* has at length been placed within their reach—wholesome food for the *mind* is the next provision which ought to be made. We wish we could see our way as clearly in the latter case as in the former. We wish we could argue ourselves into a belief that both in quantity and quality, in the matter of food for the mind as well as in that of food for the body, the demand and supply will, without any external interference, best and most readily regulate and adjust themselves. Despite of ourselves, however, human nature inexorably steps in between us and any such conclusion as this. That which the purveyors of corn have all on their own side, the purveyors of education have dead against them. The same nature, which bestows without limit an appetite for bread, is very slow and partial as regards an appetite for knowledge. The one is there ready to our hands—the other has to be sought for, stimulated, cherished, encouraged, or even altogether created. Those can have little practical acquaintance with the masses, who expected them to rush to school with the same avidity as to the baker's shop.

That legislative interference then is inevitable, and that we are on the eve of some large and comprehensive change on this important subject, appears to be the feeling of almost all practical men, without distinction of creed and party. Thus, even as long ago so 1846, Dr. Hook in his pamphlet declares:—

"Upon the present system of educating through the instrumentality of voluntary associations assisted by the State, there is no probability of our obtaining a sufficient number of efficient primary schools, or that systematic training for the great mass of the people, which is an essential part of education. That the present system has been tried every one must be glad, because, unless the experiment had been made, the persons in this country, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, who are earnest in their religion, would never have been satisfied. With one voice the Church and Dissent demanded that they might be permitted to attempt that universal education of the people, to which both parties had directed their attention, before the question became a popular one. The two parties have acted, not so much in a spirit of opposition to each other, as in a spirit of generous rivalry. The experiment has been made and it has failed—I mean failed so far as to convince practical men that further measures are absolutely ne-

cessary, and that the State must effect what voluntary associations will never accomplish" (Dr. Hook's "Letter to the Bishop of St. David's," p. 32).

To the same effect, and only a few months ago, writes another equally able educator, Mr. Close, to whose indefatigable zeal and judicious management the Cheltenham Training Schools owe their existence and great reputation:—

"There is yet another point upon which there has also sprung up a marvellous agreement, not without dissentients whom we may presently notice, but still a marvellous agreement. The voluntary efforts of the pious and the virtuous, unassisted by some public fund, are now admitted to be unequal to the herculean task of an universal educational movement: the weight is too heavy for single-handed charity to lift: philanthropy and benevolence stand by, unable to assist the efforts of their religious sister; and if the enormous mass of sullen, brutal, degrading ignorance, which blocks up the road to national godliness and virtue, is to be removed out of the way, the State must lend a hand" (*Rev. Mr. Close* p. 3).

And, again, further on (at p. 33), Mr. Close, in summing up his remarks on Lord Lansdowne's admirable administration of the fund placed at the disposal of the Committee or Council on Education, to which he, in common with almost all other practical men, awards unqualified approbation to the extent to which it has been carried, nevertheless declares:—

"Even a superficial observer will at once remark on this scheme—Why, this is an admirable plan for furnishing a race of competent teachers, and for bettering their condition, and also for raising the standard of existing schools; but it does not offer that assistance in the establishment and support of schools which the wants of the country require. Above all, it seems, by their own showing, to fail just where it is most needed, for aid is given only to those who are able and willing at least in part to help themselves."

To find two practical men, on almost all other points wide as the poles asunder, yet on this so entirely agreeing with each other, is a very powerful argument in favour of the necessity and the probability of some great and comprehensive change.

We will now refer to an authority of a different kind from either of the former. It is that of Mr. Thomas Hogg, as quoted by the Rev. C. Richson, before the Committee of the House of Commons (*Question* 2391).

"The article in Chambers's 'Papers for the People,' No. 36, was written by Mr. Thomas Hogg; and, although he devotes several pages to the proof of how much better provision is now made for education than there was half a century ago, yet at pp. 14, 15, speaking

of Church Schools, he says:—'In fact, the great majority of these schools are charity-schools, and the wealthy, or rather the willing, are taxed to support them, not directly, but indirectly, through subscriptions and sermons, balls and bazaars, &c. Even by such means money is with great difficulty procured. In many cases the entire burthen of making up any deficiency falls on the clergyman, and in others on a few active men who do not like that any scheme should fail in their hands. Such remarks as the following are, accordingly, of too common an occurrence. Several of the best subscribers have recently been removed by death: the school depends on the voluntary support of three or four persons, together with the clergyman: the available funds are quite insufficient to supply the educational wants. Notice has been given that some of the subscriptions will be discontinued, in consequence of the repeal of the Corn-laws; so that the school will be without support, and the incumbent is afraid that it must be discontinued, unless assistance be given.' 'It is not alone (he continues) 'to Church schools that such statements apply, but to nearly all public schools not supported by endowments. They can never (he says), in a commercial sense, be made to pay, and the features of greatest permanence about them are, that, so long as the present system continues, they must be supported by begging and borrowing, by charity sermons and tea-parties, and their managers be continually devising some new scheme for raising money.'"

At page 26 he says:—"It is quite evident that a change is necessary, and that a change will be made;" at page 30, "that a national system would be far superior to the present hap-hazard plans pursued in our country." Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools speak exactly to the same effect, whether we regard their own opinion on the subject, or the generally prevailing expectation of change. Thus, the Rev. J. P. Norris remarks on

—"the feeling, so evidently pervading the minds of all who are earnestly engaged in this work, that we are on the eve of some further development of our educational machinery, rendering it in the highest degree imperative that whatever information on the subject is supplied to the legislature, or to the public, should be at once appropriate in its bearing, and, at the same time, severely authentic" (*Minutes*, 1851-2, vol. ii., 377).

The Rev. W. J. Kennedy writes:—

"It would convey an important truth in strong terms to say, as are the funds, so is the school. The country has already provided to a very great extent excellent school-buildings, and it is in the course of providing competent teachers and assistant-teachers; but it neither has provided, nor is providing, an adequate and regular income to meet the annual expenses of schools; nay, the want of funds is growing constantly worse and worse. For every new school, especially in town districts, carries off part of the funds of the neighbouring dis-

tricts, as I am constantly learning. I may say, I hope without arrogance, that probably no one in England has had equal opportunities with myself of knowing the extent of the deficiency in the funds for the efficient maintenance of schools; and knowing this fact, and still seeing the unfortunate results of this deficiency, I feel it my duty to urge the consideration of it upon your lordship's attention, above any point connected with elementary education. I am tempted to parody the saying attributed to Demosthenes, and to say there are three things wanting to elementary schools—first, money; secondly, money; and thirdly, money" (*Minutes*, 1851-2, vol. ii., 346).

It is hardly possible to add anything to testimony such as this, coming as it does from an authority who having been for many years secretary to the National Society, and since that one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools in the populous districts of Lancashire, has had better opportunity than most men for forming a correct judgment on this important subject. In order to illustrate, however, still further, first, the very strong desire for some more systematic plan of education which exists amongst men of serious and inquiring minds, and, secondly, the absolute necessity for some such change, we will quote two more passages, the one contained in answer 811, and the other in answer 1606, of the Report of the Committee on the Manchester Education Bill. In the former of these we find Mr. Entwistle, a man well known as a sound and somewhat High Churchman, declaring—"I say that I would rather contribute my money to the bringing up of Unitarian children than allow them to remain uneducated altogether." In the latter we hear that "Mr. Stephen Neale, the chief constable of Salford, published a report, in 1851, in which he estimated that in the 2,037 public-houses and beer-houses of Manchester and Salford, 4,074*l.* was spent every Saturday night, which would amount to 211,848*l.* a-year." Could such a state of things as this exist—could such an enormous sum be spent on the holiday evening of the labouring classes in one single town, which, however, may well be taken as in this respect the type of the country in general, if there were amongst those classes any adequate supply of really efficient education? With such evidence before us, is it possible to doubt either the widely-spread desire, or the absolute necessity, for some great and comprehensive change?

We have so far spoken only generally. We must now proceed to details. Before, however, we do it, it will be well to consider what sources of information we have at our disposal. The Report of the National Society, contained in eight

short pages, supplies no information at all. Indeed, the statistics of elementary education among the labouring classes are at best but rather scanty. They are chiefly contained in the reports of her Majesty's inspectors of schools, as printed and laid before Parliament every year, and in the report from the select committee on the Manchester and Salford Local Education Bill, which was named by the House of Commons on March 17, and agreed on a particular report on June 21st, 1852. With respect to her Majesty's inspectors, their reports, in addition to the value which they derive from the facilities of obtaining information which their office confers on them, have this further recommendation that they take in the whole surface of the country with all its variety of character and employment.

Out of between 16,000 and 17,000 elementary Church schools—(the number reported as in existence in 1849 by the National Society was 16,198)—only 2,099 have as yet come under the inspection of these gentlemen; and, of all other denominational schools existing in the whole country, not more that six hundred and six. Since those, however, which have come under inspection are without doubt, generally speaking, the best schools in the country, whatever deficiency is reported in these may *a fortiori* be supposed of all the rest.

With respect to the report of the committee on the Manchester and Salford Local Education Bill, we do not refer to it with any view of determining whether or not those particular towns have any special claim to be placed on a different footing from the rest of the country, or whether it is politic or not to accept their certainly generous offer of allowing themselves to be experimented upon *pro bono publico*, but simply as far as the evidence adduced bears upon the more general question of the elementary education of the country at large. We may, however, as we pass on observe, and indeed it is only just to observe, that so far is Mr. Close from being correct in stating that "the Manchester and Salford Boroughs Education Bill was summarily dismissed by Parliament"—("National Education," by Rev. Francis Close, A.M., p. 20)—that the committee above-mentioned, from the date of its appointment to the end of the session, held no less than nine long sittings, examined seven witnesses, most of them at great length, and in the end agreed to the following report:—

"That your committee have made progress in the enquiring into the state of education in the localities named in their order of reference, and have examined some witnesses as to whether it is advisable to make any further provision for the education of the inhabitants of

those localities; but, notwithstanding the amount of evidence they have received, they consider the enquiry far from complete; and in reporting the evidence to the house, as far as it has gone, have agreed to recommend that the enquiry should be resumed at an early period."

Thus it will be seen that the labours of the committee terminated only with the session, nor is there any reason for supposing either that those labours will not be resumed, or that the promoters of the bill have any intention, or indeed any just ground, for withdrawing it.* A report, extending to more than five hundred folio pages, many of them filled with elaborate calculations, and accompanied by many and very carefully-compiled statistical tables and maps, and ending with a request for power to receive further evidence, is a somewhat equivocal symptom of a "desperate cause," or a bill "summarily dismissed by Parliament."

What, then, is the present character and condition of elementary education among the labouring classes as regards school-rooms, school attendance, and the extent and quality of the instruction afforded? On the subject of school-room little need be said. All parties appear to be agreed that in general, and with the exception of certain localities here and there peculiarly circumstanced and for which provision might be easily made, there is school-room enough, and in many places much more than can be at present brought into daily use. Voluntary munificence, the building grants of the National Society—the only part of that Society's system which seems to be administered in an impartial spirit—and the assistance rendered of late years out of the Parliamentary grant, have all been instrumental in bringing about this happy result; and as all parties are agreed as to the matter of fact, not only of an abundant or even superabundant present supply of school-room, but of the probable facility with which any future demand without further legislative interference may be supplied—(see Inspector's Reports, and Report on Manchester and Salford Bill *passim*)—this part of our subject need not be any further pursued. The fact of there being between 16,000 and 17,000 Church school-rooms alone in the country sufficiently speaks for itself. In truth, a village without a school-room is happily in these days a "*rara avis*;" and, wherever found, if found at all, would be so emphatically marked by public censure as to be "*nigro simillima cygno.*"

* Since this was written Mr. Milner Gibson has moved for leave to re-introduce the bill.

As regards school attendance we are afraid we cannot give by any means so good a report. Not only in the metropolis and its suburbs, nor yet in the crowded manufacturing districts alone, but even in the quiet towns and villages of the agricultural counties, the evidence of our own eyes is sufficient to attest that school attendance is very far from being what it ought to be. We speak not of those whose childhood is spent—far, however, as this is from being any legitimate plea for robbing them of education—in works of industry, in the mill, in the workshop, or the field. Letting alone, however, these, the crowds of idle children who throng every town and village, every street and lane, who run in the way of every carriage, and are the pest and plague of every passer-by, are quite sufficient to account for half empty schools, and to prove that they are half empty. We must have, however, some still more specific proof, and this is to be found in the evidence of the Rev. C. Richson before the select committee on the Manchester and Salford Bill. This gentleman, who has given for some years past a great deal of time and attention to the subject, entered into the most minute and elaborate statistical calculations—the general accuracy of which is best attested by the fact that little material alteration in them was rendered necessary by comparison with the last census tables subsequently compiled and handed in; and though Messrs. Baines and Adshead, the opponents of the bill before the committee, left no stone unturned to disprove, and at times almost seemed to have succeeded in disproving, the correctness of his figures and the legitimacy of his deductions, yet, as it seems to us, after having carefully examined all the evidence, *pro.* and *con.*, Mr. Richson ultimately succeeded in making his ground thoroughly good, and without any material inaccuracy, thoroughly establishing both his premises and his conclusions. With reference to school attendance, Mr. Richson's conclusion is, that in the boroughs of Manchester and Salford, together with a few townships annexed forming the district to which the bill was applicable, and containing altogether a population of 390,566, there are between 60,000 and 70,000 children of the operative classes of a fit age to be at school, but who are not attending any day-school whatever; and that after having made very liberal allowance for the number employed in factories and other occupations, at least one-half of that number—namely, 25,000 or 30,000—ought to be at school: in other words, he concludes that there is that number of children of an age fit for education idling about the streets of Manchester and Salford; and whilst they

are receiving no education, at the same time producing neither directly nor indirectly any addition to the income of the family, either by their own labour or by supplying the place of mothers of families themselves employed. Now, though it undoubtedly appeared in evidence, especially on the showing of Mr. Baines, that there are peculiarities in the trade of Manchester especially adverse to attendance on the daily schools, and though this opinion is confirmed by the census table, No. 17, in page 474 of the report, from which it appears that Liverpool, York, Leeds, Hull, Birmingham, all rank higher than Manchester in the matter of attendance on daily schools; yet, after making all proper allowance for the above peculiarities, the fact that in Machester there are not less than 25,000 chiidren who ought to be, but are not, at school, may be so far taken as a type of school attendance generally as to assure us that the evidence of our own eyes as to the number of children idling about our towns and villages wherever we go is fully borne out by accurate enquiry into the statistics of one particular place. We can come, therefore, to no other conclusion than that, while school-room is abundant, and even superabundant, daily attendance at school is in proportion to the population almost everywhere very deficient.

School-room has been shown to be abundant; and unfortunately, till lately, *school-room* and *school* have been too generally taken to represent the same things, and to be used as though they were synonymous terms. Thus, the reports of the National Society, of Diocesan Boards of Education, and Denominational Education Associations, speak exultingly of the number of schools which have been built through their instrumentality each successive year, and of the number of children in connexion with them under education. They make little or no distinction, however, between those cases in which a really good religious and secular education is supplied, and the far larger number in which there is nothing at all furnished which really and properly deserves the name of education—as if four perpendicular walls and a roof which keeps out the wet—as if even a thoroughly handsome commodious building, such as a great many of our school-rooms undoubtedly are, were sufficient to constitute a school!—as if the casket without the jewel, the body without the soul, were anything worth! Thus the public are very much misled. And it is no uncommon thing for those, who, looking a little more deeply into this matter, are bold enough to complain of a deficiency of education, to have their attention somewhat exultingly directed to the large number of handsome school-

rooms with which the country is covered. Now, the real state of the case is altogether different. For upon enquiry it will turn out that in extent and quality the education supplied in our school-rooms, though doubtless in a great many instances greatly improved, and constantly though slowly improving, is as generally deficient as the school-rooms themselves are good.

Mr. Baines and Mr. Adshead have already been referred to as those who gave evidence before the Select Committee against the Manchester and Salford Bill. On many subjects, particularly those connected with the trade and habits of the manufacturing districts, we should be very much disposed to defer to their authority. But inasmuch as they both, throughout their evidence, lay very great stress upon Sunday-schools, as if these, instead of being mere makeshifts, though under present circumstances without doubt very valuable makeshifts, answered every possible end of education; and that the one (in answer 1743) avows as his opinion that the educational system of this country "would in the long run be better" if the parliamentary grant were discontinued; and the other (in answer 2515) declares that children are at the present time, generally speaking, receiving "such an education as fits them for the duties of life;" it cannot be expected that, on the subject of the efficiency or otherwise of day-schools, we should have much regard for their opinion. It is satisfactory, however, to find even Mr. Baines (in answer 1697) acknowledging—"I do not think that the state of education in this country, at this time, has attained to anything like what it ought to be." And again (in answer 1628) in reply to the following question by Mr. Fox:—

"An opinion has been expressed by a person having great opportunity of observation—(I allude to the Chaplain of Pentonville Prison)—who says in the report of 1849—'I am compelled again to confess that the proportion of convicts, who have been educated in some sort of school, to the uneducated, is fully as high as that which exists between those classes in the general population: a fact which should lead to the inquiry wherein the popular education is defective.' 'Do you dispute his fact or his inference?'—'declared, I do not dispute either his fact or his inference.'"

The fact was, of course, indisputable; and, as for the inference, we do not see how that could be called in question. For surely that system of education, which does not tend to diminish crime, must itself in some sort or degree be very faulty. It is to her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, however, that we must look for an authoritative decision as to the

extent and quality of the education supplied in elementary schools. The Rev. F. Watkins, whose district is in Yorkshire, writes as follows :—

"I speak of the state of religious knowledge, which, as it is the first in importance, so it is a distinctive feature of the schools which it is my duty to inspect. In our Church-schools this subject consists of two main branches—knowledge of the Bible and knowledge of the Common Prayer Book. On the whole, I cannot report satisfactorily of either branch. First, with regard to holy Scripture, the case is not unfrequently this:—the children of the first class, or of the two upper classes, have a very fair acquaintance with a considerable portion of Scripture history. They can answer readily, and for the most part accurately, questions relating to the chief events or persons mentioned in the sacred text, though in general with considerable ignorance of dates, and little power of connecting contemporary events or personages. They can also quote fairly the leading passages of holy Scripture on which the leading doctrines of Christianity are founded; and they can repeat with facility the chief prophecies relating to our blessed Lord. But (and it is this which seems to me very unsatisfactory) they very rarely seem to have any notion of applying holy Scripture, either as instruction in the way of God's dealings with men in general, or as a lesson to be learned by themselves. It is not often put before them either as a question, 'What was this intended to teach?' or, 'What are we to learn and practice from this?' There are, I gladly acknowledge, in my district some schools where the chief object of instruction in holy Scripture is its direct, careful, and sound application to the hearts, as well as to the minds, of the learners—to their consciences, rather than to their judgments. But I am constrained to state that such schools are but few: the great majority are in the condition which I have before mentioned. And the lower classes of these schools are, in too many cases, grossly ignorant of the merest elements of religious knowledge. I speak only of that which may be fairly expected from them. A few isolated undisputed facts about our blessed Lord, his birth, his miracles, his death—the same unconnected, unimpressive acquaintance with the history of Abraham or Joseph, of the creation or the flood—are all their stock of scriptural information. They repeat this day by day, with more or less accuracy, according to the vigilance or negligence of their teacher; but always without application to themselves, without interest, and without profit. In some of the lower classes of large and apparently thriving schools, I have found the whole of the religious instruction to consist of questions out of a little book beginning, 'Who was the first man?' asked by the teacher, and answered by the learners in the same tone of indifference or levity. I could give a long list of answers, which I have received from children even in the upper classes of National Schools, which would be hardly credited by those who are ignorant of the real state of the case, and which were, at the time when they were given, almost as surprising to me, who have spent eight years in examining schools, as to the managers who then stood by, and who declared that

they could not have formed a notion of such hopeless confusion or ignorance" (*Minutes*, vol. ii., 125).

To the same effect the Rev. D. J. Stewart, whose district consists of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, writes:—

"The question which naturally arises is, whether the condition of the schools to which these returns belong is so satisfactory in all points that the religious and secular education of 12,216 children may be entrusted to them without some fear as to the result. I believe that all those persons, who have had any opportunities of forming an opinion on this point, agree with me that much remains to be done to ensure their efficiency" (*Minutes*, vol. ii., 444).

Passages to the same effect might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum* from the reports of her Majesty's inspectors, and some of like import will be quoted in support of another portion of our observations. The following fact, however, will be more convincing on the subject of the defective state of our elementary schools than any detailed observations of individual inspectors. It appears, from a comparison of the reports of all the inspectors together, that of 2,405 daily schools—this being the whole number of schools of all denominations at present under inspection, while very few are pronounced to be really good, at least 644—that is to say, rather more than one-sixth—are declared to be more or less decidedly defective. And it must be borne in mind, as before observed, that the schools under inspection are, generally speaking, the best of the whole number of about 17,000 at present existing in England and Wales. If, then, the case of the schools under inspection, these being only a smaller number and the best of the lot, be so bad, what must be the extent and quality of education supplied in the majority of that much larger number of schools to which the enquiries of the inspectors have not yet been extended?

The defective attendance, then, at elemenatry schools, and the defective quality of the education supplied, are both acknowledged. What, then, are the principal causes of this scanty attendance? What is it which stands in the way of the working classes sending their children to the schools whose doors stand open for their reception? Many reasons are alleged. We are of opinion, however, that they all resolve themselves into one—which is the poverty of the parents, rendering them, in some cases, unable, under any circumstances, to pay the school fees; and in all eager to make some addition to the joint income of the family by the facilities offered for juvenile labour;—

"Our main difficulty (writes the Rev. W. W. Bellairs, her Majesty's Inspector for Gloucestershire and the adjoining counties) is still the great demand throughout this district for juvenile labour, and so long as this demand exists and is allowed supply, no system of education can be generally satisfactory" (*Minutes*, ii., 83).

"It is obvious (writes the Rev. H. Watkins, her Majesty's Inspector for Yorkshire) that the cause of this evil is the value of the child's labour. This has been plainly shown during the last year in the manufacturing districts where trade has been flourishing. I find the following returns made to me:—'*Leeds, All Saints*'—The boys of the first class have been removed in consequence of the goodness of trade. The girls' school is even more affected than the boys' by this circumstance.' '*Leeds, St. Andrew's*—Many children out of the upper classes are gone to work. The number of girls is much diminished in consequence.' '*Leeds, St. James's*—The whole of the second class is gone to work owing to the goodness of trade.' '*Bradford, St. Jude's*—The first class is entirely gone.' Similar accounts are given in all parts of the manufacturing districts: at Sheffield, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Wakefield (*Min.* ii., 119).

"In like manner Dr. Cumming, one of her Majesty's Inspectors for Scotland:—'In all the rural districts there is a strong tendency to keep the children from school, as soon and as long as they can be employed in field work' (*Min.* ii., 739). So likewise Mr. Marshall, her Majesty's Inspector of Roman Catholic schools in Great Britain:—'The inducement of sixpence per week to be earned by the sale of chips, periwinkles, or matches, will entirely quench the faint desire for instruction, which is its only counterpoise, and reduce a promising class to a skeleton; whilst its members are scattered over the country often for several weeks together in pursuance of their vagabond craft. And everybody must feel the unreasonableness of condemning such lucrative vagrancy if it does but add a few loaves to the attenuated store of the family at home" (*Minutes*, ii., 619).

We will now turn from the reports of her Majesty's inspectors to the evidence before the Select Committee on the Manchester and Salford Bill. The Rev. C. Richson being asked by Lord John Russell—

"To what is it that you attribute the non-attendance at the schools of a great number of children in Manchester, seeing that there is a great amount of surplus accommodation: is it to their poverty, or any other cause?—Replied, mainly to their inability to pay the school pence. I think I can show that" (*Answer*, 237).

Again he says—

"Considered, therefore, in relation to the population, it is not the fact that the accommodation is the greatest in the poorer districts; although, considered by itself, it is the fact that the exertions of the benevolent have placed the largest proportion of school-room exactly in the districts where it is most needed. But now, looking at the attendance in the amended form I have just handed in, we find out

of 33,226 children, there are 12,306, or thirty-seven per cent., at school; and out of 30,179 children, 9,415, or thirty-one one-fifth per cent., at school; and out of 14,180 children, there are 7,075, or being nearly fifty per cent. at school; and therefore it is not the fact, as Mr. Baines assumes, that this table proves that the largest school attendance is in the poorer districts, for the largest attendance is evidently in those districts which are the least poor" (*Answer*, 2383).

Again—

"No calculation of averages on paper will remove the hard fact that in a very large number of instances a parent has more than enough to do to provide sufficient food and clothing for his children, and in such instances education is almost of necessity neglected; and, as no argument based upon averages can remove the individual difficulties, no such argument ought to be regarded as of any practical importance in the present question" (*Answer*, 2387).

Again—

"I say that there is evidence afforded by the two tables to which I have referred—evidence which a closer investigation into the actual state of the people in Manchester and Salford will confirm—evidence indeed which no argument, however cleverly constructed, can alter, that among the 3,200 children, attending the schools of those two boroughs, there is only a small proportion of the poorest classes" (*Answer*, 2387).

Mr. Entwistle says—

"One of the gentlemen told me that he was on the point of closing his boys' school for want of means in a poor district; that many poor children attended, and there was a difficulty in collecting the school fees; that in consequence of the poverty of the parents the children were sent occasionally to school without them, and they had the pain of rejecting them" (*Answer*, 1214).

Even Mr. Baines acknowledges—

"The second reason assigned is the great amount of profitable labour for young persons in the numerous branches of manufacture and handicraft, which tempts parents to take their children from school earlier than is desirable." He adds—"I believe this to be a much more efficient cause of the withdrawal of children from school than the alleged poverty of the parents" (*Answer*, 1445.)

Might not Mr. Baines have more correctly inferred that it is the poverty of the parents which makes them so readily yield to the temptation of which he speaks? Messrs. Baines and Adshead both account for the unusually small school attendance at Manchester by the peculiar facilities which that place affords for the employment of children? What, we would ask, induces the parents thus to sacrifice their children on the altar of gain if it be not their poverty?

It is in vain that Mr. Close, writing from a fashionable watering-place, and accustomed to mix chiefly amongst the higher and middle classes, in a somewhat cavalier style announces (p. 21)—

"So far from giving any child in this country a free education, none on any pretence should pay less than twopence per week; and threepence, sixpence, and even a shilling, may safely be charged for the upper classes in our schools, where the children are carried higher in useful sciences."

Such vague declamation as this will not stand against the deliberate conclusions of experienced inspectors—against Mr. Richson's elaborately calculated tables—against the admissions of even Messrs. Baines and Adshead, and the opinion of almost all who have had much experience amongst the poor. Suppose a mechanic to be in full employ and at the highest wages, yet, if he be the only one of the family who is earning anything, when he has paid for rent, rates, and fuel—has supplied food, clothing, and occasional medical attendance for his wife and family—has sent in his subscription to his club, and satisfied all the other various demands, which, though his betters take no account of them, are nevertheless made upon the poor man's purse—how much, even under these most prosperous circumstances, is he likely to have to spare for education? What if times are bad, health fails, fever attacks his family, and plunges him in debt? It is not sufficiently borne in mind that the income of the labourer is subject to quite as much variation as that of his employer, and with a much narrower margin to make up for unforeseen contingencies.

That there are many, then, of the labouring classes not paupers, yet so poor as to be wholly unable to pay even the lowest school fees for a single child—that this number is considerably augmented when there are two or three children of school age—and that there is a still larger number to whom, if not impossible, it is at any rate very difficult to afford the school fees, admits we think of no doubt. It is, however, by no means so easy to remove the difficulty as to make the admission. One thing is evident—namely, that it is impossible to make any distinction between those who are able to pay and those who are not, and so to make the schools free to some and not to others. When Mr. Richson first turned his attention to this subject his plan was based on that principle, as may be seen from a paper which he handed to the select committee, and which is to be found in the appendix to the report (page 522). Mr. Richson's own account of the rea-

sons which had led him speedily and finally to abandon this plan is as follows:—

"The object was to obtain a rate in aid if possible, and to assist those children who were really poor; but then arose this perplexing question, 'Who are the poor?' And it was said that all sorts of inquisitorial arrangements were necessary to satisfy the conditions involved in this question" (*Answer*, 2397).

The only possible remedy, then, appears to be the making the schools free to all. Respecting the advantage to be derived from such a change, the opinions are various. Some think that such a measure would greatly increase, others that it would greatly diminish, the attendance. Her Majesty's inspectors are divided in opinion on this subject. Of the witnesses before the select committee, Messrs. Richson and Entwistle are in favour of free schools—Messrs. Baines and Adshead against them; though in answers 2127 and 2128, Mr. Baines most reluctantly is constrained to admit that the best attended day-school in Manchester—namely, the Lancasterian, is the cheapest—an admission which, considering that it was extorted, and not without much difficulty, from a witness who was evidently very unwilling to bear such testimony, is peculiarly valuable. Mr. Close is very precise in his verdict against free schools:—

"We believe (he says) that to make schools for the working classes absolutely free will be to drag education in the kennel, to pauperise it, to degrade it, and place it on a level with the schools of the union work-house" (p. 20).

Now this, and, indeed, all the objections to a free education which we have seen, are founded on what we believe to be an entirely gratuitous assumption—namely, that no one values what he does not pay for. We beg leave to dispute that assumption, and to give as one reason for so doing a series of facts. Speaking generally, then, it is not in the ordinary course of things to lightly esteem or refuse a present, simply because it is a present. In the United States the schools are free to all and answer admirably (see appendix to report, p. 488). The great public schools of our own country are some wholly, some partly free, either to all or a certain number of pupils. They are, we believe, without exception full. The same may be said of the many hundred grammar-schools throughout England and Wales. As Mr. Baines admits—and we believe the same would hold good in every place supposing the school to be good as well as cheap—the Lancasterian school in Manchester, being a decidedly good one, while it

is undoubtedly the fullest, is at the same time the cheapest. But the strongest argument of all in favour of schools not being uudervalued, simply because they are free, is to be found in our Sunday-schools. These, not only in connexion with the Church of England, but with every conceivable denomination and sect, are almost innumerable. They are at the same time almost invariably full well-nigh to suffocation. Yet they are all entirely free schools—nay, they are in the largest sense of the word charity-schools; for they are chiefly supported from collections made after appeals from the pulpit, of which no mendicant friar need be ashamed. Now, we are far from saying that these innumerable Sunday-schools are full because they are free. We are, on the contrary, quite ready to admit that Sunday being the day on which there is no employment, and the fact that in such schools religion being exclusively the subject of instruction, there is a considerable amount of denominational zeal at work, is quite sufficient to account for the filling of these schools; though at the same time we have great doubt whether they would be anything like as full if they were not free. But be this as it may, they are full to overflowing. This is the fact—they are full though they are free. They do not, as Mr. Close expresses it, "drag education in the kennel." They do not "pauperize it," or "degrade" it. Instead of being placed "on a level with the schools of the union workhouse," they are immensely valued and sought after. These several *facts*, especially the last, appear to us to be fatal to any mere *opinion* that schools will not be valued because they are free. The assumption, and all the arguments founded on it, fall to the ground before plain matter-of-fact. And, with Mr. Richson, we have no doubt that good schools conditionally free—that is to say, free on condition of punctual attendance and good behaviour—would be valued by the working classes as an inestimable boon, and would materially increase the daily attendance.

We make use of the expression *good* schools, because bad free-schools, as they would confer no benefit, so would they command no attendance. In truth, we believe, that one of the concurrent causes of the small attendance at daily schools is the deficient character of those schools, as already proved. Were the extent and quality of the education supplied in those schools such as it ought to be, and such as would command the attention of the parents as a really valuable prize for their children, and one likely to lead to their advancement in life, great efforts and sacrifices would be made to pay

the school fees; and many children now either under employment, or running about the streets, would, even though their parents were pinched for it, be sent to school; so that whether we regard the good of those who are at school, or the prospect of securing a better attendance, the main thing to be looked after is the improvement of the schools themselves. Now, the quality of the school mainly depends upon the master being a man fit for the purpose—well-informed and trained, and not having too many boys under his sole care, and upon there being a good supply of books and other apparatus. And here we are bound, without further delay, in company probably with almost every practical educationist in Great Britain, except Mr. Baines, to acknowledge an almost inestimable debt of gratitude to Lord Lansdowne, and his colleagues on the Committee of Council on Education, and their invaluable secretary, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, for the stimulus and assistance they have so wisely and successfully rendered, especially in the particulars above mentioned. We acknowledge with thankfulness, not only the large building grants which have been disbursed, but the elevations, plans, specifications, and suggestions for school buildings and fittings-up, which have contributed so largely to the useful outlay of the money, and have been the means of turning bricks and mortar to better account than heretofore. But infinitely greater is the obligation which we are under to them for the assistance which they have given towards rendering the schools as efficient as the buildings are handsome and convenient. The large annual grants made to the various Normal schools, and without doubt contributing much to the growing efficiency of those establishments, as reported by the Rev. H. Moseley and the Rev. F. C. Cook; the gratuities to masters and mistresses certificated after examination; the system of Queen's scholars and pupil teachers, not only forming the best nursery for a future supply of good masters and mistresses, but very much contributing to the efficiency of all the schools in which they are introduced; and the bringing into notice and by book grants likewise placing within the reach of purchasers a long list of valuable school-books and apparatus; the minutes by which these improvements were promulgated; have done more to raise the standard and quality of education than anything that was ever done before. To the same source, likewise, we owe the establishment of Kneller Hall, that model of training-schools, of the system adopted in which there is such a very interesting account given at the beginning of the first volume of the minutes for

1851-2, and of which also, after the many very unfounded reports circulated to its prejudice, it is very pleasant to find the Rev. H. Moseley speaking so highly, not only as regards its general efficiency, but especially with respect to the amount of religious knowledge:—

"It is but justice, however, to say that in no other training-school was the examination in Scripture history, in all respects, more satisfactory. It was a minute and textual examination; and, considering how large a surface of knowledge such an examination cannot but cover, I feel myself entitled to speak of it as affording conclusive evidence of the care and attention which have been bestowed on this fundamental part of the instruction of a training school" (*Min.*, i., 384).

While on the subject of training-schools we must be allowed, *en passant*, to enter our protest on some points connected with them. The appointment of men of very ultra opinions as teachers at St. Mark's, Chelsea, and the persisting in spite of much remonstrance in the adoption of a very marked ritual in the college chapel, savour sadly too much of the semi-popish tendencies of the day. We augur all sorts of mischief from a host of clever, well-trained, semi-popish teachers getting a footing throughout the length and breadth of the land as the masters of Church of England elementary schools. Such a system, coupled with the offensive conduct of the dominant party in that society, especially in its relation to the State, will, if not discontinued, lead, we apprehend, to its disruption and ruin. Indeed, a rumour has already reached us of the probable formation of a new educational society on a liberal basis. It is a matter for serious consideration likewise, whether the standard of instruction in these training-schools (for school is a much more appropriate name for such institutions than college) may not be too high, and the whole habit of such places accompanied with too much pretension to fit the inmates for that sphere of life for which they are intended. The number of trained masters who aspire to holy orders confirms this view not a little:—

"Many excellent schoolmasters, especially I think out of those who have passed two or three years in a training college, are I fear unsettled as to their profession and desire to obtain holy orders. During the past year four masters in Lancashire, three of whom had certificates, have left their profession in order to be ordained; and others in Lancashire and the Isle of Man have sought to obtain ordination."

Such is the statement of the Rev. W. J. Kennedy. And again he says:—

"Moreover, I cannot but think that, in most cases, a schoolmaster would be more happy and more useful in the exercise of the calling for which he has been educated. His education will rarely, if ever, be in my opinion sufficiently clerkly for a clergyman, and it seems better to be a good schoolmaster than a moderate clergyman. I wish for his own sake, as well as for the sake of our elementary schools, that every schoolmaster would adopt for his motto the maxim, 'Quam nactus es artem, hanc orna'" (*Minutes*, ii., 345).

To the same effect writes the Rev. H. Moseley:—

"It will, I think, be a subject of regret, if, taking up the education of these students at a more advanced stage of educational progress, and adapting themselves to their higher capacities for instruction, the training schools should be induced, as the most obvious and practically the easiest expedient, to carry them into the study of subjects foreign to the business of the elementary school. Practically, their teaching cannot but receive a higher developement; the minds of men will not thrive on the food of infants; but that should, in my opinion, be a higher developement of the subjects proper to elementary instruction" (*Minutes*, i., 298).

The Rev. M. Mitchell also says:—

"Certificated masters, and those from training colleges, are however by no means always the best conductors of schools. Indeed, in this district (Cambridge, Essex, &c.), there are so many failures of masters, who have been trained at various establishments, and for lengthened periods, as to call for most serious consideration whether the object proposed in the training be really and truly advanced by the means used. If the teachers sent out from training colleges are not only not so good, but even if they are not far superior to those untrained, the cost of the training is thrown away. I am sorry to say there are many notices in my daily reports which show that there is much to be desired in these respects. I find a great inability in some of these young teachers to accommodate themselves to the circumstances in which they may be placed. Accustomed in their colleges to have every want of books and apparatus supplied, when introduced to a country school but moderately furnished, they do not form for themselves plans to make up for their deficiencies; and I fear they are sometimes inclined to think too lightly of the responsibilities of their position, and to hold the teaching of a few poor children in the wilderness as beneath their regard" (*Minutes*, ii., 261).

These extracts are at least sufficient to give some weight to the above-mentioned apprehension, and to put us on our guard lest a few years hence the masters of our elementary schools should be found as much over-trained as they have heretofore been under-trained, and the tools be proved to be of a metal too much refined and an edge too keen for the tough materials on which they are to be employed.

There is, then, no lack of good teachers;—

"You are now therefore (writes Mr. Moseley) in a position to provide to its fullest extent for the educational wants of the country, whenever schools shall be ready sufficient in number for these teachers to conduct and suitable stipends for their maintainance" (*Min.* i., 276).

Neither, as we have seen, is there any deficiency of good books and apparatus ready to be supplied on moderate terms. Yet, after all, in very few schools, comparatively speaking, are the funds sufficient to secure these great advantages:—

"The total number of Church schools in which pupil teachers are appointed is only 1,152, which, as there are 16,198 Church schools in the country, is but one in fourteen of their whole number" (*Min.* i., 277).

"The total number of teachers of Church schools to whom augmentations were payable on the 31st Oct., 1851, was 644, being about one in twenty-five of the whole number of such teachers" (*Minutes*, i., 278).

From the table in *Min.*, vol. i., p. 135, it appears that, between the years 1839 and 1850, only 1,064 Church schools, and 268 schools of other denominations, availed themselves of the advantage of grants for books, maps, &c. This comparatively small use of the educational advantages now so liberally offered, as well as the great majority of the other elements of defect in our schools, is, as we shall presently see, on all sides acknowledged to be traceable to only one cause—namely, poverty of funds, which, indeed, by almost all her Majesty's inspectors, as well as other practical educationists, is described in such strong and decided terms as must at once convince any unprejudiced mind that, until some effective remedy for this root of all the evil is discovered and applied, no really efficient system of education can be expected. We proceed, then, to a variety of extracts in support of this position. We will first take her Majesty's inspectors, in regular succession. First, the Rev. H. Moseley:—

"The almost entire dependence of the schools in many rural districts, on contributions of the clergy, whose means are already taxed to the utmost, and the low salaries which under these circumstances are given, will probably for a long while make it impossible to replace the present teachers in such places by more efficient ones."—"In one deanery of twenty-four parishes, the stipends averaged 22*l.* 6s., and in another containing nineteen schools, they averaged 28*l.* 19s. (*Min.* i., 275, 279).

Next the Rev. H. Watkins:—

"There is also a striking fact shown by the summary B. of this year, that in the Church schools inspected in Yorkshire, the excess of expenditure over income is no less a sum than 1,711*l.* 10s. 4½d.—*i. e.*, nearly one-eighteenth part of the whole expense. It is important to note this, as it is well known to every inspector that the whole, or by far the greater part, of any such deficiency, is made up by the clergy

of the district in addition to their subscription; and other continued efforts for the support of elementary schools."

Next the Rev. M. Mitchell:—

"In my last year's report I drew your lordships' attention to the want of funds under which most schools languish. I have only to add that the wants felt at that time have been, if possible, yet more extended, which the following evidence will go far to prove."

Then follow several letters from managers of schools (clergymen) of which this is a specimen:—

"With the utmost difficulty I am able to raise in my parish, towards the maintenance of my schools, 20*l.*: this sum is even very uncertain. We have 10*l.* from Betton's charity; and this 30*l.* is the total of subscription, beyond what I may be able to afford. I am anxious to get a mistress. I cannot give more than twenty guineas, which will have to come entirely out of my pocket. The master is to receive 30*l.* salary. You will perceive that there is not one penny left for repairs, for books, &c.; and the present state of our finances, and the gloomy prospect before me, make me very anxious."—"Nor does there seem to be the least chance of education matters improving in this town (Norwich); the subscriptions are falling off year by year; and it is seriously proposed to shut up some of the schools now in operation, as the funds will not permit them to be carried on."—"And there is also a prospective evil, that no man of decent education will put himself in the position of a schoolmaster, dependent upon the mere whim or accident of the moment for a precarious salary. The principal supporter of a school dies or leaves the parish. The influence, which has given the funds a temporary impetus, ceases. A reaction takes place. The funds no longer meet the expenses, and the teacher either accepts an inferior salary, or drags too often a harassed existence from quarter to quarter, only at length to quit the school in disgust, and perhaps in debt. Unless means be devised to render the schoolmaster's appointment and salary permanent and fixed, depending only on his own character, there will be no inducing valuable men to take the situation, or retaining them if they have been induced by education and training to enter on the career" (*Minutes*, 251, 254, 256).

The Rev. J. J. Blandford:—

"There is still the same general complaint of the difficulty experienced in raising funds for the support of schools" (*Minutes*, ii., 295).

The Rev. W. J. Kennedy, whose opinion on this subject has been already once referred to in the course of these observations, writes thus:—

"There are ten propositions on this subject which my observation leads me to affirm—1. Elementary schools in general are not, at this time, being adequately maintained. 2. There is not a fair prospect, on the present system, that they will have a sufficient annual income.

3. On the contrary, there is in a majority of places a decline of income. 4. The endeavours to obtain yearly contributions to schools are harassing and vexatious, and the means sometimes resorted to for raising funds, such as high fees and scales of fees, are injurious to the schools. 5. There is a painful and injurious uncertainty about the efficient maintenance of schools; also pernicious fluctuations of income, arising from such causes as the death of a benevolent landed proprietor, or of a liberal millowner, or the loss of a good master, undoing in a moment the work of years and causing flourishing schools to fall into decay. 6. Many districts are absolutely unable, from poverty, to maintain good schools without extraneous annual aid. 7. In districts where there is no absolute deficiency of money, or even where there is wealth, the schools are often suffered to languish from parsimony, or from indifference, or from hostility to education. 8. It is desirable to abate the jealousies and ill feeling often at present engendered among different religious denominations by contests for subscriptions to schools, &c.; and to enable every deserving school to have an independent income. 9. It is often very desirable, but not feasible for want of means, to admit some of the scholars free to schools; and in some cases wholly free schools are requisite. 10. The above-named evils cannot be remedied, nor the wants supplied, by any other means than by a rate for education" (*Minutes*, vol. ii., 353).

The Rev. D. J. Stewart writes:—

"It is equally important that the schoolmasters should possess such certain incomes as will enable them to maintain a properly independent position amongst those whom they are to influence and instruct. While some of the schools in this district enjoy these advantages to a great extent and with the most encouraging results, in many others the work is entrusted to teachers who, in addition to being unequal to the burthen of responsibility thrown upon them, have to struggle with all the difficulties arising from a want of the mechanical appliances of their calling. In many cases the precarious income of the schoolmaster is derived entirely from the children's pence, and he has no alternative but to adopt any method of school-keeping which is dictated by the parents of his pupils" (*Minutes*, vol. ii., 444).

The testimony of Mr. Fletcher is very important:—

"It will thus be seen that the educational data which I have endeavoured to supply on this subject are tolerably complete, and the evidence is certainly unfavourable to the character and prospects of self-supporting schools, insomuch that those which most partook of the self-supporting character were almost invariably the worst which came under my observation—a result which the collection of the like data in almost every school that I have since visited—(though their publication in detail has very properly been deemed unnecessary on the part of the office)—does but further confirm. Amidst large populations the schools under my inspection are provided by philanthropic exertion expressly for the poorer classes, whose children frequent them

at a low equal fee calculated to meet the circumstances of the best conducted labourers and artizans. In small towns there is frequently a class of tradesmen's or farmer's children paying more; and yet, owing to the vigilance of the school committee, without producing that sacrifice of the interests of the poorer children, which their presence but for such solicitude would have a tendency to occasion, by fostering a teacher's natural inclination to dwell with his more advanced scholars. But in country villages, where the schools not national are almost wholly self-supporting, a graduated scale of fees classifies them factitiously according to the ability to pay, and destroying all real classification for the purposes of instruction, puts an effective premium on learning and teaching as little as possible, through the disinclination of the parents to pay, and of the masters to labour in the face of strenuous discouragement upon any systematic course of education. In fact, their's are simply instances of the most struggling class of private schools, which are the only truly self-supporting schools which come under my observation; and yet each of them, instead merely of ill-instructing a few of the children in a parish, might well educate the whole of them, if it could receive gratuitously from a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian minister, equally kind, inventive, and zealous, an amount of labour and solicitude which would suffice to re-educate its teacher and re-construct its classes; and which could not be valued at less than 250*l.* a-year, even if it were not engaged in setting the first example of such a good work, the value of which is beyond estimate. The efforts and sacrifices of the clergy to redeem the old village schools somewhat from the state of that class which I have had to describe as types of the only true self-supporting schools open to the children of the poor demonstrate the utter insufficiency of self-supporting plans for the localities most requiring education—the geographically and socially remote—without preliminary sacrifices of money, and of talent, and of exertion, which make the term itself simply a misnomer; and without likewise the continuous management of one in sufficient authority to prevent the self-supporting influences from degrading the schools into mere instruction shops" (*Minutes* ii. 505).

Even the Rev. J. P. Norris, who, like Mr. Close, clearly with little practical knowledge about the income of the labouring classes and of the extent of the demands made upon it, announces:—

"I believe that most of the parents are quite able to pay for their children's education" (*Minutes,* ii., 380)

—nevertheless, two pages before, supplies extracts from several letters, which abundantly prove the poverty of many of the schools in his district, such as the following:—

"Important schools in a Peel district suffering from want of funds. The mill-owners are Dissenters. The school depends on one absentee landlord, who subscribes 20*l.*; and the clergyman, who for some

years has made good an annual deficiency of from 20*l.* to 30*l.*, out of an income of 160*l.*"

We will close this long list of extracts from the "Reports" of her Majesty's inspectors with a sentence from a "Letter" from Mr. Lingen, the secretary, to the Committee of Council:—

"The reason of it, however, is not to be sought wholly in indifference. The extreme difficulty which is found in meeting the most necessary expenses of schools for the labouring classes has hitherto sufficed to bar in most of them every inlet of liberal education" (*Min.*, ii., 263).

This is the opinion of one who, from the position which he occupies, and the large correspondence which he necessarily has with school managers, has a better opportunity than most persons of ascertaining the real state of school funds. We will only add one more testimony, that of Mr. Richson, before the select committee:—

"This table shows in the upper division in how many schools the teacher is paid by the children's pence only—in how many by the pence and a salary fixed—and in how many the salary varies from 20*l.* to 150*l.* If the committee will be kind enough to look in the lower division to the mode of remunerating teachers in the eighty-nine cases where it has been ascertained, they will observe that there are thirty-seven schools in which the teachers are remunerated by fixed salaries, and fifty-two in which the remuneration is partly by salary and partly by the children's pence. Referring again to this table the committee will see that the schools are classed as satisfactory, very fair, fair, moderate, unsatisfactory. This classification of schools has been obtained from her Majesty's school inspectors and other sources; and looking along the line in connection with these different classes it will appear that, out of five teachers whose scholars are satisfactory, only one is paid by the children's pence and four by a fixed salary. In six of the schools classed as very fair, and in ten others classed as fair, all the salaries ascertained are fixed. In twenty-nine of those which are moderate, twelve of the teachers are paid by a fixed salary, three partly, and fourteen wholly by pence. In thirty-nine of those which are unsatisfactory, the teacher is paid by a fixed salary in only five cases—in three partly, and in thirty-one wholly, by the children's pence—from which I infer that, in proportion as it appears by this return, as the managers of the school are able to fix the salaries of the teachers, the schools are more or less satisfactory; and that, where the teacher depends entirely upon the pence, they become less satisfactory" (*Report*, p. 59).

It is impossible to resist this large and united testimony to the extreme poverty of school funds in every part of Great Britain, in town as well as country, in districts agricultural, mining, or manufacturing. Who, in short, is there, except

in some very peculiar circumstances, who has anything to do with the management of schools, who has not himself had sad and anxious experience of perpetually living from hand to mouth—of being always in low water—of being driven to every conceivable shift for raising money, begging letters, sermons, bazaars—of being marked by those who have anything to give as a person to be studiously avoided—as, nevertheless, in few cases having anything to spare for modern improvement on the old hackneyed routine, and in very many being almost hopelessly in debt? The Chancellor of the Exchequer at his desk in Downing-street, looking out intensely for some prospect of ways and means looming in the distance, has a much easier problem to solve than those most hopeless and helpless of all financiers, the managers of schools. In a matter so notorious there is scarcely need of proof.

What remedy, then, can be found for a state of things at present so very hopeless? The idea that a sufficient income to maintain the schools in a state of efficiency, supposing them to be in the first instance so improved as to be made attractive, has been shown to be quixotic. Besides, where are the funds out of which to make them attractive? The voluntary principle also has been thoroughly tried; and in the judgment of all, except a few who appear blind to everything except one particular system of their own, entirely failed. So far from voluntary contributions supporting an efficient school system, the most abject mendicancy on the part of school managers, in the hope of keeping up even a very indifferent system, has ended in bankruptcy. We happen, however, to be acquainted with one or two illustrations of the voluntary principle so very noble and so completely *sui generis*, that, if only for the sake of showing what ought to be done and might be done, though we have no hope of ever really seeing it generally done, and with a view to encouragement, we must dwell upon them for a few minutes. The account of one of these is contained in the "Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company," which stands at the head of our paper. We learn from this report that Mr. G. Wilson, who turns out to be one of the many pupils of Dr. Arnold—who, like the Bishop of Manchester and others, have done good service to that cause of education which owes so much to their old master—is the acting manager of this large company at a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum. Entirely of his own idea and on his own responsibility, this gentleman, in 1848, established

on the company's premises in Lambeth a system of schools in which in the evening, and other hours when not wanted in the factory, the persons employed by them might receive gratuitous instruction. The fitting-up and maintenance of these schools and everything connected with them, including a chapel, and chaplain, cricket-ground, &c., up to December, 1851, was defrayed by Mr. Wilson out of his own pocket at an expense of 3,289*l.*; and at the period of inspection by her Majesty's inspector, the Rev. H. Moseley, five hundred and twelve young persons were voluntarily availing themselves of these advantages. Of the sort of spirit pervading these institutions Mr. Wilson shall speak for himself:—

"The cholera seems an odd reason for taking to cricket, but I dare say the cricket had a very happy effect on the general health of our boys, and so may have strengthened them against catching it. We lost only one, an amiable and well-conducted boy of seventeen, although many of our boys lost relations living in the same houses with them. Always, when the game was finished, they collected in a corner of the field, and took off their caps, for a very short prayer for the safety from cholera of themselves and their friends: and the tone in which they said their *Amen* to this has always made me think that, although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game so concluded more moral benefit than any quantity of ordinary schooling could have given them. Many also met every morning in the school-room at six o'clock before beginning work, just for a few minutes, to give thanks for having been safely brought to the beginning of the day and to pray to be defended in it" (*Special Report*, page 8). "As to sectarianism, there is, I am sure, none in the sense in which the proprietor uses this term. As I am a member of the Church of England, all the plans are necessarily Church of England; but I think I can claim as a personal friend every earnest Dissenter (and some of quite our best men would be included in the list) in the factory. I have had a boy say to me, when using the Church Catechism, 'My father does not like me to say that, sir.' And have answered, 'I am glad you have told me so, for it would have been very wrong of you to let me go on teaching you anything which your father disapproves of. But we will turn to a part of it which I know your father will approve of—the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.' This is the spirit of the whole system" (page 34).

It does the proprietors of this company no little credit that, when it was proposed to them by the directors at a meeting, specially convened for the purpose, on March 24, 1852, not only to continue these institutions at an annual expense of 900*l.*, but likewise to provide means of public worship for such of their workpeople as may require it at a further annual cost of 300*l.*, and also to reimburse to Mr. Wil-

son the 3,289*l.* expended by him, all three propositions were carried with only one dissentient. It redounds no less to Mr. Wilson's credit that he at once set apart the 3,289*l.* so reimbursed, to use his own words (page 39)—

"As the first beginning of a fund for building somewhere near the factory a beautiful chapel for ourselves, with your society's rooms on one side and schools on the other."

That the hands employed in this factory were worthy of the noble conduct of their employers is proved by the words in which they requested Mr. Wilson to report their thanks. They say (page 41), that—

"If there is any possible room for the saving of 1,200*l.* a-year in the work by extra zeal, carefulness, and activity, and watching for the company's interest as their own, this sum shall be saved."

Mr. Wilson's words at page 19 afford most pleasing ground for believing that the company, as is usual in such cases, are already great gainers by a faithful discharge of their duty to their workpeople:—

"I was also (he says), if possible, to state the amount of direct pecuniary advantage to the company from all that has been done and is doing? This I find to be impossible. One can only say generally that the whole spirit of a factory, such as I trust our's is now in prospect of becoming, will be different from that of one in which the giving and taking of wages is the only connexion between the proprietors and their people. One feels intuitively the moment the idea of two such different factories is presented to one's mind that the difference does and must necessarily, by the very laws of human nature and of religion, ensure to the one much greater prosperity than to the other, although it may be impossible to trace out the details of this, and say such and such a hundred pounds spent at such a time on the boys has brought back two hundred pounds before such and such a date afterwards. If I were forced to come to some particular proved instances of benefit to the business, I should take first the one which you witnessed the other night after coming down from the schools into the factory, a number of boys working so steadily and well at what a few years back we should not have thought of trusting to any but men, it being work requiring much greater care and attention than can be reckoned upon from untrained factory boys. Yet even here the exact pecuniary benefit cannot be stated, for the boys whom you saw at work are not substitutes for men but for machinery. It is the fact of our having at command cheap boy labour, which we dare trust, that enables us to make more by hand the better sorts of candles which we used to make like the other sorts in the machines, and which on account of the hardness of the material when so made were never free from imperfection. The benefit will come to us, not in saving of wages—(for had the choice been between the men's dear

labour and the machines we should have stuck to the machines)—but in increased trade through the imperfections of the candles alluded to being removed."

Mr. Wilson's words at page 26 contain a very salutary application of this most remarkable and praiseworthy educational effort:—

"Should you think fit to submit our educational question to the proprietors at the coming meeting, their decision will involve a principle affecting wider interests than the concerns of our factory. It will bring with it their answer to the question, on which we have so often had conversations at the board—What are the duties of the directors of a trading company, and indeed the duties of the company itself? Is such a company only bound to give an honest living to the young people who work for it, leaving all other care for them to the general institutions of the country, and to parental and other individual exertion? Or is it bound to take also a moral charge over them, and to provide in the factory system itself counteracting influences to those evil ones, which are sure to spring up and to spread rapidly in any collection, and by the mere fact of its being a collection of young people of this class, if left to take care of themselves? For my own part, I should view an affirmative answer by our proprietary to the latter of these questions as a matter of national importance. That which is looked upon as forming the chief danger of England at this moment, the separation of the owners of capital from those by whose labour it fructifies, can nowhere exist more strongly than in a joint stock manufacturing company—one such as ours—with its three or four hundred capitalists, and more than twice that number of workers; the capitalists and the workers as completely separated from each other as if they belonged to different nations. Now, if into the very business system of such a company arrangements can be introduced which shall completely counteract this danger, by forming the working part of the association to such a character as will keep them in full sympathy with the class of their employers, by their possession of the same ideas and feelings, and to some tolerable extent the same intellectual education, and if these arrangements shall be declared by a deliberate vote of the proprietors to be an essential part of their system of business, and as such to be attended to by the directors to whom they intrust that business as carefully as anything else in it, am I not right in saying that the recognition of such a principle by even one powerful company will be a matter of national importance? Will not this one fact be worth all the theoretical books upon masters and men that have ever been written?"

And, again, at page 27:—

"I feel certain that the factory system, so loudly and justly praised by every one speaking of the material prosperity of the country, but so bitterly and justly condemned by every one speaking of its moral and social condition, might be made to deserve equal praise in either point

of view. The very thought of the effect which would be produced in England by such a change as this is enough to bewilder me."

We are not without very favourable exceptions even now amongst our great landed proprietors and millowners; but certainly, were all responsible persons endued with the same deep sense of responsibility as Mr. Wilson and his Company, our schools would be neither defective nor empty, nor our people ignorant and immoral. We shall burn Price's Patent Candles with tenfold pleasure now that we are aware that a portion of the sum which we pay for material light is expended in the purchase of moral and intellectual light for those who are labouring in our service.

The other remarkable voluntary educational movement to which we alluded is described in the *Bolton Chronicle* of October 23, 1852. A large body of operatives in that densely populated manufacturing town, by donations from their employers and the proceeds of a bazaar, the stalls of which were furnished with articles of almost every description, the work of the operatives themselves, male and female, in their leisure hours, raised no less a sum than 802*l.* to provide efficient masters and mistresses and materials for night schools, to be carried on in buildings lent to them for the occasion by the clergy and dissenting ministers of the town and neighbourhood: chiefly for instruction in reading, writing, accounts, and plain needle-work, and on a principle on which Churchmen and all denominations may mix together. This also is a new and important step in the right direction, and is a proof that the labouring classes are ready enough to receive or rather seize on education, the moment really good education is placed within their reach.

Noble, however, and gratifying as these and various other like instances which might be quoted are, they serve only to show what, were human nature what it ought to be, might be done, but afford no practical solution to the question of what can really under existing circumstances be done. The evil still exists. The voluntary principle has failed to remedy it. What other remedy can be found? We know of only two—the one a Parliamentary grant: the other, a local rate. The first of these resources—a Parliamentary grant—has already to a certain, but very limited, extent been tried, and, as we have already said, with results of unmixed good. In order, however, to meet the existing evil, not only would the grant have to be immensely increased, but the principle of its distribution would have to be entirely altered. As at present administered, it is evidently not intended to meet the evil in

question. No schools except those whose funds are already in a fair condition can avail themselves of the assistance offered. For, to put out of the question building grants, to secure which at least two-thirds of the required sum must be subscribed on the spot, we will refer merely to what we may call aid for maintenance. The additions of salary, which masters or mistresses have earned by obtaining certificates after examination, are only payable on its being assured that a stipend at least twice as large as the addition granted has been raised on the spot and a suitable house provided. Book grants are only made for one-third the cost of the books. Pupil teachers are only allowed in schools already certified by the inspector to be in an efficient state, and not then unless there is a regular attendance of fifty children. It is clear then that these grants, as long as the present conditions are annexed to them, are wholly inoperative as regards the evil in question. The puzzle remains the same—how to raise the sum necessary to secure an addition to a teacher's salary, or a grant in aid of purchase of books; or how to obtain funds to bring up the school to the state of efficiency required for pupil teachers, who are utterly inadmissible in all those village schools, a very large number, which neither have or ever can have as many as fifty children. Indeed, even in those schools in which by great local exertion and individual sacrifice a sum has been raised just sufficient to secure the above advantages, while the quality and efficiency of the school are without doubt immensely enhanced by the attainment, the school funds, instead of being placed in a better, are placed in rather a worse position than before. Rather more than before has to be raised on the spot, and there is no greater facility for raising it. The school is improved; but, in order to make the improvement permanent, there is still more need than ever of begging, preaching, and bazaaring; more anxiety —more debt. And at any moment all the advantages may have to be abandoned, because it is impossible to continue to raise the funds necessary to meet the conditions on which they were obtained. These observations we make not at all in disparagement of the principle on which the Parliamentary grant has hitherto been administered, which is excellent, with reference to the object the Committee of Council have in view; but only for the purpose of showing that, in order to meet the evil arising from poverty of funds, it is wholly inoperative. Thus, in answer to the question:—

"If the Church party find an advantage with their large resources

and wealth in Government aid, must it not be still more important that the less wealthy sects of religion should obtain that advantage?"

Mr. Richson replied:—

"Undoubtedly; but the committee are aware that there is this defect in the present system of administering Government grants, that they depend upon the raising of a certain amount of voluntary contributions; so that both in connection with the Church, and out of it, the poorest schools are those that can obtain the least assistance" (*Report, Answer* 540).

And with regard to the future, the Rev. H. Moseley declares:—

"The conclusion which I draw from these facts is, that Government aid by the augmentation of teachers' salaries, however admirably adapted to the use of creating a new and more efficient body of teachers to which your lordships have applied it, is not any more than the pupil teacher system, capable *under its present form* of any such general extension as would meet the educational wants of the country" (*Minutes*, vol. i. 281).

The present form, however, might doubtless be altered, and the principle of administering the fund be changed and adapted to the new object in view; and, though such a scheme is beset with difficulties, yet doubtless a Parliamentary grant might be so administered as to place a really efficient elementary school within the reach of the poorest by making all schools either wholly or to a very great extent free, and supplying all or almost all the funds requisite for real efficiency. But at what cost? Dr Hook in 1846 calculated the whole expense of maintaining an adequate number of efficient elementary schools at 2,784,650*l*. We believe this estimate to be much too low; but assuming it to be correct, and bearing in mind also that the largest educational grant yet made by Parliament is no more than 160,000*l*., although eventually the whole sum might possibly be saved to the country by a diminution in the cost of the prosecution and punishment of crime, where is the probability that, under present circumstances, any Chancellor of the Exchequer will be induced to adopt an educational estimate of not much less than three millions? In short, with the experience furnished us by the financial debate at this moment in progress, is there any one bold enough to fix any conceivable date within which any Chancellor of the Exchequer, on either side of the house, would find it convenient to add a tithe even of the above-mentioned weight to his already over-full budget? Some people are alarmed at the mention of a Parliamentary grant

for education on a large scale on the score of centralisation, of mismanagement, of placing too much power in the hands of Government. Though we confess that our preference is on all accounts rather in favour of local taxation, yet we are free from all fears of the above description. Our great objection to the whole fund necessary for efficient elementary education being supplied by Government is its impracticability. We are afraid, lest, if the poor be never properly educated till the State supplies a fund of two or three millions for the purpose, the people will never be properly educated at all. We fear, in short, the indefinite postponement of the settling of this great question; for, as we said before, the people will not agitate for education as they did for bread; though there are unprincipled demagogues enough abroad to agitate for a godless national education, and successfully too, unless that which is sound and godly be without delay supplied. If, then, an adequate Parliamentary grant, however unexceptionable were it practicable, appears so far almost if not altogether hopeless, is there any other source which, if not as free from objection as a Parliamentary grant, to which few object except as a matter of finance, is nevertheless sufficiently free to be practicable, and at the same time more likely to be attained? Our attention is, of course, immediately turned to a local rate. What, then, are the objections to a local educational rate? Some people say that, at a time when every one, even Churchmen themselves, are wishing to get rid of church-rates, it is very inconsistent and unwise to propose an education rate. We reply that there is no analogy between the two. By a church-rate all denominations are compelled to contribute to the support of one particular form of faith in which they none of them agree? But an education-rate would with very few exceptions be for the benefit of all. The Jews and the Roman Catholics appear to us to be the only denominations who have any real cause for complaint, supposing the principle of administering the rate to be of the description of that laid down in the Manchester and Salford Local Bill. The Jewish difficulty might soon be got over, or perhaps even is by this time got over—(see *Report*, p. 176). And, as for the Roman Catholic difficulty, seeing that is concerned only with the rate-built schools, it really appears to be more imaginary than real, especially as the objection raised in Manchester has been entirely got over on the other side of the water; for (see *Report*, p. 501), in the United States almost universally the Roman Catholic children are brought up in the common rate-

built and rate-supported schools; and not only read the Scriptures daily, but read them also in the same version as the Protestant children. We cannot expect perfect unanimity. There are some, doubtless, in every town who would rather be without a gas-rate or a paving-rate. They are not, however, on that account withheld from the wishes of the great majority. And, certainly, if the feeling of Manchester may be taken as a fair type of that throughout the country generally, an education-rate will, simply as a rate, be as popular as anything in the shape of a money payment is ever likely to be. For 40,000 rate-payers signed the petition for the local bill; and 60,000 adult males signed the petition for the secular bill, none of them included in the 40,000; yet all equally sanctioning the principle of an education-rate. So 100,000 adult males out of a population of 390,566—that is to say, nearly all the adult males—have sanctioned with their signatures the principle of an education-rate, though they differed as to the mode in which it should be applied. Nor does there seem to be any greater weight in the objection already noticed, as urged by Mr. Close and others, that an education-rate will pauperise education, and cause it to be undervalued or even despised. Is gas, is pavement, is water despised, because supplied by rate? It is not correct even to say that the poor will get their education for nothing because it is supplied by rate. Each householder will have to pay his quota of the rate; and the very fact that he must pay, though it be but a trifle per annum, for the support of schools, whether he sends his children to them or not, will be one of the most constraining motives for sending them. There are many reasons in favour of a rate. In many cases the wife would gladly send the children to school, were it not that a drunken husband spends almost all his earnings upon himself. In such a case the rate must at all events be paid, and therefore the children will be sent to school. Again: when there are several children in a family at the same time of school age, the accumulated payment for all becomes so large at one particular period of life that the children are kept as a matter of necessity at home. In case of a rate, the school payment, instead of pressing heavily upon one particular period of life, will be spread over the whole life, and be at once equally distributed and small. Again, under present circumstances, the burden of educating the poor rests almost entirely upon a few willing shoulders, which, as is the usual case with willing horses, are almost ridden to death, while others whose duty it is to share the burden avoid it altogether. A rate would

oblige all to do their duty in this one important point, in which it cannot be left undone without serious detriment to society; while it would still leave open for the exercise of voluntary beneficence more channels than are ever likely to be properly filled. Thus there are great advantages on the side of supporting education by a local rate, and few if any objections that have much real foundation. And while the chief objection to the plan of supplying school funds by a Parliamentary grant consists in the great improbability of a sufficient grant being ever proposed by the Government, if we may take the feeling of the people of Manchester as anything at all approximating to a correct index of the general feeling of the country; if only the conditions of administering it can be agreed upon, a local rate does not appear so improbable.

The sum and substance of the whole matter, then, is this —partly through inability to pay the school fees, partly through indifference on the part of the parents caused in some measure by the defective character of a great majority of existing schools, and partly owing to other causes, a large number of children in every district of Great Britain, exclusive of those who are actually employed, are at present in attendance on no daily school at all. Of those who are attending daily schools, owing to the generally very deficient character of the instruction imparted in those schools, a comparatively small number only are receiving anything which really deserves the name of education. This generally defective state of schools is owing not to any want of efficient teachers, good books, or proper apparatus—still less to any deficiency of convenient school-rooms; but to a want of funds, out of which to secure permanently an adequate salary for an efficient master, provide all that is necessary for the service of a well-conducted school, and secure the various educational advantages offered by the Committee of Council. That an attempt zealously carried on for many years to raise adequate funds by voluntary contributions, by school-fees, or by a combination of both is, as indeed is proved by the present defective state of the schools, acknowledged by the joint consent of all parties, except a few enthusiasts, to have signally failed and to be simply impossible. Equally impossible is it for Government without an immense increase of the funds at present at their disposal, and without an entire change of the principles on which those funds are at present administered, to meet the present emergency. The minutes of 1846 have done admirably the work which they were intended to do; but, as regards remedying the deficiency of

school funds, an object towards which they were never directed, they are of course wholly inoperative. Two, and only two, courses remain. These are—to raise an adequate fund for the maintenance of a sufficient number of really well taught and disciplined schools either by a large public grant or a system of local rates. It is impossible to point out any other remedy for the preaching, begging, and bazaaring, by which an inadequate, uncertain, fluctuating income—with great anxiety to all parties concerned and at a great sacrifice to a few generous parties—is in almost all cases raised with great difficulty, and in many cases cannot be raised at all. Such we believe to be the facts of the case. They are facts deposed to by the very inspectors employed by Government.

Now, of the two only courses open, we have no intention to decide which is the best. Each has its advantages and disadvantages. A combination of both would, in all probability, be at once the best and the most practicable. Be this, however, as it may, it seems to us that the time has come when the Government, or, if Government still hesitates, Parliament ought to make up its mind, solve the question, and put its hand vigorously to the work of carrying out the solution practically into even the most remote village throughout the length and breadth of the land. The people's House ought without further delay to provide that the people no longer live and die in ignorance. Corn has already been brought to the poor man's cottage—education must follow. Now that the body is satisfied, the mind must not be allowed to perish with hunger. It is not the wish of the country to be either priest-ridden or infidel-ridden—to give the rein either to the National Society or the Local Education Association. A good secular education, based on sound religious principle, but with scrupulous regard to religious liberty and freedom of conscience, is the desire of the country. The people wish for this and the people will have it. Each year of delay is a year of increase of the evil. In 1851 the Exhibition, in 1852 a political crisis, stopped the wheels of legislation. At this, the beginning of a new session, when the stumbling-block of Protection has been cast out of the road, it may be hoped surely that progress may be again made, and that in the direction of national education. What need for further procrastination under the name of deliberation? Is not the time for action long since come? When paupers are actually receiving, as in many of our industrial schools—Swinton, for instance—a better education than the independent poor, surely it is time to be up and stirring.

It is a noble subject for either a Minister or an ex-Minister, or her Majesty's Government, or her Majesty's Opposition, to take up. The Corn-law League has done its work. We wish there were an Education League established. Men's eyes are at length opened to the defective condition of the national defences of Great Britain: a militia is enrolled: old forts are being repaired and new forts are being built. Screw-propeller line of battle-ships are on the stocks. The whole country is becoming quite military, and every one seems on the *qui vive* in his own department to give effect to the warning voice of the great captain whom we have just committed to an honourable grave; and yet at least twenty miles of channel are between us and any foreign foe. Meanwhile ignorance and infidelity, the worst of enemies, the parents of revolution and ruin, are actually in the midst of us. Why delay we then a single moment to build up the only possible national defence against such aggressions—a good sound system of really efficient elementary schools?

ART. VII.—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. J. HOWSON, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. Two vols. Longmans. 1852.

ST. PAUL speaks of himself as one born out of due time—as the least of the apostles—and not meet to be called an apostle, because he had persecuted the Church of God; but he also adds, by the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace was not bestowed in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. And this humility, combined with this diligence, has been so crowned with God's blessing that the fruits of the labours of this one apostle occupy a more prominent place in the word of God, and have left broader and deeper traces of their effects in the history of the world, than the labours of all the other apostles, if combined into one narrative, could furnish.

This is not a mere accident, owing to the fortuitous circumstances of which a man of strong natural energy and of highly cultivated intellect skilfully took advantage; but it resulted from the fact that a great work had then to be done which had been pre-determined in the counsels of God, for

accomplishing which a peculiar instrument and peculiar preparation of that instrument was required, and hence resulted that extraordinary success which attended the preaching of St. Paul.

God was about to accomplish the purposes which he had long before announced by the prophets of the Old Testament of casting off the Jewish people, and of taking out of the Gentiles a people for his name (Hos. i. 3; Amos ix. 11; Acts xv. 16); and St. Paul was the "chosen vessel" for accomplishing this great work. God, therefore, calling him as the apostle of the Gentiles, and revealing to him that great mystery now being brought into manifestation and endowing him with the Holy Spirit, turned all the natural and acquired talents of St. Paul into a new direction; and sent him forth upon the grand work of gathering the spiritual tribes of Israel in place of the literal seed of Abraham, who had despised and rejected the Messiah and neglected the day of their visitation, and were to be driven into all lands and trodden under foot of the heathen. And God, by his providence and in his grace, was with St. Paul as thus furnished for the work to open a way before him, and to give effect and permanence to his labours in the Gospel among the heathen nations.

Paul's conversion was instantaneous, and by a more direct and miraculous interposition of God than any other instance recorded in the New Testament; leading to the inference that an extraordinary work had to be done by that man whom God had laid his hand upon in so extraordinary a manner. And when the fear of a man, who had been hitherto known only as "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the Church, would have deterred Ananias from visiting Paul, "the Lord said unto him, Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel; for I will show him how great things he must suffer for my sake" (Acts ix. 16).

St. Paul always spoke of his mission as being something special and peculiar, and as a work for which he had been destined long before his call and even from his birth; for, writing to the Galatians, he says, "I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, nor was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.....But when it pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach the Gospel among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." And, writing to the Ephesians, he

says, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which, from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ" (Eph. iii. 9). And when he would have tarried in Jerusalem, thinking that by being bred up at the feet of Gamaliel he was peculiarly qualified to preach the Gospel to the Jews, the Lord appeared to him in a vision, and said, "Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles" (Acts xx. 11, 21).

The call of St. Paul was a turning point in God's dealings with mankind, and the opening of a new mystery in the counsels of divine wisdom. It is this that gives such great importance to the history of that apostle and to the doctrines which he preached; and it is only by thus regarding him as commissioned to declare a further development of the purpose of God, and consequent upon the termination of the Mosaic dispensation, that we can fully understand St. Paul's meaning in saying of the apostles, which were before him, that they "in conference added nothing to me. But contrarywise, when they saw that the Gospel of the uncircumcision was committed unto me, as the Gospel of the circumcision was unto Peter (for he that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision the same was mighty in me towards the Gentiles), they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go unto the heathen and they unto the circumcision" (Gal. ii. 9).

But we should err if we supposed that the Gospel preached by St. Paul was another Gospel, for he himself was most strenuous in maintaining that there was but one Gospel; and, even if an angel from heaven preached any other Gospel, he was to be held accursed. The Gospel in its substance was the same, but it had to be enlarged in its application. It came first to the Jews, showing them that Christ was the end of the law, and that in him all its types entered; and that by him all the promises made to the fathers, by the prophets, were to be fulfilled. And then it become expanded so as to become that Gospel which was preached to Abraham four-hundred-and-thirty years before the giving of the law, by showing Christ to be the seed in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed, and as the seed promised to Eve who should bruise the serpent's head.

When our Lord first called the twelve apostles he commanded them, saying, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles,

and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Mat. x. 6). It does not appear that this command was repealed, and the twelve seem to have regarded it as their rule; and that any care or thought bestowed upon the Gentiles was secondary and exceptional employment. Peter needed a special vision to overcome his Jewish prejudices in the case of Cornelius, and had to apologise for what he had done when he returned to the other apostles at Jerusalem; and we see how abiding this feeling was in the necessity Paul was under of withstanding Peter to the face for his dissimulation at a subsequent period (Gal. ii. 11); and even in the usual course of action in Paul himself, who was accustomed to address the Jews first, and only when they had rejected the offers of mercy to appeal to the Gentiles. "Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said it was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation to the ends of the earth" (Acts xiii. 47; Isa. xlix. 6). The prophecy here referred to by St. Paul is a proof that the work which he was specially commissioned to do was only a continuation and enlargement of the same Gospel and the same purpose of God; for it is preceded by a declaration that the preparatory and initiatory work for bringing salvation to the Gentiles was to be by the offer of the same salvation to the Jews; but that this was only *a light thing* in comparison with the great and final thing which followed; "and he said, It is a light thing that thou shouldst be my servant, to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel. I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be for salvation unto the end of the earth."

It would be a great mistake if we allowed the supposition that the Gospel preached by St. Paul differed in any essential particular from that preached by St. Peter and the other apostles of the circumcision. For such an admission would imply the possibility of two Churches—one of the circumcision, the other of the uncircumcision—which would be as absurd as two bodies having one head. The chief feature in the mystery which had been revealed to St. Paul was this, that the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile had been then broken down so as to make of the twain one new man, or one holy temple, for an habitation of God through the Spirit

(Eph. ii.). "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body whether we be Jew or Gentile, whether we be bond or free" (1 Cor. xii. 13).

Nor may we entertain the idea that the enlargement into the liberty of the Gospel is a change in the purpose of God. For the law was added because of transgression, until the seed should come to whom the promise was made; and Christ is the end of the law, for righteousness, to every one that believeth. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved (Rom. x. 4, 13). Christ himself said, Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. And as he summed up the whole of the law in the one new principle of love—thus both enlarging and spiritualizing the whole—so this same principle of love became the means of reaching the hearts of Gentiles who knew not the law, and of uniting both Jew and Gentile in one common bond to our heavenly Father, who hath so loved the world that he hath given his only begotten Son to die for us.

The way in which St. Paul had been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus peculiarly fitted him to preach the Gospel to others. For he had been plucked as a brand from the burning: he was suddenly arrested in his mad career of hostility to the Son of God, and that very hand which he had defied was stretched out to pardon and to save in the same spirit of tenderness which had been evinced on the cross, in saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. St. Paul calls himself the chief of sinners; but adds—"Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting" (1 Tim. i. 16.)

And this leads us to an understanding of what was the characteristic distinction between the Gospel as preached to the circumcision and to the uncircumcision. Christ crucified and raised from the dead was the subject in both cases, and faith in him was held out as the only way of salvation in either case. But the faith of the Jews rested principally upon the exact fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the Messiah which they recognised in Jesus of Nazareth; and this is the kind of argument which St. Peter addresses to them on the day of Pentecost and on many other occasions. But on the Gentiles such an argument would have no effect, for they knew

not the Scriptures, "being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12). To these therefore some other argument must be addressed, and that is the love of God—love to the undeserving. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the *whole family* in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might, by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded *in love* may be able to comprehend, *with all saints*, what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know the LOVE OF CHRIST, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. iii. 19).

St. Paul was well acquainted with the Hebrew element in the Gospel, and he did not undervalue or despise it. On the contrary, after asking "What advantage hath a Jew? or what profit is there in circumcision?" he answers, "Much every way." But though he had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and had been taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous towards God even as the strictest of the Pharisees (Acts xxii. 3), yet when he received the revelation of Christ as the apostle of the Gentiles it carried him far beyond the law, and enabled him to embrace the purposes of God towards the Gentiles as well as the Jews; so that the Gospel which he preached was co-extensive with that which had been preached to Abraham, four-hundred-and-thirty years before the giving of the law, saying, "In thee shall all nations be blessed" (Gal. iii. 8). Yea, he could regard Abraham himself as standing on precisely the same footing as the Gentiles, in having been called of God and in being justified by faith alone. "For the promise that he should be the heir of the world was not to Abraham or to his seed through the law, but through the righteousness of faith. And he received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had, yet being uncircumcised; that he might be the father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised; that righteousness might be imputed to them also; and the father of circumcision to them who are not of the circumcision only, but also walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham, which he had, yet being uncircumcised. For if they which are of the law be heirs, faith is made void, and the promise made of none effect (Rom. iv. 11-14). Nay, he could look higher than Abraham, and could regard him as receiving blessing from one greater than himself, even Melchizedec, the priest of the most High God, the Lord

of heaven and earth, who stands the earliest and the most conspicuous type of Christ as he shall appear at the second advent, as we are taught by the hundred-and-tenth-Psalm, and the whole argument of the epistle to the Hebrews.

For St. Paul not only looks back beyond the giving of the law, but looks forward also beyond the casting off of the Jews and the gathering of the Gentiles, to the re-building of the tabernacle of David which is fallen down; and the future literal fulfilment of all the promises made to the fathers in Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms. And as the threats against the unbelievers have been fulfilled to the letter, and the Jews are become a proverb and a reproach throughout all the earth, so when they shall have turned to the Lord, they will be made a praise and a glory among all nations. And of the land it is said, "Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passeth through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations" (Isai. lx. 15); while St. Paul writing to the Gentiles saith, "I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, that blindness in part has happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of *Z*ion the deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob. For this is my covenant unto them when I shall take away their sins.....For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. For as ye in times past have not believed God, yet have now obtained mercy through their unbelief, even so have these also now not believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy. For God hath concluded them all in unbelief that he might have mercy upon all" (Rom. xi. 25, 32).

If we were required to specify that portion of St. Paul's writings in which this reach and compass of the whole purpose of God in Christ most conspicuously appears, we should point unquestionably to the epistle to the Hebrews; and this characteristic of that book of Scripture has always appeared to us conclusive evidence that Paul was the writer of the same. Who but Paul, even among the apostles, appears to have soared so high or to have embraced so wide a field of vision at that time? For it was written before the Gospel of John and the Apocalypse; and its general accordance with these most spiritual portions of holy Scripture, yet perfect originality of its own, and the flood of light which it throws both on the past and the future, all conspire to prove that the great apostle of the Gentiles was its author; for to no other man had the revelation of such mysteries as these been vouchsafed. And even he did not write these things in his earlier epistles; for

they are meant for such as are strong, or mature and experienced Christians, "who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil" (Heb. v. 14).

The beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, have this degree of resemblance, that they both ascribe the creation and disposition of all things to the Eternal Word, and speak of the creation as thus ordered by the Son, that in the fulness of time he might become incarnate, to reveal the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in flesh. But here the parallel between the Epistle and Gospel ceases; the subject of the Gospel being the Godhead veiled under the form of a servant and humbling itself to the conditions of our mortal nature; the subject of the Epistle being that mortal nature triumphant over death, and seated at the right hand of God as King and Priest, and as about to come again to take possession of the earth as his inheritance, in order that those who now follow him in humiliation may be with him in the kingdom of glory.

At an early period of St. Paul's labours among the Gentiles he had found the Hebrew element brought in as an impediment, and used to cramp the liberty of the Gospel by bringing men again under bondage to the law; and the Epistle to the Galatians was written to correct this abuse, and it seems to have done this effectually. For in the subsequent epistles to Churches in the same region, such as Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, there is no allusion to this error; but the apostle expatiates freely as to a willing and consenting people on the fulness of the love of God, to be apprehended in the Gospel. And in his latest epistle to to the Churches—that to the Hebrews—he uses all the types of the Old Testament, not only as means of carrying on the faith of the Church beyond the Mosaic law, but also beyond the present dispensation—saying, "Therefore, leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection" (Heb. vi); and then describes and reasons upon the progress of the Church towards the kingdom to come in terms which are in striking correspondence with the revelation of the same things which we find in the visions of the Apocalypse.

We have made these observations in order to suggest another and, as we think, a more important element, for deciding on the order in which the Epistles of St. Paul were written, than the mere historical narrative contained in the book of Acts. We believe that the internal evidence afforded by the adaptation of the several epistles to the development

of doctrine, and the growth and enlargement of faith in the Church, is the best criterion for determining their relative order. We see in the Gospel of St. John a depth and spirituality far in advance of the three preceding Gospels, and we know as an historical fact that it was the last written of the four. And there is no reason why the same rule should not apply to the several epistles of St. Paul, the exact order of which has always been a subject of much dispute in the Church.

The data afforded by the Acts of the Apostles are very incomplete, not only as to notes of time and the succession of events, but as to such facts as St. Paul's several visits to Jerusalem. For the two visits which he specifies in the Epistle to the Galatians do not well agree with any of the journeys recorded in the Book of Acts; while two of Paul's visits to Jerusalem mentioned in the Acts (ix. 26; xi. 30), are not alluded to in the Epistle to the Galatians. The argument of St. Paul with the Galatians only required that he should mention such interviews with the apostles at Jerusalem as had reference to the supposed discrepancy of doctrine; and these interviews would be, from their very object, of a private nature. St. Luke's narrative, on the contrary, noticed only such events as were of a public and notorious character. It is, moreover, evident that it did not form any part of St. Luke's plan to place each event in its true chronological sequence; but he gave the entire history of one transaction to its completion, and then takes up another and carries it uninterruptedly to its close, though it may have commenced at an earlier period than the conclusion of the preceding chapter. The nineteenth verse of the eleventh chapter, for instance, joins on *chronologically* to the conclusion of the seventh chapter; for it takes up the history of the Church of Antioch, the first Gentile Church, and commences it from that dispersion of the disciples which had its origin in the martyrdom of Stephen.

But three other events, to which we cannot ascribe any other origin than the martyrdom of Stephen, are inserted between the seventh and eleventh chapters, and must therefore be regarded as in some respects parallel and as contemporaneous with the first planting of the Church of Antioch. These events are—the founding a Church at Samaria, the conversion of St. Paul, and the conversion of Cornelius. We regard these four transactions as going on very nearly at the same time, save that the work at Samaria was first concluded, and the conversion of Cornelius was last begun. For it

appears to us that the thirty-second verse of the ninth chapter joins on in order of time to the twenty-fifth verse of the eighth; and, consequently, that the conversions both of Paul and of Cornelius took place nearly at the same time, and that both should be dated about A.D. 34 to 37.

True piety will ever regard all the affairs of the world as under the superintendence of the providence of God, and as continually made subservient to the advancement of the Church and glory of Christ therein. And, as a great step was about to be taken in admitting the Gentiles to a participation of those privileges which had been hitherto limited exclusively to the Jews, it is reasonable to suppose that all the necessary means for accomplishing this great purpose were simultaneously brought into operation. These means were the opening of the door to the Gentiles by Peter the chief of the apostles, the calling of Paul and constituting him the apostle of the Gentiles, and preparing a people at Antioch to be formed into the first Gentile Church; and all these events followed as consequences of the martyrdom of Stephen.

For the persecution which then arose scattered the disciples abroad: some of whom went to Samaria and the regions round about—some travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but Jews only at first (Acts xi. 19); but, at Antioch, beginning to preach the word to the Grecians also (verse 20). At the same time Paul, who had rendered himself conspicuous at Stephen's martyrdom, followed the scattered disciples even to strange cities; and when journeying to Damascus with this hostile purpose was himself converted, so as to become the chief preacher to the heathen of that Gospel the professors of which he had heretofore so cruelly persecuted. And Peter, hearing of the reception which the disciples met with in Samaria, and being sent to build such a people into a Church —(for the Samaritans were regarded by the Jews as little better than the heathen)—was in some measure prepared for that work which, by special vision, he was sent to do at Cæsarea. And his account of these things on his return to Jerusalem (Acts xi. 2) prepared the way for sending Barnabas to Antioch, when tidings of the reception of the Gospel in the Greek city of Antioch reached the ears of the Church which was at Jerusalem (Acts xi. 22). Barnabas immediately afterwards sought for Paul to assist him in the great work begun among the Gentiles, Paul having then been about four years converted to the faith.

We are obliged to speak with diffidence as to the time when most of these events took place, because there are but two points of time in the history of St. Paul which we are able to determine with any tolerable degree of accuracy—namely, that visit to Jerusalem recorded in the twelfth chapter of Acts, which must have taken place A.D. 44, as that was the year in which Herod died; and the termination of St. Paul's detention at Cæsarea (Acts xxiv. 27), fixed at A.D. 62, by the removal of Felix in that year. Therefore, the occurrences of nearly ten years from the conversion of St. Paul find their place in that portion of the Acts which precedes the twelfth chapter; and the events of eighteen ensuing years in the remaining portion of St. Luke's history carry us down to the time when St. Paul was sent as a prisoner to Rome.

If we assume A.D. 34 as the date of Paul's conversion, his first visit to Jerusalem, being three years after (Gal. i. 18), would occur A.D. 37, probably soon after St. Peter's return from Cesarea (Acts xi. 1, 13). This visit was only of fifteen days' duration; and Paul saw none of the apostles save Peter and James the Less (Gal. i. 19). Therefore, we do not think it the same visit which is spoken of in the Acts (ix. 26); for, on this last occasion, Barnabas introduced Paul to all the apostles:—"And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem: and he spake boldly, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians" (Acts ix. 29). But we regard this as a second visit, not mentioned in the Epistle to the Galatians, taking place about two years after the first: and we couple it with that visit which St. Paul refers to (Acts xxii. 17; 2 Cor. xii.), when the Lord appeared to him in the temple and said, "Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me.....Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." And we need not be embarrassed by this omission in the Epistle to the Galatians, since the next visit recorded in the Acts (xii.) occurring in the year 44, and therefore only ten years after Paul's conversion, and only seven years after his first visit, is unquestionably passed over: the second visit mentioned in the epistle being after an interval of fourteen years (Gal. ii).

From Jerusalem, after that visit which we believe to have been the second, A.D. 39, St. Paul went to Tarsus in Cilicia, his native place: and there Barnabas sought him out, as one called to be the apostle to the Gentiles, in order to help him in building a Church at Antioch in Syria, where the disciples were first called "Christians." Supposing this work to have

began A.D. 40, there would be ample time before A.D. 44, which was the year of Herod's death (Acts xii.), to establish the Church at Antioch, and carry that relief to the poor saints at Jerusalem which was the occasion of St. Paul's third visit (Acts xi. 29).

The next visit is that which is mentioned second in the Epistle to the Galatians, but which we purpose calling the fourth visit. St. Paul says that he went up on this occasion "by revelation," and that it was then determined by James, Peter, and John, to leave the conversion of the heathen in the hands of Paul and Barnabas; while the first apostles should direct their efforts to the circumcision, whether in Judea or dispersed through distant lands. This visit, therefore, forms a most important epoch in the history of St. Paul; whether we advert to its being by divine appointment as the going up "by revelation" implies; or whether we regard the full recognition of St. Paul, as the apostle of the Gentiles, by the other apostles. Yet the time and the occasion of this visit cannot be regarded as points satisfactorily determined; for critics and commentators are not agreed as to its time, and whether the fourteen years are to be reckoned from the conversion of St. Paul, or from his first visit to Jerusalem—that is, whether it took place A.D. 48, or 51—and they are not agreed whether it is the same visit which is recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts, or some other visit not mentioned by St. Luke, because it was of a private nature.

After giving our best attention to the arguments which have been adduced on either side, we feel convinced that this fourth visit was private, or rather that it was for the personal satisfaction and assurance of St. Paul, and that it in no way entered into St. Luke's intention, in writing the Acts of the Apostles, to record every private occurrence in St. Paul's history, but only such as were of a public nature. The mission of Paul and Barnabas was upon a question which greatly troubled the Church at Antioch, and the council at Jerusalem met in order to determine this question; and they wrote a formal letter to the Churches, embodying the solemn decision to which, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, they had come (Acts xv. 28). This is a very different sort of visit from that which St. Paul speaks of in the second chapter of Galatians, which was not a Church mission, but was in consequence of some private revelation which was not on any question that troubled the Church, but was for his own private satisfaction; "lest by any means I should run or had run in vain;" and which was not determined by summoning a

council, but by communicating *privately*, and to them that were of reputation, that Gospel which had been preached to the Gentiles; and which concluded, not in a letter addressed to the Churches, but by the apostles at Jerusalem giving the right hand of fellowship to Paul and Barnabas, in token of their entire approval of the things they were preaching to the heathen.

We think that this fourth visit to Jerusalem was made soon after Paul and Barnabas had returned from their first missionary tour (Acts xiii. xiv.) For, having found that the Gospel preached by them was far more acceptable to the Gentiles than to the Jews, and that these latter not only refused it themselves, but often stirred up the Gentiles to reject it after they had for a time received it, Paul and Barnabas could not but desire to have that Gospel which they preached tested by those who were of the highest authority and longest standing in the Church; since it might possibly happen that the omission of some truth, or the introduction of some error, had made the Gospel preached by them distasteful to the Jews. And we think it exceedingly probable that Peter, after he had heard from Paul and Barnabas of the success they had met with among the Gentiles, should either return with them to Antioch, or soon after proceed thither, to witness the progress of that work among the Gentiles which he himself had been employed to begin by baptizing Cornelius. It seems clear to us that this is the only place where the dissimulation of Peter (Gal. ii. 11) could come in, as it is the only time when such an epistle as that to the Galatians could be written—namely, after the first missionary tour, and before the council of Jerusalem, during their stay at Antioch—where it is said, "They abode long time with the disciples" (Acts xiv. 28). For "certain who came from James" (Gal. ii. 12) are the occasion of Peter's dissimulation; "and certain men which came from Judea" (Acts xv. 1), who are evidently the same party, cause that dissension at Antioch which rendered it necessary to send Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem, that this question might be brought before the highest tribunal in the Church.

The mission of Paul and Barnabas, which caused the assembling of this council, we call the fifth visit of Paul to Jerusalem and we place it soon after the reproof given to Peter at Antioch. To regard the council thus, when Peter ranged himself on the side of Paul, in not desiring to impose the yoke of the law on Gentile converts, places Peter in a noble and dignified aspect, by showing that Paul's reproof

had taken effect, and that he had overcome that fear of man which led to his dissimulation at Antioch. But, if we postpone the occurence at Antioch till after the council of Jerusalem, it places Peter's conduct in such a light as to be utterly repugnant to our sense of Christian integrity, and therefore renders it, we think, incredible. For, after he had said in the council that God put "no difference" between Jew and Gentile," and had asked "Why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?" (Acts xv. 10)—and had been party to an epistle saying, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay on you no other burden," &c.—to dissemble after such solemn acts as these, would imply not weakness and fear of man, but want of the fear of God. Moreover, by supposing the dissimulation to have occurred after the council, a painful uncertainty is left hanging over Peter's character, as there is nothing recorded indicating a return to steadfastness. But by reading this transaction, as occurring before the council, Peter's character is fully redeemed. "And some days after, Paul said to Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do" (Acts xv. 36). This second journey into Asia was not, therefore, so much a missionary tour to preach the Gospel as a pastoral visit to confirm and establish those who had already received the Gospel. And one of the main inducements seems to have been that decision which had been pronounced at Jerusalem, which released the Gentiles from the bondage of the law—a question in which the Churches of Asia Minor were so deeply interested. This fact appears in its being said that, "As they went through the cities, they delivered them the decrees for to keep that were ordained of the apostles and elders which were at Jerusalem. And so were the Churches established in the faith and increased in number daily. Now, when they had gone throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia, they essayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not" (xvi. 4, 7).

From hence it would seem to follow that the Churches of Galatia, to whom St. Paul addressed his epistle, had been planted during his first missionary tour, and are to be understood as having been visited where it is said—"The word of the Lord was published throughout all the region" (xiii. 49); or when they "fled to Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia, and unto the region that lieth round about: and there they

preached the Gospel" (xiv. 7); for in this revisitation, to confirm the Churches already planted, Derbe and Lystra (xvi. 1), and Phrygia, and the region of Galatia (xvi. 6), are the only places mentioned. And it is to be borne in mind that Galatia was not a city, but was an extensive region, the boundaries of which were frequently shifting. It was sometimes included in Phrygia or Lycaonia, and at other times regarded as a distinct province. And there were several Churches planted there to whom the epistle might be regarded as a circular address.

The internal evidence from the epistle itself confirms this view of the case, that it was written before Paul's second journey into Asia, and before the council of Jerusalem. For as the question handled in the epistle to the Galatians is precisely the same which was determined by that council, the simple way of settling it in the minds of the Galatians would be by referring to the unanimous decision of the whole Church—including Peter, James, and the apostles of the circumcision; and not by an elaborate argument vindicating his own commission as apostle to the Gentiles, and maintaining that it was equal to that of the apostles of the circumcision. But these "decrees of the apostles and elders which were at Jerusalem" (xvi. 4) are not once alluded to in the Epistle to the Galatians, and we therefore conclude that the epistle was written before the council at Jerusalem; after the return of Paul and Barnabas to Antioch from their first missionary tour (Acts xiv. 26, 28).

We therefore regard the Epistle to the Galatians as the first of St. Paul's epistles, and as an evidence that as early as A.D. 51 the understanding was that Peter and the first apostles should minister to the circumcision, leaving the uncircumcision or Gentiles to the care of Paul and Barnabas. And this agreement seems to have been acted upon during the life-time of Peter and Paul; but when both these leaders were removed at nearly the same time—Peter at Babylon and Paul at Rome—the remaining apostles were constrained, however reluctantly, to take the oversight of the Gentile Churches. And soon after this the temple at Jerusalem was destroyed, and the Jewish nation scattered to distant lands; and thus the last fragment of the partition wall between Jew and Gentile was demolished: for it is impossible to keep any portion of the Mosaic law when the temple and priesthood no longer exist; and it is a mere delusion to suppose that the Jews in their present scattered and degraded condition are keeping the law or serving God. They are precisely in

that condition foretold by Hosea, abiding "many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without teraphim" (Hos. iii. 4). And so they will remain until they return and seek the Lord their God.

It was after the death of Paul, and especially after the destruction of Jerusalem, that the surviving apostles turned their attention to the Gentiles; and St. John, the first among them, directed his attention to Asia Minor, which had been the earliest sphere of St. Paul's labours among the Gentiles. St. John's abode was at Ephesus, but he extended his care over all the Seven Churches of Asia, as is evidenced by his being commanded to send instructions to them all when the Lord appeared to him in Patmos. And it is probable that for these Churches the Gospel of St. John was primarily designed, and that to them his epistles were written.

Those epistles of St. Paul which were written before his imprisonment, excepting that to the Romans, were all called for by some pressing emergency, in one or other of the Gentile Churches which he had planted. That to the Galatians was written to correct a Judaizing spirit, which was leavening them with Pharisaism. The first epistle to the Thessalonians was directed against hopeless sorrowing for the departed, and this was counteracted by setting before that Church the mystery of the first resurrection and the translation of the saints, both to be effected at the same time by the second coming of the Lord. But since this was misunderstood by some, as if it implied that the coming of the Lord was near at hand, another epistle was written to the same Church to inform them that there was a mystery of iniquity yet to be developed, and that it must first be brought to a head in a personal antichrist; and that when he should attain the height of his power, and all human efforts would seem to be vain, then the Lord himself would interpose and come in person to destroy this usurper, and deliver the world out of the hands of Satan and his instruments. The epistles to the Corinthians were written to a speculative and disputatious people, who were inclined to suppose that Christianity was only a new kind of philosophy, and that of it there might be several schools: some said they were of Paul's school, others were followers of Apollos, others of Cephas, and others of Christ. To correct this it is shown that Christianity stands not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God; and that its truths cannot be fully apprehended by the unassisted reason of man, but must be taught

by the illuminating grace of the Holy Spirit. But as some among them had fallen into an opposite error, by making the gifts of the Spirit to supersede and extinguish the reason of man and had occasioned great disorder in the Church, he points out to them that man's responsibility in the exercise of the gifts which he has received is not taken away by these endowments; for God is not the author of confusion, but of order: therefore, that everything must be done decently and in order in the Churches. And as some had pressed this exaggerated view of the Christian standing so far as to regard it equivalent to being literally risen with Christ, and that to those who are regenerate the resurrection is past already, St. Paul takes occasion to declare, more largely than in any other of his epistles, the necessity of holding firmly the literal resurrection of the body, based on the literal resurrection of Christ; which was made palpable to the sense by the incredulity of Thomas, and further demonstrated by his eating meat before them: since, without this doctrine, preaching would be vain, and faith also vain; and not only the fact of the resurrection is dwelt upon, in the epistle to the Corinthians, but the manner and order in which it shall be accomplished.

Thus the various conditions of the several Gentile Churches, under the care of St. Paul, has been the means of drawing out from this highly-gifted apostle instructions profitable to the universal Church during all time, and under all the various temptations and trials to which she is exposed. And in the epistle to the Romans—which was written to a people whom he had not visited, and of whom he had heard nothing but what was favourable—we have the Gospel laid out as it were in the abstract, in all its freeness and fulness, as suitable for all mankind; for Gentile as well as Jew, for poor as well as educated, for bond as well as free. And in the Epistle to the Romans it is that the elements of Paul's Gospel, as distinguished from that Peter, are principally to be found; while the precious fruits of it, in the love and joy and peace shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, principally appears in the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, written during Paul's imprisonment at Rome. And the fervour and joy which these epistles breathe forth afford the best practical comment on the Gospel preached by St. Paul, and evince that, where it is received in faith, bonds, and imprisonment, and temporal afflictions, are matters of indifference.

The full benefit, however, of this precious inheritance, left by

St. Paul to the Church, can only be enjoyed by those who make themselves acquainted with the circumstances under which each epistle was written, and the subject which it specially treats of, and the exact meaning and force of the expressions which are employed. Not that there is not a great deal in St. Paul's epistles, as in all other parts of holy Scripture, which the most simple and illiterate may understand and feed upon; and the great truths of Christianity are always easy of apprehension. But St. Paul had to deal with subjects requiring much exercise of thought, and to speak of things demanding great accuracy of language: therefore, his writings especially court and amply repay the labour of the learned.

We think that in this respect the work of Messrs. Conybeare and Howson is very valuable. It not only gives a very clear account of the circumstances under which each epistle was written, but gives a new translation of them all, with the best light on disputed passages which the most able critics have elicited. These translations we very highly appreciate, not as tending to supersede the authorised English version, but as explanatory of it. The authorised version, as a whole, will never be improved; and any attempt to tamper with it would destroy its venerable character, and make it a patchwork thing, like new cloth in an old garment. It is, therefore, that we approve these entirely new translations of the epistles.

It is not easy to give our readers a correct idea of the service which has been rendered to the unlearned in the work before us; but we select a few instances at random, chiefly such as are brief, and may be understood without the context.

In the authorised version it is written, "Do I now persuade men or God? Or do I seek to please men?—for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ" (Gal. i. 10). The new translation is, "Think ye that man's assent or God's is now my object? Or is it that I seek favour with men? Nay, if I still sought favour with men, I should not be the bondsman of Christ."

Again, the authorised version gives, "Wherefore, then, serveth the law? It was added, because of transgressions, till the seed should come, to whom the promise was made; and it was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator. Now a mediator is not a mediator of one; but God is one" (Gal. iii. 20). The new translation is, "To what end, then, was the law? It was added, because of the transgressions

of men, till the seed should come, to whom belonged the promise; and it was ordained through the ministration of angels by the hands of [Moses, who was] a mediator [between God and the people]. Now, where a mediator is, there must be two parties. But God is one [and there is no second party to his promise]:—

"St. Paul's argument here is left by him exceedingly elliptical, and therefore very obscure, as is evident from the fact that more than two hundred and fifty different explanations of the passage have been advocated by different commentators. The most natural meaning appears to be as follows—'It is better to depend upon an unconditional promise of God than upon a covenant made between God and man; for, in the latter case, the conditions of the covenant might be broken by man (as they had been), and so the blessings forfeited; whereas, in the former case, God being immutable, the blessings derived from his promise remain steadfast for ever. The passage is parallel with Rom. iv. 13-16" *(Note)*.

Again, the authorised version says, "Before faith came we were kept under the law shut up unto the faith, which should afterwards be revealed. Wherefore, the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. But after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster." The new translation is, "Before faith came we were shut up in prison, in ward, under the law, in preparation for the faith which should afterwards be revealed. Thus, even as the slave who leads a child to the house of the schoolmaster, so the law led us to our teacher Christ, that by faith we might be justified; but now the faith is come we are under the slave's care no longer" (Gal. iii. 25).

"Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand." This is translated, "Observe the size of the characters in which I have written to you with mine own hand" (Gal. vi. 11). And it is regarded as applicable only to the autograph with which the epistle concludes, St. Paul generally employing an amanuensis on account of some weakness of sight—an infirmity which seems to be referred to in a preceding part of the epistle, where St. Paul says, "I bear you witness that, if it had been possible, you would have torn out your own eyes and given them to me:"—

"St. Paul does not here say that he wrote the whole epistle with his own hand, but this is the beginning of his usual autograph postscript, and equivalent to 2 Thess. iii. 17. We may observe as a further confirmation of this view that scarcely any epistle bears more evident marks than this of having been written from dictation..... The writer received a letter from the venerable Neander a few months

before his death, which illustrated this point in a manner the more interesting because Neander takes a different view of this passage. His letter is written in the fair and flowing hand of an amanuensis; but it ends with a few irregular lines in large and rugged characters, written by himself, and explaining the cause of his needing the services of an amanuensis—namely, the weakness of his eyes" *(Note)*.

These brief extracts, from only one of the shorter epistles, may suffice to give our readers some faint idea of the manner in which obscure passages may be rendered clear by a new translation. The fact, however, cannot be fully appreciated, nor its importance in a doctrinal point of view be understood, without a reference to longer passages, and more elaborate arguments, than our limits will allow us to introduce. But those who would most feel the force of such passages will readily comprehend that such must needs be the case, and will be desirous of examining and studying the original rather than our imperfect transcripts.

And to such persons as desire to possess an appropriate memorial of the labours, and an elaborate but clear exposition of the writings, of the most illustrious of the apostles, we can cordially recommend the work now before us. We have not attempted to give an abridged outline of the contents; for we had not the heart to mangle by giving piece-meal that which is so complete and symmetrical as a whole.

Yet we ought to say further that the typograghy and illustrations of these splendid volumes are worthy of the subject and the person; though that subject is the grace of God made known to the Gentile nations, and the person was one chosen and separated for that special work. St. Paul declares of himself that, from Jerusalem and round about unto Illyricum, he had fully preached the Gospel of Christ (Rom. xv. 19); and we know that subsequent to this his voice was heard, not only in Italy, but Spain, and to the utmost bounds of the west. So that, truly speaking, all that is called Christendom or the whole of the Western Empire may be regarded as having received the Gospel primarily through the preaching of St. Paul. In these volumes highly finished engravings are given, from drawings made by Bartlett expressly for the work, of all the principal cities or places rendered interesting as the scenes of this great apostle's labours or suffering; and many more are added from sketches by other travellers, illustrative of disputed localities, such as the shipwreck of St. Paul at Malta.

There are, of course, good maps, general and special, of Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece, and of the voyages of St.

Paul; and there are coins of the principal cities of governors who are referred to in the text. It is interesting also to know that the Claudia, mentioned as sending salutations to Timothy (2 Tim. iv. 21)was probably a British princess, the daughter of Cogidunus, a King of South Britain, holding his court at Chichester. The facts seem to be attested by a marble dug up at Chichester, and two epigrams of Martial, for which we refer to the note in vol. ii. p. 500.

For ourselves, we have only to say that we have derived more information concerning the history and writings of St. Paul from this work than from any other we can name; and, without saying that we agree with all the opinions expressed by the authors, we can say that the reasons are so fully and fairly given that every one is better able to form a correct opinion after having studied the contents of these volumes.

ART. VIII.—*The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Q. Anne, written by himself.* In Three Volumes. London: Smith, Elder and Company, over against St. Peter's, Cornhill. 1852.

MUCH has been written and more said on that early and peculiar phase of the human affections termed *first*—or, as the practical and prosaic delight to stigmatise it—*calf* love. A friend of ours was once offered a set of engravings with the recommendation that they were *first impressions*. "Then (was the reply) I will have nothing to do with them: for I have always found that first impressions are the worst." But we do not believe it. Time, while it ripens the intellect, rarely purifies the heart; and no man—we do not speak of boys—ever deserted his first love who did not, soon or late, repent him of his defection. As with love, so with genius. The first choice in either case is usually the best. Instances, both in art and literature, of the penalty paid by the false or the fickle, would fill more pages than our limits allow us to devote to them. Take an illustrious one in the case of Wilkie, who achieved his fame in a walk of art, in which, appealing, as it did, to the "business and bosoms" of men, he won a fame dimmed only by his after efforts in another path of his profession. His "Village School"—we know not if we are correct in the name of the subject, for we have only an unlettered proof before us—the last effort of his glorious pencil, indicated a return to his first love; but he did not live

to finish it and thus the atonement was incomplete. The "Rent Day" will be remembered when his "Maid of Sarogossa"—the best of his works in his graver style—will be forgotten. So with letters. Horace Smith, whose joint authorship of the "Rejected Addresses" lifted him, *per saltum*, from obscurity to fame, abandoned the legitimate field of his genius for novel writing. His "Brambletye House" was an utter failure; and, although he regained a step or two of his lost ground in "Tor Hill"—the prominent character in which is picturesque and well-conceived—not a prose sentence from his pen will survive the memory of his—

> "Sobriety, cease to be sober;
> Cease Labour, to dig and to delve;
> All hail to this tenth of October,
> One thousand eight hundred and twelve!"

We may advert, in passing, to the very clever, though somewhat coarse, burlesque on the class of historical novels to which "Brambletye House" especially belongs, written anonymously by poor Maginn under the title of "Whitehall." It is a very common, and often very fatal, mistake among clever men, to imagine that, because they can do one thing well, they can do all things well; forgetting that a man may be an accomplished equestrian, and yet make an indifferent rope-dancer—nay, may probably break his neck in the experiment. The world has known but one *Crichton*, albeit there have been some approximations to more; and we ourselves reckon among our acquaintance a profound classic and universal modern linguist, who can run, row, ride, swim, fence, shoot, make a table or a pair of trowsers, plead a cause, or negotiate a treaty, with any man; but he can't write verses nor play the fiddle.

Mr. Thackeray has achieved a pre-eminent reputation as a successful, because a faithful, delineator of the men and manners of modern times. In the penultimate number of this work we devoted an article to the consideration of his merits as a writer; and endeavoured, not altogether unsuccessfully we hope, to vindicate his claims to the very highest rank in the class of authors to which he belongs. Referring our readers to that article, we now proceed to redeem the pledge therein given of bringing before them, at this the earliest opportunity, the volumes whose title we prefix.

Highly as we appreciated the genius of the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," we confess that it was not without some jealousy for his reputation that we read the announcement of the forthcoming work. Much of the

success of an able writer, who lays his scene among the men of his own day, is attributable to his power of enlisting sympathies upon which he cannot draw in the history of bygone times. It is not every man, highly gifted though he may be, who can throw himself into a past age, and so steep his mind in its spirit, and reflect its complexion, moral, social or political, as to make his fiction an agreeable vehicle of truth, second only in point of value, and higher in point of attraction, to history itself. Sir Walter Scott, we may confidently assert, is the only man of the present, and we hesitate not to add the past age, who has achieved complete success in this line of light literature. He has been followed at a greater or less distance by many able writers in the same line: the most prominent of whom is Mr. G. P. R. James, whose "Richelieu" takes a rank second only to the works of his great predecessor in the field of historical romance. But, albeit more than one contemporary critic have so characterised it, Mr. Thackeray's work, now under consideration, partakes not of the nature of a romance, of which it has scarcely an element in either its language or its situations; nor, above all, in its *denouement*, which must have exceedingly disgusted the young ladies and gentlemen who have waded through his three volumes. It is full of reality, although that reality is of the staple complexion of his two preceding works—reflecting more frequently the gloomy than the bright side of human nature—and that is because he has endeavoured to depict it such as it is, and ever has been since the fall, the vices of mankind outnumbering their virtues. We have in Henry Esmond none of those monsters of vice with whom works of fiction in general abound, and who, had they had a real existence, would have been hunted down as wild beasts by the common consent of society. Neither have we any of those paragons of virtue, offspring of the same fertile brains, who, had they really been denizens of earth, would certainly have been out of place in this world of wickedness and sorrow.

We have heard it objected to this last creation of Mr. Thackeray's genius, that we have the same characters under different names as have figured in his delineations of modern life. But what does this prove but that the eye, which has kenned the present with so keen and searching a glance, has been retrospective? Human nature, disguised as it may be by the fashion of the time, is the same yesterday and to-day. The trees change their hues, but their forms remain as they were in the primæval forests. Blight may pass over their leaves—nay, the lightning blast and bare their trunks;

but the type survives. And thus it is with man—the last creation of God's works.

It would be scarcely fair, either to the author or to those who, not having read his story, have a treat in store for them, to enter into a detail of the plot. To do so is not necessary to our purpose, which will be confined to showing the spirit of its morality, and the general talent developed in its pages. Thus we shall limit ourselves to some extracts, accompanied by such commentaries as they may seem to evoke.

The following allusion to Charles II. in exile exhibits a strength of outline which some will impugn as coarse; but we doubt if any other than a "H. B." pencil would have produced the same truthful effect:—

"What spectacle is more august than that of a great king in exile? Who is more worthy of respect than a brave man in misfortune? Mr. Addison has painted such a figure in his noble picture of Cato. But, suppose fugitive Cato fuddling himself at a tavern with a wench on each knee, a dozen faithful and tipsy companions of defeat, and a landlord calling for his bill; and the dignity of misfortune is straightway lost. The Historical Muse turns away shamefaced from the vulgar scene, and closes the door, on which the exiles' unpaid drink is scored up, upon him and his pots, and his pipes, and the tavern chorus which he and his friends are singing. Such a man as Charles should have had an Ostade or Mieris to paint him. Your Knellers and Le Bruns only deal in clumsy and impossible allegories; and it has always seemed to me blasphemy to claim Olympus for such a wine-drabbled divinity as that."

A truthful picture of one who, selfish alike in poverty and power, learned no lesson from adversity, and the profligacy of whose court and companions polluted the stream of society long after he and his descendants had ceased to reign.

One of the most striking of the characters presented in the outset of the story is that of a Jesuit, Father Holt, depicted with marvellous power and truth. Accomplished, shrewd, with a dash of humour and kindness of heart, he was just the man to obtain that vantage ground in the society in which he moved, from which he might disseminate the doctrines peculiar to his order, to the interests of which every energy of his mind was devoted, and every feeling of his nature made subservient. Henry Esmond, a dependent, though not a servant, in the household of Lord Castlewood, becomes, at a very early age, a pupil of "Mr. Holt." Take a lesson out of the good father's book:—

"Esmond, young as he was, would have died sooner than betray his friend and master, as Mr. Holt well knew; for he had tried the boy more

than once, putting temptations in his way to see whether he would yield to them and confess afterwards; or whether he would resist them, as he sometimes did; or whether he would lie, which he never did. Holt instructing the boy on this point, however, that if to keep silence is after all equivalent to a negation, and therefore a downright 'No,' in the interest of justice or your friend, and in reply to a question that may be prejudical to either, is not criminal; but, on the contrary, is praiseworthy, and as lawful a way as any other of eluding a wrongful demand. For instance (says he), suppose a good citizen, who had seen his Majesty take refuge there, had been asked, 'Is King Charles up that oak tree?' His duty would have been not to say *Yes*, so that the Cromwellians should seize the King and murder him like his father, but *No;* his Majesty being private in that tree, and therefore not to be seen by loyal eyes; all which instruction in religion and morals, as well as in the rudiments of the tongues and sciences, the boy took eagerly and with gratitude from his tutor. When, then, Holt was gone, and told Harry not to see him, it was as if he had never been; and he had this answer pat when he came to be questioned a few days after."

It may be necessary here to explain that Henry Esmond was the son of Lord Castlewood by a foreign lady, his marriage with whom he never acknowledged, and thus the hero of the novel passed as his natural son. His lordship's second marriage was with a woman much older than himself: the issue of this union was a son who died in infancy, notwithstanding he had been "touched" by his Majesty for his complaint. The death of Lord Castlewood, from wounds received in the Stuart cause at the battle of the Boyne, made a dowager of the "painted Jezabel" his wife, and advanced Frank Esmond to the title and broad lands of Castlewood. In the new lord and his lady Henry Esmond enjoys a continuance of patronage. Both were kind to him; but the feeling with which he regarded his beautiful mistress partook of the character of adoration. The lady would seem to have been a pattern of a wife:—

"My lady had on her side three idols: first and foremost, Jove and supreme ruler was her lord, Harry's patron, the good Viscount of Castlewood. All wishes of his were laws with her. If he had a head-ache, she was ill. If he frowned, she trembled. If he joked, she smiled and was charmed. If he went a hunting, she was always at the window to see him ride away, her little son crowing on her arm, or on the watch till his return. She made dishes for his dinner: spiced his wine for him: made the toast for his tankard at breakfast: hushed the house when he slept in his chair; and watched for a look when he awoke. If my lord was not a little proud of his beauty, my lady adored it. She clung to his arm as he paced the terrace, her two fair little hands clasped round his great one: her eyes were never tired of looking in his face, and wondering at its perfection. Her little son was his son and had his father's look and curly brown hair,

Her daughter Beatrix was his daughter and had his eyes—were there ever such beautiful eyes in the world? All the house was arranged so as to bring him ease and give him pleasure. She liked the small gentry round about to come and pay him court, never caring for admiration for herself: those who wanted to be well with the lady must admire him. Not regarding her dress, she would wear a gown to rags because he had once liked it: and, if he bought her a brooch or a ribbon, would prefer it to all the most costly articles of her wardrobe."

This may seem to be a picture of an old fashioned wife of which we have none now in "merrie England;" but, for our own part, we believe that a man must have but a limited circle of acquaintance who cannot point to more than one living copy of Mr. Thackeray's vivid painting.

The then yet-unsubdued ravager of life and beauty, the small pox, makes its appearance in the village; obliterates the few traces of beauty on the face of Henry Esmond; kills his first love the blacksmith's daughter, and tells fatally on the charms of Lady Castlewood, but more fatally on the affection—if such it might be termed—of his lordship, who had married for a pretty face. Take Mr. Thackeray's reflections on the subject:—

"Can any one who has passed through the world, and watched the nature of men and women there, doubt what had befallen her? I have seen, to be sure, some people carry down with them unto old age the actual bloom of their youthful love, and I know that Mr. Thomas Parr lived to be a hundred-and-sixty years old. But, for all that, three-score years and ten is the age of men, and few get beyond it; and 'tis certain that a man who marries for mere *beaux yeux*, as my lord did, considers his part of the contract at an end when the woman ceases to fulfil hers, and his love does not survive her beauty. I know 'tis often otherwise, I say; and can think (as most men in their own experience may) of many a house, where, lighted in early years, the sainted lamp of love has never been extinguished; but so there is Mr. Parr, and so there is the great giant at the fair that is eight feet high—exceptions to men—and that poor lamp whereof I speak, that lights at first the nuptial chamber, is extinguished by a hundred winds and drafts down the chimney, or sputters out for want of feeding. And then—and then it is Chloe in the dark, stark awake, and Strephon snoring unheeding; or, *vice versa*, 'tis poor Strephon that has married a heartless jilt, and awoke out of that absurd vision of conjugal felicity which was to last for ever, and is over, like any other dream. One and other has made his bed and so must lie in it, until that final day when life ends and they sleep separate."

Henry Esmond, in course of time, is sent to college,

achieves distinction, returns and finds Beatrix, his patron's daughter and his own pupil, grown taller than her mother:—

"A slim and lovely young girl with cheeks mantling with health and roses—with eyes like stars shining out of azure—with waving bronze hair clustered about the fairest young forehead ever seen—and a mien and shape haughty and beautiful, such as that of the famous antique statue of the 'Huntress Diana'—at one time haughty, rapid, and imperious, with eyes and arrows that dart and kill. Harry watched and wondered at the young creature, and he likened her in his mind to Artemis with the ringing bow and shafts flashing death upon the children of Niobe: at another time, she was coy and melting as Luna, shining tenderly upon Endymion. This fair creature, this lustrous Phœbe, was only young as yet, nor had nearly reached her full splendour, but crescent and brilliant; our young gentleman of the university, his head full of poetical fancies, his heart perhaps throbbing with desires undefined, admired this rising young divinity; and gazed at her—(though only as at some 'bright particular star' far above his earth)—with endless delight and wonder. She had been a coquette from the earliest times almost, trying her freaks and jealousies, her wayward frolicks and winning caresses, upon all that came within her reach: she set her women quarrelling in the nursery, and practised her eyes on the groom as she rode behind him on the pillion."

The first volume closes with the catastrophe of a duel, characterised in all its details by the barbarism of the times, and terminating in the death of Lord Castlewood, who, dying, declares the legitimacy of the late lord's marriage with the mother of Henry Esmond, who was consequently the rightful heir of the title and lands of Castlewood. The document containing this confession is placed in Henry's hands. Esmond, who, although writing for the most part in the third person, is supposed (as indicated in the title) to be narrating his own history, thus describes the sequel:—

"Esmond went to the fire and threw the paper into it. 'Twas a great chimney with glazed Dutch tiles. How we remember such trifles in such awful moments!—the scrap of the book which we have read in great grief—the taste of the last dish that we have eaten before a duel—or some such supreme meeting or parting. On the Dutch tiles was a rude picture representing Jacob, in hairy gloves, cheating Isaac of Esau's birthright. The burning paper lighted it up."

On the death of her husband, the deep fountain of affection which his latter coldness and neglect had sealed up in the bosom of Lady Castlewood wells up anew, and the memories of their early wedded love come thickening upon her heart to enhance the bitterness of her bereavement; and in

her agony she accuses Henry, who was present at the duel, as "*particeps criminis*" in the murder of her lord. Under the influence of this feeling she bestows the living of Castlewood, which had been destined for Esmond, on another; and hence our hero turns his attention from the profession of the Church to that of arms, and obtains a commission a few weeks before the accession of Queen Anne to the British throne. Before, however, we follow further his fortunes, we must make room for an extract too striking, and, for the most part, too true to be withheld from our readers. Referring to the then representative of the house of Stuart, James the Third as he was styled by his party, he says:—

"The prince's affairs being in the hands of priests and women were conducted as priests and women will conduct them—artfully, cruelly, feebly, and to a certain bad issue. The moral of the Jesuit's story I think as wholesome a one as ever was writ. The artfullest, the wisest, the most toilsome and dexterous plot-builders in the world—there always comes a day when the roused public indignation kicks their flimsy edifice down and sends its cowardly enemies a-flying."

We pass over many pages from which we would gladly extract some of the gems of philosophic thought with which they abound; and which, with many such throughout these volumes, constitute in our eyes the chief value and attraction of the story; but space is wanting, and we must take up another thread of the narrative. After some preliminary service elsewhere, Henry Esmond joins the army of the Duke of Marlborough. Some how or other the character of the hero of Blenheim has been damaged of late years: he does not hold that high place in the public mind which earlier historians have assigned to him, and Mr. Thackeray's portrait is not a flattering one. Esmond's visit to his mother's grave is given in the author's best style:—

"Esmond came to this spot in one sunny evening of spring, and saw, amidst a thousand black crosses casting their shadows across the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. Many more of those poor creatures that lay there had adopted that same name (Marie Madeleine) with which sorrow had re-baptised her, and which fondly seemed to hint their individual story of love and grief. He fancied her in tears and darkness, kneeling at the foot of her cross, under which her cares were buried. Surely he knelt down, and said his own prayer there, not in sorrow so much as in awe (for even his memory had no recollection of her), and in pity for the pangs which the gentle soul in life had been made to suffer. To this cross she brought them: for this heavenly Bridegroom she exchanged the husband who had wooed

her—the traitor who had left her. A thousand such hillocks lay round about, the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them and each bearing its cross and requiescat. A nun, veiled in black, was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping sister's bedside (so fresh made that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it): beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from a roof opposite, and lit first on a cross and then on the grass below it, whence it flew away presently with a leaf in its mouth: then came a sound as of chanting from the chapel of the sisters hard by: others had long since filled the place which poor Marie Madeleine once had there, were kneeling at the same stall, and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation! Might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's, as the heaven is; we are alike His creatures, here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went my way, like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death!—tranquil depth of calm out of reach of tempest and trouble! I felt as one who had been walking below the sea, and treading amidst the bones of shipwrecks."

Other men, doubtless, have studied the human heart as profoundly as Mr. Thackeray; but few, none in fact within the scope of our reading, have so faithfully and felicitously pourtrayed its passions. Our author's favourite theme is love, and we find it in his works in all its phases. Take one of them:—

"And who does not know how ruthlessly women will tyrannise when they are let to domineer? And who does not know how useless advice is? I could give good counsel to my descendants, but I know they'll follow their own way for all their grandfather's sermon. A man gets his own experience about women, and will take nobody's hearsay; nor, indeed, is the young fellow worth a fig that would. 'Tis I that am in love with my mistress, not my old grandmother that counsels me: 'tis I that have fixed the value of the thing I would have, and know the price I would pay for it. It may be worthless to you, but 'tis all my life to me. Had Esmond possessed the great Mogul's crown and all his diamonds, or all the Duke of Marlborough's money, or all the ingots sunk at Vigo, he would have given them all for this woman. A fool he was, if you will; but so is a sovereign a fool that will give half a principality for a little crystal as big as a pigeon's egg, and called a diamond; so is a wealthy nobleman a fool that will face danger or death, and spend half his life and all his tranquillity, caballing for a blue riband; so is a Dutch merchant a fool that hath been known to pay ten thousand crowns for a tulip. There's some particular prize we all of us value, and that every man of spirit will

venture his life for. With this it may be to achieve a great reputation for learning—with that, to be a man of fashion and the admiration of the town—with another, to consummate a great work of art or poetry and go to immortality that way—and with another, for a certain time of his life, the sole object and aim is a woman."

And how true is all this: it is the old story, "All for Love; or, the World Well Lost." The parts of Antony and Cleopatra will be played out until the end of time.

Another extract on the same theme and we have done:—

"Who in the course of his life hath not been so bewitched, and worshipped some idol or another? Years after this passion hath been dead and buried, along with a thousand other worldly cares and ambitions, he who felt it can recall it out of its grave, and admire almost as fondly as he did in his youth that lovely queenly creature. I invoke that beautiful spirit from the shades and love her still; or rather, I should say, such a past is always present to a man—such a passion once felt forms a part of his whole being and cannot be separated from it: it becomes a portion of the man of to-day, just as any great faith or conviction, the discovery of poetry, the awakening of religion, ever afterwards influence him—just as the wound I had at Blenheim, and of which I wear the scar, hath become part of my frame, and influenced my whole body—nay, spirit subsequently, though 'twas got and healed forty years ago. Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness—shall follow it whithersoever that shall go—and are of their nature divine and immortal."

Dealing with Henry Esmond as we did with Pendennis, we have restricted our quotations to those passages which appeared to us best calculated to exemplify the genius, as well as the moral and philosophic views, of Mr. Thackeray. We have not interfered with the plot beyond occasionally catching up a thread of it in order to the reader's better understanding of our extracts. Thus we have not brought forward the heartless coquetries of Beatrix; the follies, most grotesquely shown up by our author, of the Dowager Lady Castlewood; nor the profligate infatuations of Prince James. Neither have we transferred to our page the portraits, cleverly, and we believe truthfully, sketched, of Steele, Addison, Swift, and other literary notables of the time. For all these matters we refer our readers to the book, of which it may be said that the interest of the tale, and it is great though not of a romantic character, is the least attractive feature. Its value lies chiefly in the soundness of its philosophy, and the eloquence with which this is propounded.

We do not deny the allegation, to which we have already alluded, of a similarity between some of the characters in "Esmond" and those which have figured in Mr. Thackeray's previous works. Doubtless there is a strong family likeness between Becky, Blanche Amory, and Beatrix, though the first is incomparably the most clever and amusing, and the last the least so of the three. Again Lady Jezebel reminds us somewhat of of Miss Crawley; Francis (Lord Castlewood) of poor Rawdon; while Rachel (Lady Castlewood)—allowance being made for difference of times and manners—bears a resemblance to both Amelia and Helen Pendennis. In the noble, self-denying, gallant Esmond, we are reminded of the single-hearted and unselfish Dobbin; but they only exhibit the operation of the same generous natures under different circumstances. And the same, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of the other resemblances traceable in the three works referred to.

We think, in one particular at least, Mr. Thackeray has dealt a little hardly with the tender sex, in making jealousy so prominent a feature in their character, as exemplified in that portrait of Rachel. We believe that the passion is equally shared by the other sex, and certain it is the earliest record of its operation is in the case of Cain and Abel; while we hear nothing of the jealousy of women until we come to the story of Sarah and Hagar, Lamech's two wives having been excellent friends for any thing we find to the contrary.

We are of opinion, too, that Mr. Thackeray might with advantage have omitted the scenes of drunken debauchery which we find in his pages, although they are doubtless characteristic of the age, and, he may maintain, essential to the fidelity of his picture of the times. But we hold to the maxim propounded by Blair:—

> "What offends the eye in a good picture,
> The painter casts discreetly into shade."

Thus Turner, in his drawing of *Dudley*, throws into dark shadow a huge factory chimney, which, although essential to the truth of his subject, "offended the eye." This feature, by the way, the engraver has made the most prominent in the picture. So much for Turner's obligations, so often and absurdly insisted upon, to the engravers.

The liberal interspersion of oaths too—equally pertaining to the times we admit—greatly interferes with the pleasure of reading "Henry Esmond" aloud. One really needs a third eye by way of pioneer to prevent our tumbling into a quag-

mire. Nevertheless, "Henry Esmond" is a masterly production; and, though it may not enhance, fully sustains the reputation acquired for Mr. Thackeray by his former works.

ART. IX.—1. *Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century.* By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. London: Dolman. 1852.

2. *Religious Liberty in Tuscany in* 1851; *or, Documents Relative to the Trial and Incarceration of Count Pietro Guicciardini, and Others.* London: Nisbet and Co. 1851.

3. *Translation of the Act of Accusation and of the Sentence Pronounced by the Royal Court of Florence upon Francesco and Rosa Madiai, for the so-called Crime of Impiety.* By JAMES COOK EVANS, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Benning and Co. 1852.

4. *The Prisoners of Hope: Being Letters from Florence relative to the Persecution of Francesco and Rosa Madiai.* Edited, with an Introduction, by S. P. TREGELLES, LL.D. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1852.

5. *Popery and Jesuitism at Rome in the Nineteenth Century.* By L. DESANCTIS, D.D., late Parish Priest of the Madellena at Rome; Professor of Theology; Official Theological Censor of the Inquisition, &c. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh. 1852.

WE live in times which are full of the deepest interest. It is now emphatically true that no man can say what a day or even an hour may bring forth. Every nation in Christendom stands in an expectant attitude, and, like a sentinel on the eve of a coming battle, challenges the announcement of each new event with jealous watchfulness, as though it were the leader of an onslaught. Amidst professions of peace and prophecies of lasting prosperity, Europe is arming from one end to the other and preparing for scenes of desolation. The scepticism which could not believe in the possibility of war, after the enlightenment and progress of so many years of civilised tranquillity, is compelled to confess that it is now a question not so much of fact but of time. We are all at the mercy of a man who has struggled upwards by a singular tenacity of purpose from obscurity into imperial dignity: he can only retain his power by subserving the passions of those whom he has used in

the attainment of his elevation. No one could have anticipated the rapidity of his rise—no one can now calculate its consequences. He has won his throne by an exercise of the most unscrupulous despotism, and, if he keep it, it must be by a deference to the traditional and ambitious policy with which it is inseparably connected. These all demand that the last seven-and-thirty years of the world's life be blotted out from its history, because they contain in the peace and prosperity which mostly characterise them a continuous proof of the disgrace of France. That prosperity has been the result of the disaster which France suffered at Waterloo, and therefore constitutes a standing evidence of the deed. The selfish sensitiveness of a nation, whose idolatry is the love of glory, will never be satisfied till the evidence of defeat be obliterated. This cannot be done in *fact*, but it may be in *idea*; and the idea, as we believe, is that which pervades the mind of Louis Napoleon. His accession to the throne is the return from St. Helena. He seems to understand that he has to take up the empire exactly where his uncle left it, and that his destiny is to carry out to completion all the ambitious plans of which he gave, as it were, the gigantic and the working sketches. The plans of the emperor all contemplated an extent of rule too vast for a feeble intellect to imagine or a feeble intellect to wield; and the quietude of the world, whilst looking on at the struggle of the nephew for power, has arisen from the conviction that he had not mind enough to comprehend, nor skill enough to execute, the ambitious purposes of his predecessor. There are many, indeed, who still judge him by his follies of Strasburg and of Boulogne. They say his accession to power has been the result of an accident, and predict that his downfall will be as rapid as his rise; but whoever will consider his career will see in it the development of a capacity for which no one gave him credit and which baffles calculation. He has shown himself prompt in action, fixed in purpose, determined in will—secret, reserved, and self-dependent—with a thorough understanding of his countrymen, and a surprising ability in the adaptation of his speeches to the circumstances of the moment. We see in these qualities ground for alarm, should he himself desire, or be compelled by others, to adopt an aggressive policy. He superstitiously believes in his destiny: he talks, like his uncle, of "his star:" there is too much that is significant in this characteristic of his nature—as well as the adulation with which he has been worshipped in France both by priests and laymen—not to make it probable that he has such a destiny to fulfil amongst the nations of the earth as shall constitute him a sign of the times.

Bishops have spoken of him as "the sent of God"—prefects have asserted him to be "God's greatest work." What is declared in Scripture as true alone of the Lord Jesus has been applied to him: the servility of a priesthood which loads him with blasphemous honours, coupled with the infidelity of a nation which parodies the language of Scripture in order to eulogise him, furnish unmistakeable evidence of a destiny of more than ordinary character. We believe that he has a part to fulfil in the coming events of the world which will identify the power which he holds with many of the prophetic declarations of Scripture. The union of the priestly and infidel elements, plainly discernible in the constitution of that power, is too manifest to be overlooked; and, if we read the Scriptures aright, it is clear that some such union is to characterise the closing events of this dispensation.

When the blow which all men seem to dread may come, or where it may first fall, it is difficult to say. It is very possible that the new made emperor himself cannot tell, and that he is in no haste to strike it. Left to himself, he may even wish to enjoy the possession of the power for which he has successfully struggled in peace and quietness; but the price for that power has to be paid, and he has a relentless creditor to deal with who will exact the payment to the uttermost farthing. He is now himself the slave of that military despotism which has borne him to the throne, and he must move in the direction to which the aggressive tendencies of a warlike army compel him. No one knows this better than himself, and he deems it the safest course for his own security—as undoubtedly it is—to lead the onward movement which he cannot possibly resist. The ex-lieutenant of Strasburg is emperor by virtue of a tacit compact with nearly half a million of men whose occupation is war and whose ambition is glory. He is the man of their choice, because he embodies the recollections and the ideas of a period when the world was at their feet, and because they hope by such a man to avenge the great and final defeat which they sustained. The result can scarcely be doubtful. The question of the great facetious periodical—"Is it l'Empire cést la paix, or l'Empire cést l'epée?"—has in it a depth of sagacity which far outrides the wit of the sarcasm. The time cannot be far distant when the joke will become a fearful reality.

But where is it likely that the onslaught will first be made? Who can say? A descent upon England—the annexation of Savoy—the extension of the French territory to the borders of the Rhine—or an advance upon Italy—each of these suggest

themselves as likely to engage popular sympathy and command popular approbation in France. A descent upon England would gratify the national vanity; but it would produce no lasting benefit to the French nation, and might involve in it defeat and disgrace to the invaders. It is very likely to form an episode in the events which are "looming in the future," but would not exhaust the aggressive policy of France. It is much more probable that she will expend her greatest energies in the region immediately around her; and Italy seems to be the field which offers the greatest prize to her aspirations for glory, and wherein many conflicting ambitions might be reconciled. Amongst the projects of Napoleon, which it would be popular to revive, is the separation of the Italian States from the rule of the German, and their union into a distinct kingdom. The project, if carried out, would probably involve the annihilation of Belgium as a distinct dominion, and the conquest of Savoy. It is a project that would be popular, and therefore is likely to be attempted: it would be popular with the French, who must feel that they abandoned the Italians in their struggle for liberty at the very moment when they had the most reason to expect their succour: it would be popular with the Italians themselves, who care not by whom or how they are delivered from a rule which they detest. It would find many an apologist in those otherwise hostile to the French, and meet with the sympathy of others whose ardent admiration of constitutional liberty is only coerced into silence by force of the absolute rule to which they are subject. It matters not that the career of Louis Napoleon hitherto has been one of despotism: there was a necessity for it in order to the accomplishment of his aim; but he can now afford to grant somewhat to the cry for a crusade on behalf of an oppressed people; and, provided it be a crusade where the liberty to be effected is a semblance, and the national glory to be won is a reality, it will be the more readily entertained. It happens, moreover, conveniently for the moment, that the *cry* for liberty is in some sort a priestly cry; and, though the new made emperor would not hesitate to repudiate the priestly element the instant that it became a bondage, yet as it has been necessary, and still is necessary, to him in the government of his people, he would the more willingly adopt the policy which seems to be in obedient deference to the wish of the hierarchy, whilst it is, in fact, consistent with his own designs. No doubt, such an attempt as that to which we allude would bring the French into deadly conflict with the great representatives of northern absolutism. No doubt also it would put the emperor into a diffe-

rent position from that which he now occupies. Up to this point he has stood on the side of Despotism; in his struggle with Socialism he has been fighting the same battle as that fought by the absolute monarchs in 1848 and with the same foe; but then, it must be remembered, that he has been doing so because it was necessary to his personal interest, and not because he was the exponent of a great principle. The side which he took was the accident which advanced his fortunes—his sagacity in taking it is undoubted. But the despotism, which was to him a necessary accident, is to the northern powers a traditional and inherited policy—a principle of life and of long-tried conviction. It is one to which they are pledged come what will, but one which Louis Napoleon may repudiate the moment it suits his purpose; and when that moment arrives he will talk with just as much unction of his mission to deliver the oppressed, and to disseminate the blessings of liberty, as he now declaims on his heaven-born commission to eradicate the evils of democracy.

For the present it is true that Ultramontanism is in the ascendant in France; but the Gallicanism of France is not extinct, and can easily be resumed when there is occasion for it. The French peasantry have universally hailed the empire, because of the strong hold which the recollections of the empire possesses on their imagination; and the French bishops and priests have universally, as it seems, headed them in the expression of their joy. If the next cry of the French people be for the deliverance of the oppressed, and the propagandism of what they understand as liberty, the priests will join them in the cry. They find themselves, through the force of circumstances, in a position of importance which they have long coveted, and they will adopt any expedient to retain it.

It may seem a paradox to assert that the priestly cry of the present day is for liberty; but the priestly cry is always regulated by the priestly exigency, and is modulated exactly according to the expediency of the moment. A review of the part which has been taken by the priests of Rome during the terrible scenes of the last four years will make this evident. It was the Pope himself who licked the Republicanism of Rome into shape, and then fled from the monster which he had helped to make. It was the priests of Rome who fed the Constitutionalism of Italy into a flame; and then, when it was extinguished, helped Austria to fasten the strongest link of the chain on the hands which they had aided in the work: it was the priests of Rome, dissatisfied with the rule of Louis Philippe and longing for a restoration, who quietly urged the Com-

munes of France into discontent: it was the priests of Rome who were the first to consecrate the trees of liberty with the disgusting blasphemies of their ceremonies: it was the priests of Rome who secretly urged the Irish to rebellion; and then, when the attempt had failed, came forward and openly claimed a reward for their successful efforts in crushing it. And now, whilst in the dominions of the north they trample upon every tie, both human and divine, in their mad desire to destroy all liberty of thought and conscience, in America they are the preachers of democracy; and here in England, in order to catch the Infidel and the Socialist, they are crying out for an equality of creed and unrestricted liberty of speech and action. The new doctrine of the day is that civil and religious liberty can only flourish where the Roman Catholic religion prevails. This was the assertion of the Romish Archbishop Paul Cullen at Dublin lately, and is now the key-note harped upon by every priest in those countries where the word liberty is suffered to be mentioned or the idea of liberty permitted to be entertained. The cry for liberty is, therefore, in many parts of the world at the present moment a priestly cry, because by it is meant, in the mind of those who raise it, an extension of their own faith and power. The pliant subserviency of Rome, in her attainment of an object, is in exact proportion to her oppressive use of it when it is gained. The intense wickedness of the mystery of iniquity can never be measured on earth.

But, though the priests cry for liberty, it is not to be supposed that it is liberty for others which they desire: that involves liberty of conscience—liberty of conscience they claim for themselves; but it is the very last thing which they intend or desire to bestow upon others. An equality of creeds means in their understanding of the terms a reduction of all religious communities to that condition of political powerlessness which shall enable them to set their foot alike upon all. Liberty of conscience means impunity to exercise their own intolerance. Any other interpretation of such terms in the mouths of Romish priests is in direct contradiction to all knowledge of the true spirit of Rome, as well as of all testimony of history and experience. Absolute rule is the life of the Romish Church, and any means of attaining it lawful. A lie in the mouth of a common man is no lie in the mouth of a priest when told for the sake of his order; and that which is base dishonesty in another becomes a wise policy in a Jesuit. Rome puts forth the noblest sentiments as the principles which regulate her conduct, and she writes the practical commentary upon them by the most cruel and dastardly acts.

We have two pamphlets lying before us which bear us out in this assertion—they stand to each other in the relation of text and commentary. The one is "Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century" by the Count de Montalembert—this is the text. The other is, "Translation of the Act of Accusation, and of the Sentence pronounced by the Royal Court of Florence upon Francesco and Rosa Madiai"—this is the commentary. The writer of the former is a nobleman of no mean talent, well-known for his chivalrous defence of the faith of his fathers, who holds the conviction, and unhesitatingly confesses it, that Ultramontanism is the great truth of Catholicity, and that "the Pope is the monarch of the world." His descriptions of Catholicity, as he understands the word, are entirely idealistic and contrary to fact. Like De Maistre and Chateaubriand, he throws around the system which he venerates the garb of his own poetic imaginings, and, having clothed it thus with outward beauty, falls down and worships it. He hides from his mental vision the rottenness and corruption which are within and denies that they exist, though all history teems with the foul proofs of their existence, and the very seat of pontifical power reeks with the pollution of their presence. The pamphlet of this nobleman is full of much that is elevated in sentiment, much that is fallacious in reasoning, much that is false in fact; for the main object of it is to show that liberty and Catholicity, and by this he understands Roman Catholicism, are synonymous terms. We will turn to the other pamphlet which we have named in order to see how far this may be the case.

Francesco and Rosa Madiai are two persons who are now undergoing in the prisons of Tuscany a punishment solemnly pronounced against them for the crime of "impiety."

The sentence, as we are informed in the introduction, was pronounced by the Royal Court of Florence upon the 8th of June last, and was afterwards affirmed on appeal by the Supreme Court of Cassation.

Francesco Madiai, the husband, is now confined pursuant to his sentence, in the *House of Forced Labour*, or the hulks, at Volterra; and his wife Rosa is confined in the Ergastolo, or house of correction, at Lucca.

The period of their imprisonment is, fifty-six months for the husband, forty-five for the wife.

The crime of "impiety" of which they have been found guilty, as we learn from the other works bearing on the subject which stand at the head of this article, for which they have been sentenced, consists, as it appears from the act of accusation and the speech of the royal procurator-general, Signor

A. Bicchierai, in their "becoming labourers of *propaganda*, and of proselytism to the so-called evangelical confession or of the pure Gospel, not so much by teaching as by the diffusion of books and printed tracts, to the damage and disgrace of the Catholic religion dominant in the Grand Duchy."

The sentence itself seems to be altogether illegal, and is pronounced to be a disgrace to a civilized community: the royal court having declared that "it was established, that the Madiai had been guilty of proselytism," refers to the law under which they are condemned, in these terms:—

"And whereas the crime of impiety by means of proselytism is manifestly contemplated in the last portion of the sixtieth article of the national law of the 30th of November 1786, and it is repressed by punishment never less than what is termed exemplary."

The Leopoldine Article of 1786 is therefore referred to for the definition of the crime of the Madiai, and was more than once cited before the Court of Cassation in these terms:—

"Whosoever, with an impious intent, shall dare to profane the divine mysteries by disturbing the sacred functions with *violence*, or shall otherwise commit any *public* impiety, and who shall teach *publicly* maxims contrary to our holy Catholic religion, we will that he, as a disturber of the order by which society itself is ruled and maintained in tranquility, shall be punished with the greatest and most exemplary rigour, never with less than public labour for a time, or for life, according to the circumstances of the case."

Now, as the procurator-general himself remarked in his speech, this law contemplates three offences—

The profanation or disturbance of the divine mysteries *with violence.*

The act of *public* impiety.

Public teaching of maxims contrary to the Catholic religion.

There is not, to begin with, a word about proselytism in the whole of the article cited above; nor was it contended that the Madiai had done anything to bring themselves within the meaning of the two first offences contemplated by it. But the royal court decided that they were guilty of the crime contemplated by the last clause—which they held to be "proselytism"—which clause, the court affirmed, "forbids any one to teach *publicly* maxims contrary to the Catholic religion." Now, nothing could be proved against the Madiai in the way of teaching but the *private* teaching of a servant-maid; and, by what rule of equity or justice this was made to come within the meaning of a clause which has only reference to *public* teaching, we leave our readers to judge. The royal court informs us

that the private teaching of the Madiai "became so public, and produced so much scandal, that the local parish priest considered it to be his duty to give notice thereof to the superior ecclesiastical authority;" and upon this Jesuitical interpretation the court pronounced its sentence, showing itself thereby to be a most fitting tool of a most unscrupulous Church.

It is well that the world should know who are the judges by whom the sentence was pronounced: they are—"the most illustrious Signore Cavaliere, Councillor of State, Nicholas Nervini, President; and the most illustrious Signori Councillors, Joseph Gilles, Cav. Raffael Cocchi, Louis Giachi, Louis Pieri, and Joseph Fannetti; P. Sandrilli being coadjutor. Count Montalembert, in the next pamphlet which he writes, will probably favour us with an exposition of the liberty of conscience so dear to the Romish Church according to the views and upon the authority of these very excellent gentlemen.

The charge of proselytism nearly broke down as we have seen, resolving itself into the fact that they had taught their servant-maid to read the Bible, whereby she became alienated from the Romish communion. This young woman is described in the sentence as "little more than twenty and destitute of religious instruction." Where were the priests whose duty it was to teach her?

It is clear, however, from the whole proceeding and from the speech of the public Minister, that the real offence was the possession and dissemination of the Bible. The reading this is the only act of "*impiety*" of which this tribunal really desired to convict the Madiai, and as it was an "impiety" not denied the end in view was readily attained. The speech itself is full of subtle iniquity—we have no other word to designate it—worthy of the darkest days of past ages and the worst periods of Romish oppression and cruelty. It is a remarkable document, and in itself a proof of the position which Rome is anxious to occupy, and which she invariably assumes wherever she is dominant. She insists upon the extirpation of that which she calls *heresy*, even though it be by means of fire and sword; but, in order to relieve herself from the odium of the final act, makes it an act of civil police, and compels those princes who are the servile subjects of her rule to execute it. Men affect to see a vast difference between the enlightened Catholicism of England and that of Italy; but the one like the other in principle and fact is *Romanism*, and the difference is owing to causes in England which Rome cannot control. The position which Rome occupies with us is one in which she dare not assert all that she would, and cannot do all that she desires. Happily for us we

in England know what liberty is, and a mighty change must come over the institutions and spirit of the land before we yield, without a death struggle, the privilege which is so dear to us. We can still do that which it is hateful to Rome to contemplate and a terror to Rome to encounter—we can yet read our Bibles and disseminate them and refer to them. Therefore, with us at present she temporises: she is in disguise—the weak and suffering lamb as it were—though she is in reality, what she is elsewhere openly, the fierce and ravaging wolf. Once give her place and power and authority in the State to rule and direct; and if she could find a prince to do her will, like the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a public Minister to utter her sophistries, she would be as rampant in persecution in England as she is in Italy.

In the speech to which we have referred, it is distinctly admitted that the offence of the Madiai is ecclesiastical and not political: so that the Grand Duke could only, in dealing with it, deal with it as the servant of the Church of Rome, of which, most assuredly, he is one of the most abject and servile. "Speaking on this (says Signor Bicchierai), and it being my duty to sum up the results and present them before you, I must premise that, of direct political elements, the cause of the Madiai offers *no trace*. They figure in it solely for the religious element, and for the consequences thus produced upon public order." These consequences were all conjectural, and therefore unproven:—"We respect religious tolerance (says the signor), so far as the guardian laws consent thereto. But what, it will be urged, are the limits marked out by the laws of the country for religious toleration? The present cause shall make them plain. You, gentlemen, will fix them in the sentence." These gentlemen have fixed them in the sentence; and, as they are now fixed, they are exceedingly small—so small, indeed, as to leave no room for tolerance of any kind—the amount of tolerance or rather intolerance being this, that if any presume to read a Bible himself, or teach another to read it, he is to be treated as a felon. The public Minister quotes many authorities: amongst others that of Carmigiani, who "blushes to speak without having the right to say more than that there is no appointed punishment in our constitution against heretics, apostates, and schismatics" beyond that of banishment. Then comes the subtlety: the Madiai are not "prosecuted for apostacy from Catholicism, or for their own personal profession of the evangelical confession;" but for their acts and efforts directed to spread amongst others the same errors; to propagate in a Catholic country, and to the prejudice of Catholicism, this anti-Catholic

confession. This is a sheer evasion; for what is a "*profession* of a confession" but the acknowledgment in some shape or form of a faith? How was it possible for the Madiai to *profess* the "*evangelical confession*" without the knowledge of those with whom they resided or of those in their neighbourhood? To have held it in their hearts, and to have conformed outwardly to the ritual observance of the Romish Church, would probably have been no crime, and quite in accordance with much that the Church of Rome rather approves of than condemns; but as this is not possible for honest people it was not possible for the Madiai, and the real offence was, after all, the "profession," with which Signor Bicchierai so mildly says he would not meddle for the world! He adds further on, that it is "finally public and notorious, and this is to the point, that the Madiai took part efficaciously and heartily in the propagation of the false doctrine, and in *the distribution of* WICKED *books*"—the wicked books previously referred to in the speech being "books and tracts of the evangelical sect, printed in London, Florence, or elsewhere;" amongst which "*wicked books*" were "the *Bible in the Italian of Diodati*, and Prayer Books of the Protestant sects."

It is then the "wicked book," the Bible, which lies at the bottom of all this monstrous proceeding—a book which the Ultramontanists of Rome hate with that intensity of hatred with which the father of lies hates the truth, because it is *the* truth. The editor of the *Tablet*, in the number for March 20 of this year, defends the conduct of an Irish priest who was accused of having burnt a copy of the New Testament; and says that "he (the editor) has burned a Protestant Bible and is prepared to burn a thousand more;" for that "it is a book put together by some of the most active friends and servants of the fire king: it is, in other words, the book of the devil." It was matter of public notoriety within a recent period that Bibles were torn in pieces or burnt in Orchard-place, and this with the connivance or by the direct act of the priests. The last occasion is said to have been immediately after a preaching in the open air by Doctor Wiseman to the Romanists living there. There is no difficulty in connecting the prelate and the act together. It is quite in keeping with the systematic duplicity of that Church which clamors so loudly for full liberty of conscience for herself and utterly denies it to all others.

Some of the passages in the speech of the procurator-general and in the sentence are worthy of notice as significant of the *animus* of the Romish Church, and expressive of the doctrines and practices which she teaches as Catholic. Signor Bic-

chierai quotes decrees of the Emperor Theodosius and Valentian to this effect:—

"We find it good to punish by death, and confiscation of property, him, who by service, persuasion, or by constrained advice, has passed from the worship of the Christian religion to any of those infamous sects or rites. If a Jew persuade a Christian to embrace his religion, he shall be proscribed and suffer the punishment of death."

He also quotes the opinion of Cremani, a Romish writer on criminal law, who says "If any person shall dare to preach apostacy among us, and does not blush to join himself to a party, he shall undoubtedly undergo the punishment appointed by the law against other impious persons, the enemies of society." In which category of "impious persons, the enemies of society," are the Madiai, according to the interpretation put upon the law by the sentence passed upon them, their crime being the teaching another to read the "Wicked Book, the Bible!" But this by the way.

The decree of Theodosius, though not exactly as the signor has set it down, was highly lauded by Baronius, who calls it "*Auream sanctionem edictum pium et salutare.*" The opinion of Cremani was put forth in various forms by the Jesuit fathers, who have laboured to persuade the world, from time to time, that the Church of Rome had a right to burn, to kill by any means, and to destroy all heretics, provided only that the act itself be done at her bidding by the hands of the secular prince. When the fact has been urged against the Church of Rome, the apologists of her creed have complained in the language of injured innocence of malicious misrepresentations. Now, there can be no mistake: the right thus to act has been asserted in the face of the civilized and astonished world in the nineteenth century, and by the high-court functionary of a reigning prince; and the assertion has received a solemn and cruel sanction in the condemnation of two most innocent and Christian persons: they have been condemned as felons for no other crime than the distribution of Bibles! When will men awake to the conviction that Rome is unchanged and unchangeable, as relentless in her hostility to scriptural truth, and as unscrupulous in her maintenance of authority as ever? In our own police courts a priest has lately been justly fined for striking a woman whose child had been baptized by a minister of the Church of England. The *animus* was the same as that which was manifested in the condemnation of the Madiai, because it was the *animus* of his Order and his Church. Had the priest and the woman been in Tus-

cany, instead of England, he would not have struck her, but he would have sent her to the hulks.

The passages in the sentence to which we have alluded are these:—"That the said Francesco Madiai has held discourses with others reprobating the *worship* of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints as idolatrous: that the Madiai, man and wife, supplied a certain young woman, 'destitute of religious instruction,' with the Bible translated by Diodati, and another entitled the 'Book of Common Prayer,' which expressly, and in so many words, set forth that the existence of purgatory and the *worship* of images are foolish notions." So then, notwithstanding the constant denial of the Church of Rome that she either teaches or sanctions the teaching of the doctrines of the *worship* of the Blessed Virgin or the "*worship*" of images, here we have both these doctrines openly acknowledged, and that in the most emphatic manner; for, if the Church of Rome does not hold the *worship* of the Virgin and the *worship* of images, it could not possibly be an offence in the Madiai to deny them. But, further, we beg our readers earnestly to observe that the Madiai were condemned as guilty of a crime in teaching their servant to read the Bible, which afterwards they gave her, because that Bible, as well as the Prayer Book, "expressly, and in so many words, sets forth that the existence of purgatory and the *worship* of images are foolish inventions." Here is the very ground of the hostility which the Church of Rome entertains against the Bible confessed, and the truth at last, though most unintentionally, told. The Bible, whether it be Diodati's version or any other, does expressly teach that the doctrines taught by the Romish Church have no foundation in Scripture; and, because of this, she cannot afford that it should be in the hand of any one over whom she has authority.

Our readers are well aware that a deputation of noblemen and gentlemen of various countries hastened to Florence, and in the most respectful terms besought an audience of the Grand Duke in order that they might plead for an alleviation of the heavy and iniquitous sentence on these two witnesses for the truth. Our readers also know in what manner the audience was refused. It is said that the fate of both prisoners is somewhat ameliorated owing to the personal kindness of those who have the immediate custody of them; but both are described as suffering much in body from the hardships of their confinement, and not likely to survive it if it be extended to the full term of the sentence. We know that a hope is expressed by some of the gentlemen who composed the deputation that the imprisonment will be shortly terminated by an act of clemency on the

part of the Grand Duke; but, unless there be other ground for the hope than that we have heard, we confess we can form no such expectation. It is not unlikely that, if these poor sufferers begin to sink under their punishment, the duke may direct their liberation in order to avoid the odium which their death under it might excite, and to claim credit for the exercise of a merciful consideration: such an act is quite in accordance with Romish policy; but if it be true, as the *Daily News* reports, that the duke expresses his determination to put down heresy at any cost, no matter what the world may say of him—and that a respectable man, a Signor Guarducci, has been re-arrested for the crime of Protestantism—we fear there is little hope for the Madiai. It is said that a guard of Capuchin friars have been placed over Francesco, and that two sanguinary edicts have just been published at Florence, which may even lead men and women to the scaffold who are guilty of the "impiety" for which the Madiai are condemned. Guarducci is one of seven individuals condemned with Count Guicciardini to a year's imprisonment for reading together the 15th chapter of St. John: their imprisonment, through the remonstrance of the late Mr. Shiel, was commuted to a year's exile. Guarducci returned at the expiration of his term of banishment, and resumed his engagement with his former masters the Bankers Fenzi, by whom he seems to be much esteemed; but no sooner is this done than to the consternation of many he is arrested and thrown into prison. In all this we see but little ground of hope for the Madiai.

The movement which has thus stirred up the Tuscan Government into the fanaticism of bigotry is of some standing, and is likely to derive great strength from the very course which is taken to crush it. It seems that there is a Swiss church at Florence under the protection of the King of Prussia, and that for the sake of the Italians a service was statedly performed for their benefit in their own language. At this service many of the Tuscans were in the habit of attending, until the priests, seriously alarmed, importuned the Tuscan Ministry on the subject, who sent police agents to watch and interrogate those who entered. About one hundred and twenty individuals were in consequence submitted to examination and prohibited from attending the service on pain of imprisonment, and the service in Italian was stopped. Amongst the number of those threatened was the Count Guicciardini, who, asserting his right to liberty of conscience, was authoritatively warned and closely watched. Convinced that his personal safety and a residence at Florence were not compatible, he took the resolution of leaving his coun-

try; but, on the eve of doing so, was surprised with others after reading the Scriptures, and arrested. Preparing for his departure, he wished to bid farewell to a family of the name of Betti whom he had long known; and, having met with one of the family in the morning, he promised them a visit in the evening. At that time he was in the company of Signor Guarducci, the gentleman who is after his exile again imprisoned when he asked him to go with him to Betti's house. Garducci, though totally unacquainted with Betti, consented: on their entry, they found a small party assembled, who, with the exception of a Signor Magrini and their host, were entirely unknown to Guicciardini and to Guarducci. After some conversation on the subject of the count's proposed journey, the master of the house proposed that they should read a chapter of the Bible that they might part in a Christian manner. This was done: all read in turn, and had made their observations, and were in the act of departing when they were surprised by the entry of the police, who arrested them and carried them to the Bargello, where they were confined in the worst and most loathsome part of the prison. The charge against them was that of "conspiracy to overthrow the religion of the State;" and the punishment finally awarded was imprisonment in different places. This, by the interference of the British representative, was commuted, as we have already said, into exile.

An incident is connected with Count Guicciardini's share in these transactions which shows in a very striking manner the impotency of persecution. Some years ago the count was appointed curator of the funds of the church of Santa Felicita in Florence. The walls required painting and repairs; and the count, wishing to make known to his countrymen some of the truths of Scripture, applied to the prior, since dead, for permission to place upon them certain portions of holy writ in the Italian language. The permission was given and the work executed, and many read on the walls for the first time the words of eternal life. After the count's apprehension the numbers of visitors to the church greatly increased, till the priests, finding that those who read copied as well, gave directions to have the whole of these passages obliterated. They had not long congratulated themselves on this stroke of policy before they were dismayed by the appearance of a little pamphlet, sent forth by a secret press, in which the whole story is told, and the texts given, together with an exact description of the places which they occupied on the walls; so that what was read before by a few is now seen and read by thousands.

The Madiai are persons who have all through their life pre-

served an unblemished character: the husband was a courier, and the wife, whose maiden name was Pulini, and who was originally a native of Rome, passed a long time in England with families of distinction, with one of whom she lived for sixteen years. All who have known her speak of her in the highest terms, and it is of God's providence that the evidence of her character is furnished by English ladies; for this fact has rendered the attempt to blacken it so utterly hopeless as to be abandoned. It is, doubtless, owing to her connection with England that Rosa Madiai learned to appreciate the Scriptures; and, probably, it is to her that in some measure, under God, her husband's profession of a truer faith is owing. Their separation from Romanism, according to their sentence, dates some four or five years back, and they have been in the habit of opening their house for meetings for worship and instruction. After the exile of Guicciardini the attention of the police was directed to the residence of the Madiai, and a descent was made when two Florentines and an Englishman together with a servant-maid, were found, as the sentence avers, in the act of reading the Bible together, each having a copy of the Bible of Diodati before them.

This fact was sworn to by the veracious gens'darmes, and credited by the impartial judges, though the hour at which the entry was effected (half-past seven) rendered it too dark to read, and though a search from the top to the bottom of the house only produced two Bibles and an English book, not a Bible. Madiai returned whilst the police were in the house and was arrested with the others—the four were carried to the Bargello. The Englishman was released after twenty-two hours detention; the two Florentines, after an imprisonment of seven days, were exiled: one was a valet out of place—the other a shoemaker—and both were thrust forth into a strange land, without friends and without earthly means, to struggle with life as they could. Madiai was detained and shortly joined by his wife—that is, as far as one roof could cover them—for they were confined in separate cells. The result of the whole was the trial to which we have alluded, and the iniquitous sentence under which they are now suffering.

A fact connected with these prosecutions deserves to be mentioned. One of the sufferers arrested subsequently to the proceedings recorded above was a young man who held a situation as clerk in the post-office at Florence. The information against him was laid by a father confessor sworn to secrecy, and he was unwittingly betrayed into this confessor's hands by his own wife! The priest elicited in the confessional the fact that the hus-

band had a Bible *and sometimes read it*, and immediately reported the matter to the police. We have lately been told in this country that the secrets of the confessional are sacred. Much that is morbid in the way of declamation—much that is indignant in the way of protest—has been said and written, because it was suggested that the confessional ought not to screen the murderer from the hand of public justice. In Ireland the priests assert that they cannot possibly divulge that which has been confided to them in the confessional: even though it were to save a victim from a premeditated assassination, they hold up their hands in horror at the surmise that their duty to society requires it. In Tuscany, however, the secrets of the confessional can be broken readily enough when the object is to punish a Bible reader. Is it that murder is less a crime in the estimation of the priests than the reading of the Bible; or that they found it as convenient in Ireland to make the secrecy of the confessional a plea for hiding the one as they did in Tuscany to set it at nought for the sake of denouncing the other? We leave the apologists for Rome a choice of the dilemma.

Dr. Desanctis, whose work stands at the head of this paper, says that—

"Rome has two systems of doctrine—one OFFICIAL, the other REAL. The skilful theologians who write in order to attract Protestants over to the Church of Rome put forward her *official* doctrine and dissimulate or deny her *real*. But go to Rome and take notice there whether the Catholicism taught by Wiseman, Bossuet, and others, be the Catholicism of the Pope. Bossuet, for example, denies that the Romish Church prohibits the reading of the Bible; while all the Popes, down to Pio Nono, do nothing but issue bulls and encyclical letters against any such practice: and to prove that it is not the version of the Bible Society alone which is held in odium, but the Bible itself, it is prohibited even as translated by *Roman Catholic authors*. These are the words of Pope Pius IV., in rule IV. of the Index. But, as though this was not sufficient, Pope Pius VII., by a decree of January 17, 1820, included in the 'Index Expurgatorius' the translation of the New Testament by Monsignor Martini, formerly Archbishop of Florence. Bossuet denies that the Romish Church adores the cross, images, relics, &c.; but go to Rome and you will see the Pope prostrate himself before the cross in his own person and pray before images and relics: you will see him, with his own hands, offer incense to the cross, to images, and to relics; and, not content with all this, he causes HIMSELF to be adored. Thus, to every *official* doctrine of Rome, a *real* one may be opposed to contradict and nullify it."

Now, Dr. Desanctis ought to know something about it, for he was himself a parish priest, a professor of theology, and an inquisitor. And, though what we have quoted is nothing new *for us to read* or hear, yet it is most valuable as constituting

the evidence of one who has an actual experience of that which he asserts.

The *official* and the *real* are not confined to doctrine, but extend to practice. Hence, we find the application of a doctrine exceedingly modified according to locality and circumstances. It makes all the difference whether the priest, who gives the practical exposition of his faith, happen to be at the time in Ireland or in Tuscany—in Vienna or in America.

The gentleman from whose work we have just quoted is one of those living evidences to the fact that the power and prestige of the Romish Church are, in Italy, yielding to the influence of scriptural truth. When it becomes a fact that despotism, be it ecclesiastical or civil, can only maintain itself by the terrors of the scaffold or the dungeon, it is clear that its days are numbered. The sanguinary executions, by force of which Austria is now holding her authority over the Italians, are so many steps in the approach of its downfall: the persecutions in Tuscany are so many links broken in the chain of that thraldom with which Rome has oppressed her children. Whatever Romanism may be elsewhere, it will not bear the light at Rome. Once teach those who daily witness the kind of practical exposition which Rome puts upon her own doctrines when she is at home and at her ease—once teach them to take the word of God and measure what she is by what she ought to be—and the hold which she now has on them will be gone for ever. The vision of Rome, as it is presented to us in England, is a far different thing from the reality. What we know of her is nothing compared with the experience of those who live immediately in her presence. The inhabitant of Rome, with the light of Scripture in his hand, would instantly and intuitively turn from places of moral darkness, of whose existence we, at this distance, have no conception. If it be true that an edition of Diodati's Bible was thrown into Rome during the days of the Republic, as we doubt not it is, she may well stand in dread. But the course which she is taking will precipitate the results which she fears: her blindness is judicial. We rejoice, therefore, to believe that these persecutions will open to many the word of life which she would fain crush into oblivion. We sorrow, indeed, for the sufferings of those who are the martyrs of the Lord; but their calling is a high and holy one—they will have their reward here in the spread of that truth to which they have testified—they will have their reward hereafter in the day when the Lord shall come out of his place to punish iniquity, when "*the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain.*"

From the days of Savanarola down to the present, it has been with Rome as elsewhere where God is forgotten: a remnant has been in existence mourning for the iniquities and testifying to the unfaithfulness of a fallen Church. It is true that they have been silenced and put to death; but the tears and the blood of martyrs fertilize the soil on which they fall, and the seed of eternal life even strikes a deeper root where the heavy foot of despotism has trampled on it. Italy is no exception to the rule. Savanarola was burnt at the stake as a heretic, and his martyrdom was shared by two others. The effects of this martyrdom have lasted to the present day: continually cut down, often apparently crushed, the fruit of the seed which was then sown has again from time to time put forth new life; so that there is now, close to the very centre of the authority and power of Rome, an increasing influence of truth which she will find it hard to repress, and can never, as we hope, destroy. But a few years had elapsed after the death of Savanarolo, before we read of Valdez, a Spaniard resident at Naples, where he was secretary to the viceroy: little is left to tell us of what he actually wrote—for write on matters of faith he did; but he is known to have had many disciples, distinguished for their Christian zeal, scriptural views, and blameless lives, and he numbered amongst them some of the noblest of the time. Such progress did his opinions make amongst the middle classes that the Inquisition, then remodelled and revivified to meet the growing heresy, reported that there were no less than 3,000 schoolmasters attached to the new faith. The Inquisition was not slow in fulfilling its hateful mission, and the secular arm of power was called in to aid the crusade against the heretics. The chief offenders had been found at the schools and universities where they had for the most part occupied the professorships; and accordingly on the schools and universities fell the first and heaviest blows. In Sienna and Pisa the most oppressive severities were put in force against the universities. The academies of Modena and Naples were broken up. Milan and Venice were subjected to cruel surveillance: the learned who were tainted with the so-called heresy fled the country or were hunted to death: those of the middle classes were terrified into submission or cruelly persecuted; till all Italy lay prostrate at the feet at that monstrous institution, which, iron-hearted and red-handed, is indeed the truest incarnation of the spirit of Rome. We may be pardoned for quoting the words of Ranke, which bear upon this period:—

"And in this manner (says he) were all the agitations of dissentient opinion subdued by main force, and annihilated throughou

Italy. Almost the whole order of the Franciscans were compelled to recantation, and the disciples of Valdez had for the most part to retract their opinions. In Venice, a certain degree of freedom was allowed to the foreigners, principally Germans, who resided there for purposes of trade or study; but the natives, on the contrary, were compelled to abjuration and their meetings broken up. Many took to flight, and those fugitives were to be found in every town of Germany and Switzerland. Those who would not adjure their faith and could not escape were subjected to the penalty. In Venice they were taken beyond the lagoons in two boats: arrived in the open sea, a plank was laid between these on which was placed the condemned; at the same moment the rowers pulled in opposite directions: the plank fell, once more did the unhappy victim invoke the name of Christ, and the waves closed over him—he sank to rise no more. In Rome the *auto-da-fe* was held formerly at certain intervals before the church of Santa Maria alla Minerva. Many sought escape by flying from place to place with their wives and children. We trace their wanderings for a time—then they disappear: they had most probably fallen into the toils of their merciless hunters. Others remained quiet. The Duchess of Ferrara, who, but for the Salic law, would have sat on the French throne, was not protected by her birth and high rank. Her husband was himself her accuser. 'She sees no one (says Marot): the mountains rise between herself and her friends—she mingles her wine with her tears.'"

The reader is naturally reminded in this sad narrative of the terrible *Noyades* of the revolutionists at Nantes. The drownings in the Adriatic and the *Noyades* on the Loire, were perpetrated under very different names; for one was in the name of *religion*, and the other of *reason:* but all must see that it was identically the same fiendish spirit which presided over both.

In the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" appears this entry—"PALEARIUS AONIUS"—(1 Ch. App. Ind. Trid). The entry is worthy of remark, because it contains the name of one of the noblest men of this period. We allude to Antonio dei Pagliarici. He was a professor at Sienna and compromised in the so-called heresies of Valdez. When the inquisition commenced the work of persecution, he gave utterance to what in the sequel proved a prophetic declaration—"Scarcely is it possible (said he) for a Christian to rest in his bed." About the year 1540 appeared a very remarkable work called "Il Beneficio de Christo," the authorship of which was attributed, and it would seem justly, to Palearius. It was read with so much avidity that a league was formed of no less than three hundred persons, with the Jesuit Cotta at their head, whose sworn object was the death of the author: twelve of their num-

ber were selected to be his accusers. They pursued him with steady and relentless hatred till they accomplished their purpose. He fled from Sienna to Lucca and from thence to Milan. At Milan he was arrested by order of Pope Pius V., and being arraigned on a charge of heresy was condemned to be hung and burnt. He suffered his sentence in 1570.

The book to which we have alluded has become a literary curiosity: 40,000 copies of it were sold in the course of six years, and it was translated into several languages. Against this book all the powers of the inquisition were brought to bear. Private persons were required, as a duty of conscience, to denounce it and to do their utmost to aid in its destruction. So effectual was this crusade thought to be that, Ranke says, "The book has entirely disappeared and is no longer to be found: whole piles of it were burnt at Rome." Mr. Macaulay also says, "It is now as utterly lost as the second book of Livy." It would seem, however, that neither of them are quite right; as we are informed in a recent publication of the Religious Tract Society that they have lately sent forth a new edition of the work, besides a translation of it into Italian, for the benefit of the author's countrymen. Three copies were discovered extant in English, translated from a French version, and from these the society has taken its new edition.

Space and the patience of our readers would both fail were we to enumerate each link in the chain which connects those who are now languishing in the dungeons of Tuscany with those who suffered at the stake in the fifteenth century. It is, however; a task which could be done; and, were it done, it would furnish a series of striking and emphatic commentaries upon the cry which Rome is now so loudly raising, for "liberty of conscience."

Some apology is, perhaps, necessary to our readers for the seeming incongruity in the reasoning of an article which, like this, commences with a general reference to the ambitious designs of a new made emperor, and then proceeds to deal with a particular case of priestly persecution. We might plead in extenuation of the abrupt transition which, no doubt, is very apparent, that it is an exceedingly difficult thing to condense much matter into the space of an article for a *Review;* and so to treat a subject, constituted by a particular case having many bearings of large and important character, as to preserve an easy gradation and sequence of thought between each of them; but we think the designs of Louis Napoleon and their probable results on the peace of the world have a closer connection with the persecutions of the Madiai than at first sight appears.

They appear to us both, though in very different forms, the work of the same spirit—restless, subtle, and energetic—secretly urging the springs of action, though in very opposite directions, and hoping to gain out of every combination of circumstances something for its own advantage. The Jesuit, who would advise the persecution of the Madiai in Tuscany, would be equally ready to preach a crusade for liberty in France, because in the one case he would only exercise a tyranny which is natural to him where he has the possession of power; and, in the other, he would adopt an expedient which would enable him to attain more than he already possesses. That the proceedings at Florence are entirely the result of Jesuitical influence few can doubt—that the acts of Louis Napoleon have been, and still are, under the same influence, *directly* or *indirectly*, seems the most probable. The evidence of it appears to us clear in the outward show of servility on his part towards the priests, and the solemn semblance of ecclesiastical approbation on their parts towards him. They have no great love one for the other —they know and understand each other too well to entertain any feeling besides that which arises from the necessity of a mutual compact. The ten minutes spent at a hunting mass may satisfy the requirements of an indulgent Church, but will not win much respect for personal piety; whilst, on the other hand, the gorgeous consecration and blessing of all his new-made paraphernalia of war is a homage to the emperor's authority, which he probably despises while he demands it. Still it is evident, that the ecclesiastical element has been in perceptible operation in all his past career, and that Ultramontanism in France has thriven in exact proportion to the success of his own despotic policy. Whether or not a reaction may take place in Italy, it is impossible to say—the probability is that sooner or later, those who are oppressed politically may make common cause with those who are oppressed socially—and an outbreak may be the result. Should it happen, and prove successful, there would be the greater reason why the Jesuit in France should urge an onward movement, that he might by clerical astuteness in advocating the cause of liberty, remedy the dilemma which the clerical tyranny of his brother Jesuit in Tuscany had brought about, in seeking to suppress it. The world is rife with Jesuit machinations—they meet us in the highest and the lowest places. Between the plans of mighty monarchs which affect the peace and prosperity of millions—the counsels which organise a systematic persecution against all liberty of thought and action, and the subtle missives of discord which find their way to our fire-sides and bring social misery to our homes,

there is in the present day a real and significant connection not to be overlooked. They are under the influence of the same active agency, and that agency is in the service of a Church which aims at universal power. She has entered upon a struggle which must sooner or later end in her own destruction or in the subversion of all which honest and Christian men hold dear. It is therefore the duty of every conscientious Protestant to watch with jealous caution each step which she takes, that he may ascertain how and where she means to strike.

ART. X.—*The Fourth Estate.* By LEIGH HUNT. London.

A POWER of a slow and retarded growth at the outstep—retarded by a variety of causes, partly owing to the still restricted development of printing, a fear of changes not yet prepared for of an influence semi-mysterious, but chiefly by a dread of exposure held by those whose interest it might be to throw a veil of darkness over proceedings that were feared to be made knownby its means—has at this day arrived at the full and vigorous development of its proper aim and end. As a means of national enlightenment and an agent of progression, with all the brilliant prospects that the future holds out in other ways, it can scarcely achieve perhaps a greater success than it has already accomplished, though it may perpetuate and perfect; but if it continue to do what it now does, little more, we apprehend, can be desired for it to perform.

Thanks to the energies and resources elaborated by time, and those to whose exertions and talents we owe so much for the power of free speaking, free writing, and free teaching, this benign power, like *Prospero*, sole monarch of his splendid isle of sorceries, has to acknowledge no master. As it co-operates with and in a degree creates "public opinion," and takes the initiative in all great and noble projects for the still furthering of man's enfranchisement from ignorance and consequent misery, so, while it continues to hold its integrity as pure and as spotless (as a general rule) as it has hitherto done, it has nothing to fear from the defection of this "public opinion" an abstract element, too, that next to THE PRESS, in its convincing powers, is perhaps the most potent in the empire. It has, on the contrary, everything to expect in the way of gratitude, respect, and support, on every hand; and the press, in addition, having become a grand and fundamental necessity with us, we are not likely to permit this bulwark of our constitutional liber-

ties to be menaced with any danger which we can possible avert, and which it is for the safety of all to hold intact in its entirety.

The title of "The Fourth Estate"—a title adopted by the author of the present volumes, is the history of the newspaper press of England, which is not surpassed by any in the world. For the expression of an unbiassed and fearless opinion—for freedom of speech (in the proper sense of the term)—and for its true independence, it stands alone and unrivalled; and with the addition of its other qualifications, such as its ubiquity of intelligence—its general trustworthiness in all matters important or not—for the value of its strictures—its opinions upon men and governments, rulers and the ruled,—for the stupendous grasp of information which it scours the world to place in the hands of its readers, everything that is scientifically instructive, statistically useful, and amusing in a literary or an *æsthetic* sense—it may lay claim to the characteristics of a phenomenon in the civilized world, until its existence, unknown, though dimly dreamt of; and, strange to say, with all its large latitude of irresponsibility, the purity of its tone, the elevation of its style, the high and unblemished moral character which is identified with the whole of the metropolitan and provincial press of the kingdom—these constitute other singular features that are not the least valuable part of its nature, but which have also been found necessary for its existence, since papers once remarkable for scurrility, vindictiveness, and malignancy of satire, have gradually abandoned those essentials, and now exist with scarcely a fault consistent with an honest difference of opinion.

A sense of power often renders men generous. The same may be said of the press to a certain extent, since it is not its characteristic to sacrifice the principles of justice to a sentiment of misplaced lenity or even of kindness. On the other hand, it often exercises a mutual censorship when in the heat of argument, or on the side of a question, a writer is apt to forget that the "individual" is merged in the "public;" and the bitterness of party spirit—(so apt to run into exaggeration and something worse)—has often been checked by the mediation of a third, that either temperately or disinterestedly stood neuter, in order, let us suppose, to watch the contending strife and see fair play.

There have been times when defamation has been supposed profitable to a newspaper; but this corrupt source of gain has either been found so barren, or has in some way been rendered so detestable, that a journal thus supported has after a little time suicidally brought about its own ruin. As a general

rule, the press holds it as an axiom that its *honour* must be unimpeachable. Its members look upon confidential communications as sacred things, and unless desired by the party sending, or under justifiable circumstances, are never known to break this confidence. Anonymous letters, on the other hand, if not denounced (and oftentimes they are), meet with immediate and universal rejection; and those that have at any time dared to court dishonour have been confounded with the infamy they have given birth to, and consigned to the fate they so richly deserved and provoked.

As an example, there existed in London (where the extremes of what is good and what is vile receive birth) a weekly paper called the *Satirist*, which at one time, we are informed, experienced a considerable sale. We are not sufficiently interested in or acquainted with its career to give any decisive particulars regarding it; but sufficient is known to make good the principle of which we have just spoken—viz., that the press *must* be, like the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, wherever it desires to establish itself. For a time this feculent publication appealed to the most debased tastes, and reflected the surface of society in such sickly hues as gave it the aspect of being tainted by the miasma of a moral pestilence. The peer became the football of the peasant, and the most scandalous anecdotes of the aristocracy—(in which, unfortunately, there was possibly some touch of truth)—were dished up with such a spice and a pungency of sprinkling as only the grossest stomach could digest. With whatever strength of political significance the kaleidoscope in which the editor showed the distorted features of the upper classes to the lower, it was only by the filthiness of the communicating medium—(namely, its columns)—that it had any influence at all. It could not now dare to appear; and, though there is always (in great towns especially) a class ready to absorb such horrible mental aliment as was here offered to a morbid appetite, while there are always readers ready to gorge upon the literary garbage thus presented, it is still gratifying to rest assured that at this day that significant abstraction, the "spirit of the public journals," aided by the force of "public opinion," would speedily put an end to its existence. We have reason to believe that it would be ruin to a man, in a worldly sense, and infamy for ever, if one were again bold enough to make the abortive attempt. And this being a convincing and satisfactory illustration of the debasement that the press *has* suffered from those who ought to have been dignified by their office, together with the dangerous consequences of the same, we need not amplify upon the very

few other instances which have occurred in periodical forms to prove that necessity unites with inclination to keep up the highest possible *tone* in our newspapers.

If it be urged, in reply, that there are at times wanton attacks made upon individuals in the newspapers, which, not coming within the sense of a libel are still annoying and perhaps even injurious, and that these, too, take rise in envious feelings, or spring from malignant motives, it is still to be remembered that the same columns are open to a reply, a justification, or a complete refutation, which may have the effect of turning back the calumny upon its utterer or instigator with force sufficient to convert it into a punishment – a mode of retribution which we apprehend to be the most perfect that can be conceived. It is the duty and the desire of every editor who may in his zeal be led away, to receive such replies, and to give them all the publicity possible, since they are responsible for all consequences arising from this misrepresentation; and no opinion can be more erroneous, though held by numbers of people, than that there is no redress in such cases, especially where the "law" cannot be made to interfere. The usages of society are as well known to editors as to those who frequent the *salons;* and, if he should happen to describe a magnificent dinner in erroneous terms, there is no mistake whatever in his knowing what his *duty* is to every individual member of the body, politic or social. We repeat, then, what we have already asserted, that we can scarcely realise in a general way the high principle of honour by which the editorial department of a respectable newspaper is marked and emphasised; and we think it the more right to insist upon this, since the character of the one is comprehended *in*, and represented and mutually reflected *by*, the character of the other. This is the reason, therefore, why men place the fullest and most unhesitating confidence in the conductors of the public press. It is in this integrity, never known to fail yet—unless, indeed, in very exceptional cases—that its stability and respectability is so securely grounded. When a man has an instinctive feeling that he need fear no breach of faith, he never hesitates to repose it. Hence so many scandalous public evils and abuses of public trust have been reformed.

The interests thus confided, it is well known, are at times of such a nature as to affect the happiness and the future welfare, of a family. It would be fearful to contemplate the consequences of that system which allowed the press to make itself master of the domestic peace, and permitted it the capability of sowing the seeds of evil and dissension around the social hearth. When it is known what fearful results have

already happened through the exercise of such a power, used solely to gratify the cupidity or the baseness of a wretch who thus sacrificed the decencies and the amenities of life however provoked or aroused, we cannot but congratulate ourselves upon the morality, courage, and candour, that ornament and legitimitize it. Besides, the press has a direct charge over the public interest; and its business is to protect rather than attack—to conciliate rather than enrage. The happiness of its readers is an especial object of its regard; and it industriously occupies itself in smoothing away the thousand obstacles that may be in their way, little or great, whether these concern innocent amusements and trifling improvements easily made here or there—or in matters of vital moment affecting fortune and fame, or life and death—in short, it extends its benign protection and assistance from the highest to the lowest.

The press is the arbiter of public wrongs and abuses. Things which the law cannot reach, the press can, and he who in the plentitude of his wealth can escape the consequence of an outrage, or the infliction of a petty or a gross tyranny exercised on those weaker or less capable of defending themselves, cannot hope to escape the lash of this Nemesis, which pursues him wherever he goes, and which, like the boasted vaunt of a monarch's grasp, extends its impalpable arms around the globe. It writes the flaming letters on the walls when he thinks himself safest and beyond all fear of pursuit.

It is by the exercise of this healthy power that questions affecting every kind of interest are decided. It affords to its correspondents that unfeed information generally supposed to be possessed only by the learned—lawyers, doctors, and scientific men—and by the dispensing of which it is imagined they live luxuriously. From the translating of a line of Homer, a Syriac text, or an Egyptian hieroglyph, to the virtues of bleaching powder or the mystery of hashing cold veal, its vast and varied field of information is at the service of the community. Nor must this generous and gratuitous feature be treated at less than its real value. Every piece of information to the ignorant or the doubtful *is* of a real, positive, and determinative nature. What satisfies the *Savant* will in another mode render the housekeeper grateful; and the thousand and one little "odds and ends" that fill up the corner of a column in a newspaper, if they only serve to raise a laugh, play their part in the excellent organization of a good family newspaper; and all this is done literally regardless of expense, since *it* remunerates handsomely for these things: and a newspaper can borrow like a king, to pay back like an emperor, as was

said of Ben Jonson; while a paragraph, romantic or common place, by a skilful transformation under the hands of a smart writer, will often, in a contemporary, puzzle its originator, and make him wonder where this "strange affair" took rise.

It is not precisely necessary to enter into a detail of the origin and progress of the newspaper press, this being well and amply performed by the intelligent author in his own pleasant work—a task which has evidently not been completed without much labour and research, and to which we very cordially refer the reader, assuring him that he will there find all he requires. Still sufficient can be said in a moderate amount of space to give a general comprehension of the advance that has been made from the commencement and during the greater portion of the last century.

A curiosity to know what is going on in the world around us is a very natural passion with all. Every person held the "pilgrim" by the button, if he had one, who at the time of the crusades could tell aught of those fighting in Palestine. The Venetians, at an early period, published a Gazette announcing the result of some new strife with the Genoese, their old maritime foes, or perhaps the termination of an old struggle with the Turks. In fact, in restless times, this news became necessary to public safety; but Lord Chancellor Burleigh, the statesman of Elizabeth's time, appears to be the first on actual record who had a paper editorialy established, and quite under his own control, in which the astute senator could issue to the people very consoling matter when conciliation was deemed necessary; or alarm them into grants of fresh levies, and forge news tinged with the peculiar colouring he desired to give it; while at the same time he considerably forwarded his own interests and backed his "party." However desirable such might be now to the members of the Cabinet or its head, it would be found a very impossible and perhaps a dangerous thing to do. The *English Mercurie*, printed by one Christopher Barker in 1508, which details the defeat of the Spanish Armada, was doubtless, if not apocryphal as is alleged, the origin of as great a sensation as the Trafalgar or the Waterloo Gazettes were, when announcing those important victories.

During the civil wars of Charles the First with his Parliament, as the art of printing had become by this time a regular business or profession among a vast number of "mercuries, diurnals, and fly-sheets," newspapers began to acquire an importance formerly little dreamed of, and certainly not indicating even then the vast circle of influence they were destined to

possess at a future time; and the rival armies are said to have carried printers, type, and presses with them, in order that news, real or manufactured, either for encouragement or intimidation, might be spread abroad, and thus, by informing the people of their mutual successes through the medium of fear or favour, they might increase their partizans. For all this the political spirit of the period gave an additional spur, and worldly or carnal news, as it was phrased, was often blended with fanatic or evangelic exhortation, greatly to the reader's edification. It was about or soon after this time, too, that Milton put forth his eloquent plea on behalf of the freedom of the press, the absolute necessities for which his large catholicity of mind foresaw. It was, however, in vain then, though it laid the foundation of its agitation; and not till the year 1604 (in the time of William) was the press really set free from the stringent and even perilous "Star Chamber" bonds which crippled it; and then, as also subsequently in the reign of Anne, it arose Minerva-like all armed, and showed itself in all its vigorous might and strength—in all its sublimity of grasp and its consciousness of true power. We find also, that at the Crown and Anchor tavern (in London) in the year 1775, at a Whig dinner, the following noble toast was drunk with enthusiastic unanimity:—"*The liberty of the press: it is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die!*"

To return for a moment. In 1662, the necessity of attempting to make parliamentary debates public was tried to be shown, though the plan was much opposed; and in 1663, Sir Roger L'Estrange (a clever but venal writer) started *The Intelligencer*, a paper which appeared to be better organised than any of its predecessors, and which embraced the cause of the court with significant zeal; but also in opposition, very often, to the true interests of the nation. Two years after this, while the whole court was at Oxford, and the plague raging in the metropolis, the *Oxford* (afterwards called the *London Gazette*) appeared, and before the close of the century L'Estrange had established the "*Observator*," and very cleverly constituted himself the censor of the press under the pretence of preventing the circulation of falsehoods. His audacity in this step was followed by his being confirmed in the office. Numbers of other journals now rapidly succeeded, and since then the press has been represented by men whose names are among the loftiest in the realm of intellect. We may assume that De Foe, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, Addison, and the rest of the noble brotherhood, contributed to the press, which, if not definitively classified as newspapers, had an un-

doubted kinship as well as an affinity in other respects, and should not be excluded in a paper which treats of the important functions of the press —taking that as a generic title.

The following statistical summary will, more than all, prove the extraordinary magnitude of its growth. In 1753 the number of stamps issued to British papers was, in round numbers, over *seven millions*. In 1840, the number was over forty millions, of which nearly thirty millions were issued from London alone. In the week the funeral of the Duke of Wellington took place there were 2,000,000 stamps issued from the Stamp-office, and the *Times* of Nov. 19 (containing an account of the funeral) issued 70,000 copies in six hours—the largest impression of that important journal; and, of the *Illustrated London News* of that week, 250,000 copies were printed.

The press, then, is the only true reformer of civil and social abuses, whatever their kind may be; and there are some so incorporated with the charters of the land—some rendered, as it were, venerable by time, and the magnitude of the abuse—some consolidated by that concrete and resisting element called "precedent," that the difficulties of advancing to meet them partake considerably of the nature of storming a fortress. Vast gaps of ancient law rubbish have to be filled up with *fascines* of common sense, and the whole cumbrous machinery of technicalities, that (whether really exploded or not) render the matter a thousand-fold more impossible to meet, have to be done away with before a thorough change for the better can take place. A remarkable instance of the power of the press is exemplified in a late attack of the *Times* upon a hoary iniquity of long standing. There had existed from an antedated period a solemn conclave, called the "Palace Court," held in the city of Westminster, one of those respected relics—granted as a sinecure, doubtless, to certain law officers—by the powers of which *personal actions* within the limits of twelve miles round the Sovereign's palace could be tried, and the recovery of debts formed some part of its ostensible duties, though delay and the multiplication of costs to a ruinous extent, was the virtual work of its sessions. The evils of this system became so glaring that it was attacked with such a vigour, force of irony, and skill, and with such a result, that in 1850, a few months after the first attack was made, an institution, dating from the letters patent of Charles II., and from the year 1664, was finally abolished and its functions transferred to the County Courts.

The Court of Chancery, with its *litany* of tears and anguish, its "orphaned children, and myriads of forlorn widows," who have been defrauded of their rights, is now beginning to

bring the battering-rams of the press into play against it; and, aided by the powerful pen of Charles Dickens in his new story of "Bleak House," let us trust it will not much longer be able to perpetuate its alarming and destructive abuses.

In minor matters the same activity and vigilance is shown as in things of graver moment, and of such a nature are the few examples that follow. If a person is overcharged, insulted, or otherwise suffers from the despotism of any directorship—if vehicles of any kind, cabs, trains, vessels, steamers, &c., intended for the public service and supported by the necessities of the public, at any time commit against their patrons and supporters a sin of omission or commission, the press willingly aids in the redress of such a wrong. It is its duty, and it expects to be called upon to interfere. In addition, however, to the proof that the press is doing *its* work as seen by complaints in the columns of the morning papers, we arrive at another conviction that some "bodies" who have a good working monopoly in their favour are proof against all expostulation and exposure, since the complaints are daily repeated as though stereotyped, and in such cases it is left for "public opinion" to support the press, in the way that appears best and most effectual, and compel a right, where wrongs so glaring exist.

Thus the extortions of public companies are made notorious, if not checked. The betrayal of the interests of any charter or covenant, between a monopoly and those compelled to subsist by purchase of this monopoly, will instantly find the press arrayed against them; and, impregnable alike to bribes and menaces, deaf to promises and heedless of all threats, with the blind impartiality of justice, these find neither mercy or quarter, when once the wrong is established as a fact, till they be totally remedied. The sense of self preservation compels this method of procedure and every instinct prompts to such a course.

It does not need to have any very intimate acquaintance with the arcana of the press to be aware that the organization and the literary working of a newspaper must be brought to as near a point of perfection, in respect of "system," as anything can possibly be. Every one has his duty to perform, and knowing this well the duty for the most part is done. Take, for instance, any daily paper, and look at the varied amount of news given in its columns. Things that happen on land and sea, in the depths of the mine, on the summit of the mountain, or in the peaceful valley—cases of guilt and innocence, crime and turpitude—instances of benevolence, and examples of humanity—all are there, in their regular order and sequence.

What occurred yesterday, or the day before, at the extremest end of the United Kingdom—(through the medium of the provincial press or the electric telegraph)—is known the next day at the breakfast-table of the Londoner. The fresh discoveries of science, new developments of art, the last new book, the fashions, the *on dits*—"trifles as light as air" and matters sufficiently important as to affect thousands in life and fortune—are all discussed and registered in their several places, with their significance or import also pointed out by the apprehensive "leader" of the editor himself, who sees very probably in an event, that, which hundreds of readers would pass over with inattention. For he is the exponent of all that occurs; and a parliamentary debate, an accident by a railway-train, a starved pauper, a ruffian let loose on society, all to him have significance, and are necessary to be chronicled and commented upon, and what *he* says invariably meets with that respect and attention which the subject (in the eyes of one or other of his readers) is sure to demand.

There are necessarily subalterns or sub-editors to any paper of the slightest importance, who, under a general surveillance, preside over the political, the literary, the dramatic, the musical, the commercial or speculative, and the general *olla podrida* which combine to form the whole; and, as a matter of course, there are men of different degrees of excellence representing all these. Men well educated, well-informed, and intelligent, are therefore necessary to meet the demands made upon a newspaper; and there must also be a certain facility of throwing off one's thoughts on a given subject, and at a moment's notice, which must result only from long practice and familiarity with the work. This is often the charm of the *leaders* in newspapers. There is, generally speaking, a sparkling freshness, a felicity of conception, a witty illustration, or a mordacious "hit," which make them often so vivid and so graphic. Nor should the laborious parliamentary reporter and *redacteur*, whose labours are often, in the height of the session, of a most harassing kind, be omitted in the general summary.

In close connection with the constitutional freedom of England stands the press as something more than a mere auxiliary, and this is possibly the highest of all attributes that it can claim, since *in it* the whole of the moral grandeur of the social system is bound up. It is the greater, that contains every lesser element. As we are free in our thoughts and actions, so are we happy in the knowledge that no tyrannous proceedings can be taken against our privileges while the press protects them. We are thus religious, moral, intelligently and physically progressive;

and it is owing to these in combination, with a full development of everything that is humanizing, grand, and exalting, that our advancement—and our national enlightenment have rendered us so great, so honoured, and so influential as we are, in respect to all other nations of the earth.

The struggle of the press for its own freedom gives an emphasis to its value that is very striking when we have begun to render it a consideration. There is something to us highly significant in the protests that have been made from time to time against any curtailment of its privileges and thus it is easy to imagine with what jealousy we in our turn look upon all attempts made to cripple its powers or narrow the circle of its influences. While it associates itself with everything that has a social importance to us, we feel a reciprocal pride that it has become, so to speak, an institution of the land. As we are politicians, it informs us of every debate and every parliamentary event in which our rights and liberties, our glory and our honour, are bound up. It has truly had less to struggle against than the press of any other country, excepting, perhaps, that of America; but whether it be from prejudice, or a more direct and individual contact, we cannot admit that the American press takes the same lofty stand that we claim for ours. On the Continent we find that, to this very hour, it is looked upon with the utmost jealousy: its expressions watched with the greatest caution, and its proceedings, for the same reason, are conducted with a care that shows how lambent is the flame of its existence very often. These comparisons, that are so greatly in our favour, increase our respect for the Government under which it enjoys privileges so enviable, and a greater love for those establishments under which so much security and peace are assured to us.

We mention this by way of contrast only; for proud as we justly are of the toleration granted here—impressed as everyone must be with the value of that principle which allows us to speak without fear, and of having our opinions represented without doing or desiring wrong to any individual in the state or nation—it is only when we look at the fettered condition of the press in the Austrian, Prussian, and other dominious, that we can fully comprehend its real value. We cannot realize the fact of an editor conducting a paper under the inspection of *gens' darmes*, or of armed officials whispering cautiously in his ear a hint of a prison, or a prison's deepest dungeon. Of course, that which directly tends towards turbulence or sedition, form exceptional cases, since the security of the many will be then menaced by the few; and on this point more remains to be said than belongs to our present object.

With us, then, the press is the ubiquitous and sleepless power to which we trust with an implicit boundlessness, because we know that, while there is an emulation between newspapers of any class or standing at all, it is of the most generous kind; and the rivalry is to surpass in amplitude of reports, in news, and information; but, above all, in talent and in truth.

Every movement of the Government, every expression of the Ministry, every word uttered by the Legislature, every change, every phrase, are instantly noted down and the public are informed of their import with a correctness of deduction that often seems like prophecy, and these are instantly transmitted to town, village, and hamlet, with a certainty that can always be counted upon. Day by day, week by week, year by year, the regular routine of the newspaper goes on; and though mobs thunder at the printing-office door and menace life and property, yet next day the country subscriber has his "news" fresh and welcome before him.

A free press indicates a free people; and let us be thankful to God that we have a comprehension of the meaning of this important truth. Astrea is jealous of approach, and truth shrinks from the neighbourhood of falsehood. While it is not insisted upon that everything in a newspaper must be believed, or that an editor shall be immaculate and think or do no wrong, we accept it as a law of progress that the press is guided by truth—truth of the most impartial kind—and that men will not wilfully utter falsehoods in places so public as the columns of a paper, where friends and enemies may peruse the glaring discrepancy is such be written, and where there are plenty on the watch to detect the error, whether wilful or accidental.

We do not think it is an exaggeration of the influence of the press to assume that it has been the main agent in destroying one of the greatest nuisances of a civilised time and people—we refer to duelling among us as a people and nation. The Parthian darts of ridicule, supplied by the capacious quiver of the newspapers, have given this egotistical species of genteel ruffianism a wound from which it cannot recover. Not all the stately eloquence written by a Gibbon, or uttered by a Burke, can ever raise it anew to any height of dignity. It might have been, and doubtless *was*, dignified at one time and after a certain fashion; but that was long before the petulance of unrestrained insolence had recourse to the sword and pistol. A policeman or a magistrate will now adjust all differences and altercations, which formerly used to lead to these hostilities so pregnant with misery; and though a bellicose "gentleman," insulted to the infinite degree of requiring the test of the *duello*,

in order to wipe away the stain upon his wounded honour—bearded like the pard, "seeking the bubble reputation" wherever it was to be got—though he demand satisfaction ever so determinedly, the chances are a hundred to one against his obtaining it in *his* way. Common sense has supplanted the stilted "humbug" of modern honour. The days of chivalry have long passed away; and the duel, which might in former times be necessary to restrain outrageous insolence and brutal ferocity when there were none legally empowered to step between, is not necessary *now*, when the most complex matter is settled at the nearest police-office; though when a duel has occurred, the next day, perhaps, the *Times* reduces the proportions of the quarrel to such a dwarfish stature as to make the contending parties—for they rarely shoot each other now—ashamed of their altercation.

The advertisements of a newspaper, while being a great source whence its support and emolument are derived, are now also elaborated into a professional and real value. What lessons do they not teach us? What pathos in some—what a grotesque comicality in others? The penitent entreats forgiveness: the reckless are implored to pause: the poor mother prays her prodigal son to return home: the lorn maiden, abandoned by her lover, there gives utterance to her sad story of wrong. Grief and gladness, sorrow and joy, vice and virtue, crime and innocence, business and pleasure, all meet the eye; and to the thoughtful, or to the imaginative, many a motley-coloured history of human life take form and breathing from the few words inserted.

Without the newspaper the man of the world would be *blazé* indeed; the tradesman grumble, the politician find it in his heart to recant his opinions; the "out of place" be in despair; the "want a servant" be driven to shifts; absent friends be mourned as lost; and a darkness fall over the world generally as during an eclipse of the sun.

What conversations does a newspaper not suggest—what endless topics of pleasant and desultory *chat!* What tremendous theories does it not supply the dreamer with! What visions of *Eldorado* and adventurous fortune-hunting to those who idle their heavy time away at home:—

"Let us praise newspapers—(says the great, the good, the wise Doctor Johnson, whom we love and honour with all our hearts)—let us praise newspapers. One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes—(he speaks here in his own dogmatic style)—are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure,

and one part of the people has nothing to do but observe the lives and fortunes of others."

Onward, therefore, goes the sublime march of wisdom, intelligence, and moral good. We are infinitely a better race than the races that have passed by within the last few centuries—centuries of ambition, strife, and crime, in which history has written itself in its ghastliest hues; and we say we are better, without arrogance and without disrespect to those grandsires to whom we at least owe our being. The world of science, that profound mystery before which the *adept* worshipped, the *alchemist* wasted life, health, and died—still died hoping—for was he not then within another moment of his immortal discovery, the *Elixir Vitæ ?*—has every hour its discoveries recorded by the press. But, for all that, the alchymist left us chemistry, studious men their thoughts, scholars their wisdom, the humourist his essay, and all have left us the press.

Magnificient power!—munificent legacy of the past!—how all men prize it? The press, for a modern Rome—(to which any great city may be compared)—is its Juvenal, as also its Horace. And in this our rapid and hasty summary, while taking leave of the present work, from which we have derived much amusement and no small amount of instruction, we have to give it a full meed of praise, without qualifications of scarcely any kind. What the author undertook to do he has done, and the scattered vestiges of this astonishing agency are now within the reach of any reader curious enough to peruse for himself.

The press, then is the historian, annalist, chronicler of all that passes in the hours as the sun circles us daily. A record of peril, adventure, and of every discovery in the arts, the sciences, and the learned profession, all are comprehended in the manifold qualities appertaining to it! May its power never lessen, but increase and broaden like the sun in the time of the harvest, so that the blessings it aids so liberally to dispense may find their way into every home where man in any form of humanity, and in any condition of life, has taken up his dwelling!

While poets have been the admitted legislators of the world—while the painter, the sculptor, and the artist, in any and in every sense have breathed into the ears of the race their august messages which have done so much for all—let us not forget that tribute due to the press, and to its members as to those who watch over us, defend us, amuse us, please us, and to whose teachings we daily owe a debt that, as Milton says, "still paying is still to owe," progresses with time, and makes us mutually cordial friends.

While that vital stream of intelligence, the press, courses the veins and arteries of the social body, we have nothing to fear, but much more to hope and to expect. In the deeps of life where thousands lie in misery, and have crime for a heritage, we yet desire to send forth the regenerating currents of the mighty magnetism. There is a crusade for the press yet to enter into; and it is with the squalor, the filth, the poverty, the unmitigated horrors of great towns and cities. The press alone can do it. It is like a detergent, and plunging within the *pale* of this moral leprosy, it grapples with the disease, until, struggle after struggle, it must be finally triumphant. Ye millions of England, welcome the press! Cherish it as a birthright more dear to you nationally than lands or possessions. It will make the weak strong. It will render the strong humble and meek. It will help Christianity to make men brothers, and, with it, teach all to look up to God!

ART. XI.—1. *Speech of Mr. Villiers, delivered in the House of Commons,* Tuesday, Nov. 23, 1852.

2. *Speech of Mr. Disraeli in Reply.*

3. *Speech of Mr. Disraeli, delivered in the House of Commons,* Friday, Dec. 3, 1852.

4. *Speech of Mr. Secretary Walpole, delivered in the House of Commons,* Monday, Dec. 13, 1852.

5. *Speech of Mr. Disraeli, delivered in the House of Commons,* Thursday, Dec. 16, 1852.

Speech of Mr. Gladstone. Ibidem.

IN the April number of this Review, shortly after the accession of the Derby Administration, we offered some observations on that event. We analyzed the characters and reputed capabilities of its constituent members; and believing them to be, all and severally, actuated by sound Conservative principles, we expressed a hearty hope for their permanent tenure of office. We adverted at the same time to the many-headed and monstrous opposition which started up on the first nomination of the Derby Ministry, before they had brought forward a single measure or even announced a single intention. An Opposition seems so natural an incident to an English Administration, that its absence would astonish and perplex the English mind with the same vague and bewildering terrors which haunted the fabled man who walked in the sunshine without a shadow—nay,

we relish a good strong Opposition, which, like a stiff breeze, excites a wholesome agitation in waters which might otherwise stagnate; but we have designated, and still designate, the Opposition raised by the breath of Lord John Russell against Lord Derby a monstrous Opposition. Lord John Russell went to the Queen; and, acquainting her Majesty with his own inability to carry on the Government, recommended that Lord Derby should be sent for. A party opponent of Lord John's might assert that his lordship's recommendation of Lord Derby was made with no view to serve his Sovereign or supply his country with an efficient Administration; but, with the sly hope of placing a political rival in an embarrassing position from which he would presently be glad to escape, and probably thereby impress the royal mind with an idea that none but Whig statesmen were competent to administer the public affairs of Great Britain.

We attribute no such sinister motives to Lord John Russell; but he has only his own conduct to blame for the existence of such suspicions of his honour and honesty. Scarcely had Lord John departed from that interview with the Queen, at which he had recommended her Majesty to send for Lord Derby, than he hurried to Chesham-place to concoct schemes to embarrass the Minister whom he had recommended. He threw open his doors to an heterogeneous assemblage, which eclipsed the far-famed confederacy of Lichfield-house, when a Prime Minister of England bartered his independence and truckled for support to the Irish agitator. But the confederacy of Lichfield-house was simple compared with the manifold manœuvres concocted and the multiform conspirators collected in Chesham-place. Every comer, however motley his garb and uncouth his patois—the Lancashire leveller and the Irish rebel—were equally welcome: the cold, forbidding, stare of Whig exclusiveness for once melted into the bland smile of general greeting: no other qualification of membership was required than hostility to Lord Derby: that was the sole and sufficient passport to the confederacy of Chesham-place. Poverty is proverbially said to acquaint men with strange bedfellows, and party spirit certainly leads to anomalous alliances; else would a cold, exclusive, aristocratic Whig, like Lord John Russell, never have linked himself to so incongruous a group of levellers, agitators, and avowed foes of the British Constitution in both Church and State. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* Can such rage distract a noble Russell's judgment? It must be admitted that, on several occasions since this notorious meeting, Lord John Russell has appeared manifestly ashamed of his associates, and

stubbornly acted as though he were mentally, though not orally exclaiming—"I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat." But the man who puts the elements of disorder in motion cannot check them when he wishes; and therefore, in spite of Lord John's occasional recalcitrations, his Chesham-place allies have, from the hour of their first congregation down to the present moment, exhibited a rancorous and relentless animosity against Lord Derby and his colleagues. Would that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert had borne this in mind when they brought their great talents to bear against the Derby Administration! The one, with his wondrous acuteness and masterly talent for figures, may tear any budget he pleases to tatters; and the other, in his ardent fondness for a departed friend, may offer up Benjamin Disraeli as an offering to the memory of Peel; but will they form a working Government without associating themselves with men determined to subvert the most cherished principles of both?

It has been assumed from the first nomination of the Derby Administration that he and his colleagues were bent upon bringing back restrictive duties and an obsolete policy, and the most dishonest artifices have been unscrupulously resorted to by speakers within the walls of Parliament, and by speakers and writers without, to infuse this belief into the minds of the people at large. To a great, we will add, to a mischievous extent, these artifices have been successful; but now that Lord Derby's Admininistation has been completely routed by them, as present circumstances threaten we confess our doubts of the possibility of any truly Conservative Government ever more maintaining an efficient position in this country. We write not thus in any factious spirit—with any overweening prejudice in favour of Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Walpole, or Mr. Henley, individually, in preference to all other existing Englishmen; but under a serious apprehension that the Opposition which has prevailed against these Minsters would be levelled with equal animosity against any Conservative Administration whatever.

We are sensible how easy it is, by turning over the pages of the recording Hansard, to show that the above-named gentlemen, and a multitude of other members of both Houses of Parliament, have at different stages of their political career given utterance to varying, or, it may be, discordant sentiments and opinions; but we abjure this mode of personal warfare, of which we have recently seen far too much in the House of Commons and in the columns of political journals. Hours, nights of debate have been expended, and torrents of reproachful invectives have been poured forth on proving the ill-treatment of the late Sir Robert Peel by

those who are now fain to adopt his policy, and in endeavouring to extort a humble recantation. Supposing the fact to be as alleged —admitting that Mr. Disraeli has said harsh things of Sir Robert Peel and did display towards him an embittered hostility—had not Mr. Peel aided and abetted an equally remorseless persecution of Mr. Canning; and had not Canning himself in his own younger day baited with equal malice, albeit with a smile upon his countenance and a joke upon his lips, the Minister whom he wished to overthrow? The forum, no less tan the political arena, yields its series of attacks and retaliations. Has not Westminster Hall witnessed the outrages, as contemporaries called them, perpetrated upon Sir James Mansfield by Brother Best, amply retaliated upon Lord Wynford by Brother Wilde? But alas! for human nature, the floor of the House of Commons, and the Courts of Westminster Hall, in this matter, only present a type of man's course through life. The aspiring young man thrusts his senior from his stool, to be himself in turn detruded by some more vigorous successor. The Christian philosopher may moralize over or deplore this combativeness of human nature, this ceaseless warfare of men upon each other, which, however, we believe will endure for wise purposes until the race of man has passed into a higher state of existence; but in this sublunary world, under the present dispensation, it is idle to quarrel with an order of things which appears permitted, if not ordained.

Had we space to follow out the subject in detail, or dare we flatter ourselves that our readers would have patience to peruse a repetition of notorious facts, we could trace the unfair workings of the Opposition in Parliament from the first day of Lord Derby's assumption of office until the dissolution in August, and thence down to the adjournment for the Christmas recess; and we could disclose the mean manœuvres to disparage his lordship and his colleagues in public estimation out of doors until the most patient and enduring Friend must admit that the restless rancour, the persevering malignity, of Opposition would have justified all the Protean versatility which has been attributed to Mr. Disraeli's spirited defence of his position in the face of his encircling foes. But these facts are too well-known by every observer of the transactions of the times to require recapitulation. Before, however, we proceed to comment broadly upon the present perplexed state of parties in Parliament since its re-assembling for an autumnal session, we must glance at two events which, though one of them was in the ordinary course of nature and the other has been long and commonly expected, have respectively attracted too much public attention

to be pretermitted in any sketch of passing events, however cursory. Need we say that we allude to the death of the Duke of Wellington and the proclamation of Louis Napoleon as Emperor of France under the title of Napoleon III.

Upon the latter event and its probable consequences we have offered some observations in another part of our present number, and need not therefore repeat them or others to the same effect here. We will however observe, that after a careful perusal of Victor Hugo's "Napoleon le Petit" the strongest case which one of the most vivacious writers in France could indite against Louis Napoleon, we cannot blame the French nation for the choice they have made; for, granted that Louis Napoleon's antecedents have been ignoble, and even ignominious as M. Victor Hugo has proclaimed—granted that his *coup d'etat* involved the deception of the Republican party, the dereliction of many former professions, and the sacrifice of many lives—still we regard the new emperor's despotism as more likely to conserve the material interests of orderly and well-disposed Frenchmen, and as less likely *per se* to disturb the peace of Europe, than a regime of raving philosophers, parodying evangelical benevolence, like Messieurs Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, *et hoc genus omne*. Louis Napoleon's elevation to an imperial throne within four years of his being the inmate of a London lodging-house, dependent for the means of living upon that vilest of all vile classes—London discounting attornies—is, indeed, strange, wonderful—unaccountable on any other supposition than that his progress has been promoted by more than human means, and mysteriously permitted for purposes which we dare not attempt to fathom. Meanwhile let us not strive to precipitate events, but calmly await their development at the season appointed by the Great Disposer.

But to turn homewards—to add to the panegyrics already pronounced upon the Duke of Wellington would, indeed, be "wasteful and ridiculous excess," and to write of the "Arthur of our Modern Age" in any other than an eulogistic strain would be contrary to both our inclination and conviction did we even believe—which we do not—that any pointing out of spots in the sun of England's present idolatry would be at this moment tolerated. Certainly, it must be acknowledged that England, in this matter of the Duke of Wellington, has gone very near to substantiate Thomas Carlyle's charge of hero-worship.

Wellington's perfect freedom from vanity saved him from many weaknesses into which other heroes have been betrayed,

and his admirable prudence kept him steadily in the regular path, in place of rushing into erratic courses in pursuit of fame and fortune: hence his success up to the close of the war in 1815. Let us not risk a misunderstanding of our meaning: we deny not that the Duke of Wellington was a hero—one to whom Great Britain owed a weighty debt which she has done her utmost to pay—and one who was as manifestly raised up by the Lord of Hosts to fight the battles of England as were Gideon or Jephtha to wage those of Israel; but we would not, as too many have done, imitate the crowd of Cæsarea, dazzled by their captain's gorgeous apparel, and exclaim, "It is the voice of a God and not of a man."

But it is with the duke's civil position in England since the great European wars were ended that we have here to do, and that position was sufficiently remarkable to deserve comment. For many years his grace has occupied a peculiar position—never, perhaps, held by a British subject before—a position between the Throne and the House of Lords, from which he could exercise, as he often did, a beneficial influence upon each. How often during the last twenty years, when the wheels of the State have been in a dead lock, has a curt but opportune sentence of the duke's set them in motion and put matters right? We can conceive how glad the Queen would be at the present moment of the old man's sage counsel and advice as to her dealing with the Earl of Derby's resignation, and how beneficial might have been the intervention of the duke to Lord Derby himself and to the nation. "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" How many State embranglements, no less than domestic differences, are solvable by the mild intervention of the discreet; and how many difficulties in both families and kingdoms end in irretrievable ruin for want of a friendly and timely mediator! This office the Duke of Wellington held for many years in this kingdom with the common consent and the common contentment of all parties; but, when he died in September last, assuredly by no act of Lord Derby's or any of his colleagues, the organs of Opposition raised a cry that the duke's death would be seized upon as political capital and used for their own party purposes by the Conservative Government. We will not condescend to say how base and unfounded this insinuation was, for subsequent events sufficiently prove it.

At the time expected, in consequence of the royal intimation of an autumnal session given at the dissolution, Parliament was opened by her Majesty with a speech from the throne of so conciliatory and unobjectionable a character that no one of

Lord Derby's host of foes, all panting to attack him, could find enough of culpable matter whereon to found an amendment to the address. Even Mr. Gladstone, *auceps syllabarum* as he is, could only discover one ambiguous sentence. What that means all Mr. Gladstone's familiars will understand, who know that their right honourable friend's ingenuity can detect ambiguity in what to all other men's views is plain and distinct. In honest truth Mr. Gladstone is, to use a homely phrase, too clever by half—too clever for any useful working purpose. He frequently, by his damaging refinements, reminds us of a lesson we had once read to us in our boyhood by a worthy old country squire—*Rusticus abnormis sapiens, crassâque Minervâ.* We were standing by our rural relative one bright frosty day —(would we could see such another this hazy season)—who was superintending a labourer engaged in repairing a gate. "There, John, that will do very well," he at last exclaimed. "Hegh, squire, but I'll make it better nor very well," John replied, as he dealt a *titivating* blow which split the rail into fragments. "Ah, John, you had better have left very well alone. Very well is always enough for me." Mr. Gladstone's fussy fastidiousness and microscopic searchings have often reminded us of the over-clever clown who wanted to improve upon "very well." He has shattered, perhaps entirely broken up, a Government which promised to work "very well"—can he build, we don't say a better, but one half so good? We shall be agreeably surprised and exceedingly glad if Mr. Gladstone's constructive talents prove adequate to such a task; but, as the homely saying runs, "It is easier to burn a palace than to build a cottage."

After several evenings had been consumed in desultory talk about Free-trade and the necessity of extorting from ministers a distinct avowal of adhesion to its doctrines and an abject recantation of the heresy of Protection, Mr. Villiers, M.P. for Wolverhampton, gave notice of his intention to move certain resolutions which most men understood would amount to a vote of want of confidence. Mr. Villiers declined at first to supply Mr. Disraeli with a copy of the precise terms of his motion; but did so a day or two before he brought it on, which he did in a crowded house on Tuesday evening, November 23rd. The following are the resolutions moved by Mr. Villiers:—

"That it is the opinion of this house that the improved condition of the country, and particularly of the industrious classes, is mainly the result of recent commercial legislation, and especially of the Act of 1846, which established the free admission of foreign corn; and that that Act was a wise, just, and beneficial measure.

"That it is the opinion of this house that the maintenance and further extension of the policy of Free-trade, as opposed to that of Protection, will best enable the property and industry of the nation to bear the burdens to which they are exposed, and will most contribute to the general prosperity, welfare, and contentment of the people.

"That this house is ready to take into its consideration any measures consistent with the principles of these resolutions which may be laid before it by her Majesty's ministers."

We confess at once that we see nothing contrary to the usages of fair Parliamentary warfare in Mr. Villiers's resolutions, or in the speech with which he supported them, whatever opinion we may entertain of subsequent speakers in the same debate. Lord Derby may thank some of his over-zealous but rather injudicious supporters, such as Mr. Christopher and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for the hardest hits he received from Mr. Villiers.

Want of space constrains us to refrain from quoting *in extenso* Mr. Disraeli's masterly amplifications which had a telling effect in delivery; but we must find room for his concluding warning to the Peelite faction which subsequent events prove to have been thrown away upon their leader, Mr. Gladstone, whose efficiency, as a constructive financier we do not expect will be equal to his destructiveness, if an opportunity of proof is afforded to him,

"The late Sir Robert Peel and his friends had offered to the Reform Bill a powerful and prolonged opposition. In 1835 he was suddenly a Minister of the Crown, and he deliberately took an opportunity of expressing to the house his determination not to disturb the Reform Bill, although he did not approve of it. What course did the Opposition then take? Did they, in entering upon the struggle with Sir R. Peel, propose resolutions declaring that the Reform Bill was a wise, just, and beneficial measure? Pursue that course and you will render parliamentary government an impossibility in this country. Government by parties with opinions to be periodically vanquished would be impossible if the moment the party came into power an Opposition were to bring forward resolutions in terms like the present, pledging the house by eulogies of so vague a nature on measures which they who formed the Government had before conscientiously opposed. I will take another instance. Let us suppose a new Government formed. Let us suppose that such a Government is formed of the followers of the late Sir R. Peel. Some hon. members may not approve of the noble lord opposite immediately returning to power. I shall make no objection if he wish it. But let us imagine the other case, that the followers of the late Sir R. Peel assume the reins of Government and form an Administration. The followers of the late Sir R. Peel, only two years

ago, opposed one of the most popular laws that ever was brought forward by a Minister of this country. I give no opinion as to the wisdom, policy, or equity of their proceeding. I say nothing to hurt the conscientious feelings of any hon. gentleman. I am stating an historical case. The opposition which they gave was to one of the most popular measures ever brought forward by a Minister of the Crown. The followers of Sir R. Peel opposed that bill because they said is was making war on Ireland. I allude to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Well, then, suppose the right hon. gentleman opposite, who sits below the gangway, and who nodded assent to what I said (Mr. Gladstone), were with his friends to take office to-morrow, what would they say to a member of the Opposition who should propose resolutions declaring that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was a wise, just, and beneficial measure? The case I referred to is a more aggravated one. Let us remember under what circumstances Sir R. Peel accepted office in 1835. Sir R. Peel himself was, probably, as guiltless of the circumstances as any man in her Majesty's dominions; but it is known that his accession to office was the cause of great acrimony of feeling on the part of the Government supposed to be displaced. It was well known that he had no cognisance of the circumstances, but still he accepted office, and was installed under such odious and objectional circumstances that he was compelled to meet enraged rivals and a hostile Parliament. The noble lord opposite was a public man on that occasion. The noble lord has never been backward in what we may call a well-regulated party feeling. He was supported by a party thirsting for vengeance; and, if anything could have justified the course referred to, the ble lord might have been justified in taking it under such circumstances. He should have come forward on the ground that a reform Minister had been rudely dismissed, and have called on the house to declare its opinion that the Act of 1832 was a wise, just, and beneficial measure. The case at present was that of a Free-Trade Ministry replaced by a Protectionist Ministry. But what were the circumstances? The Government of the noble lord fell to pieces by its internal dissensions. The noble lord went out of office—he was not turned out. Instead of our coming into power by court intrigue, the noble lord is the person who, in a constitutional manner, is really responsible for our existence. Since we have been in office we have made certain pledges to Parliament and to the country. We have fulfilled them all but one. We pledged ourselves, notwithstanding what seemed a factious Opposition, to carry such measures as were deemed necessary for the good of the country. They were carried and are successful. We pledged ourselves to advise her Majesty to dissolve Parliament as soon as the public convenience would permit, and to take the opinion of the country on what is called in those resolutions the question of Free-trade, but which I think is better designated by the words 'unrestricted competition.' We did dissolve. We did obtain the decision of the country, and we avow an unreserved adhesion to the decision. We pledged ourselves also that there should be an autumnal sitting, in order that the house

might have an opportunity of learning the views which we had to propound. We were sneered at and taunted as if we wished to evade that appeal to the new Parliament. It was quite impossible for us, consistent with the convenience of members, or with that of others whose convenience ought perhaps more to be considered in this case, to meet the house at an earlier period. I have, as a member of the Government, pledged myself, if the opportunity be afforded me, to bring forward the measures which in our opinion the circumstances of the country require. Having communicated with my own constituents, I have fully and frankly avowed my opinion, and have told them, as I have always told them, that, in the assimilation of the financial and commercial codes, we should find the proper policy of this country generally. I myself entered into engagement more particularly with my colleagues on this point, and that engagement I am ready to fulfil. The measures which I have brought forward, had it not been for a vexatious movement, are measures founded on the assumption that unrestricted competition—or to use popular platform language—that Free-trade is the principle of our commercial system. These measures have been concerted with my colleagues, and have received their unanimous support, and there is no reason why I should not, at this moment, have been offering them to the house. We are, however, met by resolutions which, in my opinion, are not couched in a generous or wise spirit. You are establishing a precedent which may destroy a Government, but it is a precedent which will destroy more Governments than the one now in existence, and whose intentions I am placing before the country. How easy would it have been for us, if our purpose had not been fixed—if our policy had not been settled—with our financial statement announced for two days hence—how easy would it have been for us to have moved the previous question? But, sir, I would not move the previous question. I feel convinced that since we came into office, and, notwithstanding the attacks made on the Protectionist party to-night—since 1846 we have behaved in an honourable manner. In giving an opportunity to our friends in the country constitutionally to vindicate their opinions, we have taken that course which we believe will contribute most to the permanent welfare of the country. Sir, I feel, as all my colleagues feel that we have received our reward in the assurance of all our friends here, and of many of them in the country, that they feel we have done for them all that men of honour could do. They have had an opportunity of asserting their opinions. The country has decided against us; but we are prepared to support the policy which the country under the altered circumstances requires. The honourable member for Wolverhampton seems to think that the duties of a Minister are rather nominal than otherwise. If ever he becomes a Minister I hope he will not be disappointed. As a Minister I cannot help expressing my sense of the great services the country derives from the permanent civil servants. True they are not public men, but their duties are scarcely less important; and I can unaffectedly say that their services are invaluable, and

that I do not think they could be borne by any class of men who were not upheld by a strong sense of honour and self-respect. For myself and my colleagues I can, however, say that we will never seek, nor will we ever be, Ministers on sufferance. We took the reins without inquiring whether the late Parliament was hostile to us or not. We assumed the administration of affairs, and did our best diligently and sedulously to perform the duties which the country required at our hands. But we neither desire nor will we submit to the introduction of a new power foreign to the spirit of the British Constitution. I am content here to leave the case of the Government. I have placed it before the house, I am aware, very imperfectly; but the subject was somewhat large, and I have endeavoured to be as succinct as possible. If I had only a personal feeling to consider, I would sit down; but without vanity I may say that I speak for the Government, and that we feel we have, under the circumstances, an important duty to perform. We believe that we have a policy which will conduce to and increase the welfare, content, and prosperity of the country. I hope it is not an unworthy ambition to desire that we should have an opportunity of submitting that policy to Parliament. I am told that that is not to be the case; but though I have too much respect for this house to condescend to a factious course, I must state, on behalf of our policy, that I will not yield to an attack so unfair as that with which we are threatened from the opposite side. I will not believe that those who have entered this new Parliament for the first time have already in their consciences recorded the vote which they shall give. I believe they will listen in a spirit of justice to the policy which I have to explain. It is to those new members on one side and the other that I appeal with confidence. They have entered—many of them after much longing—upon that scene to which they have, doubtless, looked forward with some fondness, suspense, and interest. I have no doubt they are animated by a noble ambition, and that many of them seek to realise lofty aspirations. I can say from the bottom of my heart that I hope they may not be disappointed. Whatever adds to the intelligence, eloquence, and knowledge of the house, adds to its consideration in the aggregate. All of you are bound to maintain the moral and intellectual predominance of the House of Commons. To you I appeal. I appeal to the generous and the young; and I ask them to pause now, when they are at last on the threshold of the senate, and not become the tools and victims of exhausted, factious, and obsolete politics."

Mr. Disraeli then moved, by way of amendment, certain resolutions embodying a full recognition of the advantages enjoyed by the industrious classes under a freer importation, and pledging the Government to conduct its measures in consonance with the principle of unrestricted competition. In short Mr. Disraeli's resolutions contained the pith and substance of those moved by Mr. Villiers, without their offensiveness and sur-

plusage. Mr. Villiers brought forward motions against the Corn-laws before Sir Robert Peel meddled with them except as their zealous defender, and continued perseveringly year after year his battle against them until they were overthrown. He was too earnest a champion to affect the fight for the repeal of the Corn-laws when he had really another object. The backers of Mr. Villiers may assert that the resolution moved by that gentleman, affirming the "wisdom, justice, and beneficence" of recent legislation, was not intended to lend force to the statutes of 1846; but to offer a tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and to extort a recantation from the mouth of his former opponents, her Majesty's late Ministers.

While the House of Commons was resounding with wild laughter, and honourable members were recreating their languid spirits by the spectacle of some legislative brother baited by Quaker Bright and Bernal Osborne, Lord Palmerston rose, and with that easy air of nonchalance so peculiarly his own, but that true genius for real business which so distinguishes him from the minute triflers—the Gladstones of the age—and which enables him to grasp any subject with a giant's power while he seems to fondle it merely as a pet to be played with, amidst a turmoil in which all wits were whirling and confused, up rose this masterly and matchless Palmerston; and, after delicately handling both sets of resolutions, insinuated modestly that he had a set which he would not presume to move, but would read to the house in the humble hope that they might suggest a form of resolutions on which both sides might agree. These resolutions were subsequently claimed by many members, some in the character of absolute parents, and some claiming to be godfathers, or dry nurses, or doctors. Sir James Graham publicly proclaimed his parentage of these resolutions, and expressed his astonishment at seeing them in the custody of the noble member for Tiverton: indeed, the Knight of Netherby's vociferous reclamation of his offspring reminded us of Dennis roaring from the gallery of old Drury, "By Jove, that's my thunder." Lord Palmerston, however, with unruffled composure, assured Mr. Speaker that the resolutions had come into his possession in a perfectly legitimate manner, and politely declined to resign them; and it was well for their efficiency that Lord Palmerston retained his hold upon them; for we attribute the composing effect they ultimately produced more to his lordship's unrivalled mode of handling them than to their own intrinsic merits. How bitterly in that moment must Lord John Russell have deplored that splenetic humour which had

deprived him of so clever a colleague! And how blinded by conceit must the Peelite faction be in having neglected to secure, if possible, such an ally for any future Cabinet! It is scarcely possible to read of these pantomimic proceedings without a smile; but we feel both serious and sorrowful when we survey the overthrow of the Derby Administration and reflect upon its consequences, and the light in which an impartial posterity will regard its reckless opponents. The fractious child knows not the consequences of the mischief it perpetrates, and cannot calculate its own inability to repair the ruin it has made; but Mr. Gladstone's early promise of statesman-like qualities induced us to think he was of a more staid and considerate character. Grieved are we to be constrained by his own recent conduct to regard him as a dangerous conceited man, never henceforth to be trusted. For has he not shown that, if an opportunity offers of displaying his own cleverness, he cannot resist the temptation of doing so at any cost and reckless of any consequences?

Posterity will ask by whom was the Derby Ministry overthrown? History will tell them by Peelites, who quarrelled with Lord Derby for pursuing the same course as Sir R. Peel himself had done in the matter of the Reform Bill! Sir Robert opposed the Reform Bill to the utmost; but after it became the law of the land he frankly declared his resolution not to alter or disturb it. With this declaration his radical opponents—more considerate than Mr. Gladstone and his Peelite *clique*—were satisfied: they did not strive to extort from Sir Robert Peel a declaration that the Reform Bill was "wise, just, and beneficial." Future history will proceed to record that, with these factious and irrational Peelites, were banded those aristocratic Whigs who hated and envied Mr. Disraeli—a literary man who had raised himself above a titled nobility by the force of genius, and were desperately determined to pull him down; and lastly by a horde of levellers, a "mixed multitude," which always hovers, like vultures and carrion crows, over the march of an advancing army, and who were instinctively hostile to an Administration composed of men able, willing, and prepared to effect salutary and safe reforms in every department of Church and State which required amendment. What the people of England will lose by the loss of such a Chancellor as Lord St. Leonard's, and such a Home Secretary as Mr. Walpole—not to enumerate other valuable public servants now dismissed from a sphere of usefulness—it is not difficult to predict, but it would require an extended catalogue to unfold. Already the enemies of constitutional Government on the continent are raising their pœans of

triumph over the defeat of the late English Ministers. But when these continental writers more fully understand, than perhaps they yet do, that the *representatives* of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the *two eyes* of the nation as they were once called, have been mainly instrumental in precipitating this baneful ruin, how will their unholy joy be enhanced? "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness."

"Despite (triumphantly writes the *Constitutionnel*) of her practice of representative government, and notwithstanding the consummate ability of her statesmen, England is about to enter once more into one of those Parliamentary crises from which we have been for ever delivered by the energetic wisdom of our emperor."

If Mr. Gladstone accept a seat in the new Cabinet he will have to solicit afresh the suffrages of his Oxford constituents, and we trust that his having afforded occasion for this French exultation over old England will be duly remembered. We know at any rate of one member of the Oxford Convocation-house who will do his best to repair the wrong he formerly unwittingly did his *Alma Mater* in having laboured hard to secure a reckless renegade's return to Parliament as her representative.

We confess ourselves to be writing at this moment with deeply sorrowful and disappointed feelings; but we have so strong a faith in the efficiency of those Conservative principles which we believe to be sown in the heart of England, and in the compact Conservative phalanx which awaits the hybrid Ministry of Whigs, Peelites, and Trimmers with which the nation is threatened, that we are not at all disposed to sit down in despondency and pule forth unavailing Jeremiads over the wreck which Gladstonian gall and Russell rancour has for the moment spread around us. Rather would we be up and actively engaged in furbishing our arms for a renewed and sterner conflict. We need not caution either the gallant captain or the soldiers composing the Macedonian phalanx against any precipitate or factious movements; we believe that any Administration that can be patched together by either Lord John Russell or Lord Aberdeen, assisted by Peelite adjutants, made up of incongruous materials, will fall to pieces by intestine want of affinities; and that a Conservative Opposition will only have to wait its inevitable dissolution.

We will, however, respectfully remind Lord Derby and his gallant troop that courtesy may be carried too far with respect to opponents whose own conduct has placed them without the

pale of chivalric warfare. The French officers at Fontenoy are said to have raised their plumed hats and politely invited the British grenadiers to take the first fire; but we do not waste time in bandying compliments with a brigand.

Meanwhile, as we think it of great importance that the public—which are now industriously being indoctrinated with a notion that the Derby Administration were displaced to spare poor householders double taxes and with other calumnies of the same kind—should be accurately informed as well of the exact character of the Disraeli budget as of the general intentions of the *late* Ministry, as to our sorrow we must for the present designate the Derby Administration, but to which we confidently expect to apply a more pleasant epithet before many months elapse. Before, however, we commence any comment upon the budget debate and its incidents, we feel haunted, knowing what we now know, with an unpleasant sense of the illusory character of the whole affair. It was not really a deliberative assemblage of Christian legislators met to consult or the national safety and prosperity, but for a time a make-believe debating society, or an arena whereon men were selfishly struggling for prizes for themselves. It has now been proved beyond the possibility of contradiction that long before the budget debate came on, nay, even before the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert, in concert with Sir James Graham, were framing resolutions to thwart, and embarrass, and, if possible, overthrow the Government. All their argumentation, then, upon the budget was a mere sham—a wanton waste of the public time—a mockery of legislative labour. Such conduct, which would be despicable in the case of any gentlemen, is peculiarly offensive in men who, like Mr. Gladstone, take upon themselves to read lectures on purity and propriety to all others. But the small knot of Peelites seem so blinded by self-conceit that, while they appear insensible of their own moral delinquencies, they assume to dictate to all mankind, and to expect that all mankind will bow before their wisdom and virtue! The small Peelite section is truly, to adopt the happy phrase of a contemporary journalist, "A Mutual-Admiration Society." To take a case illustrative of blended conceit, self-sufficiency, and blindness, the Duke of Newcastle, the Corinthian capital—though by no means the sustaining pillar—of the Peelite edifice, after listening to Lord Derby's speech announcing to the lords his resignation—a speech, we will observe, as mild, unaffected, and conciliatory as was ever delivered on a like occasion—his Grace of Newcastle, who, like his brother Peelites in the Lower House, had evi-

dently his course of proceedings already defined, and spoke not upon Lord Derby's speech but by a Gladstone card, arose and complained of unjustifiable imputations being cast upon honourable conscientious gentlemen, who were incapable of forming a league to annoy and embarrass any Government, and had certainly never impeded that of his noble friend! The Duke of Newcastle is an infrequent attendant in the House of Lords; and, perhaps, a cursory reader of the debates in the Commons, and may not therefore have been aware of disclosures patent to all London and all the country; for the affair of the Gladstone-Herbert-Grahamite resolutions had been published ten days before in even provincial newspapers. Or is his grace so blinded by self-conceit as to believe the sturdy bulk of the British community to be as credulous, gullible, and mediocre in capacity as himself?

The Duke of Newcastle had manifestly come down to the House of Lords to deliver a rehearsed lesson, just as the untitled but more efficient members of the Peelite faction had previously done in the House of Commons. Let the University of Oxford know that their right hon. representative who, with affected modesty but real vanity, holds himself up as a pattern of candid faith, good manners, and high principles, deliberately converted the ostensible performance of his Parliamentary duties into a cloak beneath which he might steal a march upon those in power and displace them. We think it quite possible that Mr. Gladstone, whose mastery of the sophist's art enables him so wonderfully to mystify others, may frequently be so bewildered by his own wire-drawn webs and machinations of ingenuity as not to perceive the tendency of his own actions—the direct purport of his own words. The elaborate impostor is almost invariably the dupe of his own deceptions. Mr. Gladstone may not himself perceive what all honest, plain-dealing, truthful men see clear as light—that he, in concert with others, prepared measures for the overthrow of an Administration, and then came into the House of Commons and affected to deliberate upon the propositions of that Government, looking all the while to the uninitiated as if he were accessible to conviction, and was arguing with a *bonâ fide* intention of accepting, altering, or rejecting, as the arguments on the other side might influence his mind: whereas, all the while, Mr. Gladstone was shamming, pretending to argue, and presenting himself as a real antagonist who might be overcome, being only in the stead of a stuffed ball whereon the athlete wasted his strength. We hope at any rate that, although Mr. Gladstone's and his colleagues' trickery reduced the deliberations of Parliament to a

mere exercitation—a "beating of the air"—still that, as the athletes of old were fitted by such exercitation for actual combat, so the five days' severe training undergone by Mr. Disraeli will have prepared him to hold with a more tenacious grasp and to punish with a harder hand his slippery antagonists at an early period of the year which has just opened upon us. The labour, both physical and mental, which Mr. Disraeli went through, and the energy and self-control which he displayed during this trying debate, cannot be conceived even, much less duly appreciated, by any but those who have not only witnessed but taken part in severe Parliamentary struggles. The debate commenced on Friday the 3rd of December last, and upon the house going into committee of supply Mr. Disraeli submitted his financial statement. Just previously to the house going into committee, an incident occurred which offers a striking contrast to the dishonesty, hypocrisy, and tortuous doings of the Peelites. Thomas Duncombe, the well-known gentlemanly Radical who commenced his political career before the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. S. Herbert were out of the nursery; but who, like the immortal Palmerston, is an evergreen, moved that the house should not be resolved into committee at all, as he wished for neither Mr. Disraeli's budget nor the Derby Government, and would avoid the farce of discussion. This was frank, fair, and manly; and we avow that, though opposed to Mr. Duncombe's political views, and prepared to fight him *totis viribus*, we would rather trust him than any member of the Peelite faction. We feel that we could safely shake hands with Tom Duncombe before we exchanged blows: whereas, if we performed the same preliminary courtesy with a Peelite, he would contrive to pick our pocket. The honest radical's motion was negatived however, and upon the house going into committee the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom for convenient distinction's sake we shall continue to call Mr. Disraeli, commenced by claiming the indulgence of the house on account of the unusual circumstances of difficulty in which he was placed, and the fact that the present financial year was only two parts concluded. Unrestricted competition being established as the commercial system of the country, it was his object to adapt his financial system to the new state of things, which led him to glance at the claims of those who conceived themselves aggrieved by recent legislation. These were the shipping interest, the sugar-producing interest, and the agricultural interest. The shipping interest believed themselves to be labouring under injuries caused by the repeal of the Navigation-laws, and after attentive inves-

tigation their claims seemed to be founded upon truth. For their relief, the Government proposed to abolish all light dues, except those actually for the maintenance of the light-houses themselves; to entrust the complicated questions of pilotage and ballasting to a committee of the house with a view to their reform; and, with regard to various greivances which he classified as Admiralty grievances, and in which he included the privilege of enlistment in the navy by merchant-seamen, salvage, and anchorage, it was proposed by the Government, with the sanction of the Admiralty, to modify or abolish them to an extent which would give the merchant-service additional privileges. With regard to the claims of the sugar interest, the Government did not see any ground for entertaining them, with the exception of the request to admit sugar to be refined in bond for home consumption, which the Government proposed to concede, subject to certain conditions. The next subject treated upon related to the general taxation of the country. There was a body of taxation composed of three rates—the Highway-rate, the County-rate, and the Poor rate. With regard to the first, the Government intended to propose a bill which he believed would receive the confidence of the house and the country. With regard to the County-rate, he might say there was not the slightest objection on the part of Government to the introduction of the representative principle into its adjustment; but, nevertheless, the Government was not at present prepared to recommend any change. Mr. Disraeli next came to the Poor-rate, and described the progress of its diminution since 1848, amounting to nearly 25 per cent. Considering this fact, and the various circumstances bearing on the question, he did not feel it necessary to make any change in this law or in local taxation generally. He then proceeded to the subject of the general taxation of the country under a system of unrestricted competition. It was the never-ceasing boast of honourable members on the other side of the house that they had given cheap bread to the country. But, to carry out their principles, they must cheapen every other article of consumption, and while benefiting every class they must give particular relief to those classes who had suffered from the system which they had introduced. Mr. Disraeli, therefore, proposed to reduce the malt-tax by one-half; and to abolish altogether the drawback on malt in Scotland—the system to come into operation on the 10th of October next. He proposed also to operate up on tea; and the extent of reduction which he proposed was 1s. 4½d. per pound, which would leave only 1s. remaining; the reduction to be effected gradually during a period of six years. He proposed to

take off the war-tax of 1s. per lb. on hops. Reflecting upon the policy of these measures, Mr. Disraeli combated the motion which was entertained in some quarters that the consuming power of the people was on the decline. The supposition was induced by the large amount of emigration, and by the fact that there were more persons going out of the country than were counterbalanced by the excess of births and deaths in England and Wales. But it should be taken into consideration that the calculations of births and deaths were confined to England and Wales; while the emigration calculation had reference to two-thirds of Ireland. He regarded emigration from England upon the whole as a beneficial symptom; from Ireland, emigrants fled from misery; but from England, where the labouring classes were well off, they went in pursuit of something still better. Mr. Disraeli also adverted at some length to the effect which the gold discoveries would probably have upon the prosperity of this country. The loss of the revenue by these reductions were calculated by Mr. Disraeli to amount to between three and four millions sterling, which he proposed to meet by an extension of the Property and Income-tax to funded property and salaries in Ireland, and by the introduction generally of the principle of acknowledging the difference between permanent and precarious incomes, by reducing existing exemptions, and by increasing the house-tax and enlarging the area of this particular taxation. He recommended that the exemptions on all industrial income should commence on one hundred pounds per annum, and on property from income at fifty pounds. After explaining the details of his proposed plan, by which the tax on property would remain at 7d. in the pound, whilst that on income would fall to 5¼d., Mr. Disraeli added that the general result would be that the tax on the new basis would yield about the same amount as the average of the last three years under the present system. To meet the diminution of the revenue he would be obliged to make a considerable increase in the estimates, especially in those necessary for the defence of the country, for which the Government had a great and comprehensive scheme to propose. He should be obliged to ask that the expenditure of the present year should be supplied through the "ways and means," and for next year he should make an estimate which would exceed the usual estimate by six thousand pounds; and he considered himself justified in proposing this expenditure when he stated (after going through the various items) that the surplus which he expected on the 5th of April would amount to about a million and a half. He proposed the abolition of the loan fund commission—a useless

and expensive body, and from their repayments he expected to gain a large sum for the country. The increased expenses, however, joined to the large reductions, would (as he showed by minute calculations) leave a considerable deficit which he expected to meet by an extension of the house-tax and diminishing exemptions therefrom, as proposed upon the property and income-tax. He recommended that the present tax should be made to extend to houses of ten pounds a year, that the rate should be increased to 1s. 6d. in the pound for private houses, and to 1s. for shops. This would yield 1,723,000*l.* By this means he calculated that for the financial year 1853-4 there would be 2,500,000*l.* in hand to meet an extra expense of 2,100,000*l.* That for the financial year 1853-4, allowing for all losses in respect to diminuition of duties, the surplus from the previous year and from the house-tax, which would then be in full operation, he would have in hand 3,510,000*l.* Thus he came to the conclusion that the surplus the first year would be 400,000*l.*, and that of the second year something under 500,000*l.*, which he considered a healthy state of the finances, promising necessaries and prosperity to the country.

We are fully sensible that we have not conveyed, by our dry and meagre analysis, from which, however, we have omitted no important point, an adequate idea of Mr. Disraeli's luminous and masterly exposition, which occupied five hours and a-half in its delivery; but we believe that no intelligent reader has failed to peruse for himself the able reports of the speech in the newspapers. All parties concurred in assigning a high meed of praise to Mr. Disraeli for the perspicuity of his statement; and each one of his manifold opponents bestowed his cordial approbation upon some portion or other of his extensive scheme. So much was this the case, indeed, that scarcely a portion of his budget missed the approbation of different individuals, composing the diversified host who laboured and struggled to crush it altogether. The captious Mr. Gladstone pronounced the proposal to make a difference between permanent and precarious income a violation of all the canons of his darling political economy, and deprecated the laying a taxing hand upon the fundholder as an unholy thing, shaking the very foundations of our social system; while the whole herd of small borough members, ever ready to make electioneering capital out of a delusive cry, headed by a dandified metropolitan bishop-baiting baronet, clamorously assailed the proposed impost upon those 10*l.* householders on whose fickle breath their parliamentary existence depends. But upon the proposed house-tax, and upon the distinction suggested between permanent and

precarious incomes, it is well to hear the *Times*, always awake to the interests of the fundholder and the man of money *versus* the landholder, and never neglectful of the town population. And be it noted that to Lord Derby the *Times* has ever evinced an inveterate hostility, and made the several members of the Derby Administration unsparingly the subjects of its grim jocularity. Mr. Disraeli has not escaped, though the *Times* cannot suppress nor concede its warm sympathy with the elevation of an untitled man of genius over the heads of nobility, aristocracy, and opulence.

The literary pride of the conductors of the *Times* is gratified by the triumph of genius in the person of Mr. Disraeli, and their instinctive adhesion to the aristocracy of talent occasionally chills their advocacy of consols and bank stock. On the morning after the budget debate the *Times* thus wrote:—

"Mr. Disraeli has entirely filled up the lamentable gap left by the most illustrious of his recent predecessors. Without committing ourselves at once to every item in the long and weighty catalogue of financial reforms now before us, we must say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer not only takes advantage of his position with the dexterity of a master, but has really succeeded in showing that a new position, new resources, and new capabilities are before us."

Throughout a long and brilliant article the same strain is kept up, and this involuntary, because instinctive, tribute to his administrative talents, may amply compensate Mr. Disraeli for the snarlings of inferior critics. Again, on the 6th of December, after the first glow elicited merely by the display of talent had passed off, and time had intervened for calculation, the *Times* thus writes upon the proposed increase of the house-tax, the most unpopular portion of Mr. Disraeli's budget, and for which Sir Benjamin Hall and other worthies are doing their spiteful best to render Mr. Disraeli odious throughout the town population of England, and render, as they fondly fancy, the return of a Conservative Administration to power impossible. To Sir Benjamin and the yelping pack who follow in his train we interpolate among drier details a morsel of poetry:—

"Vain impious men, think ye yon sanguinary cloud,
Raised by your breath, has quench'd the orb of day.
To-morrow he repairs his golden flood,
To warm the nations with redoubl'd ray."

But to return to statistics—on the 6th of December the *Times* observes:—

"By consent of all financiers, no tax is so fair as an inhabited

house-duty. It is unnecessary to canvass a point so decided. There can then be no objection whatever in the abstract to doubling the new duty of this description lately substituted for the injurious window tax. No reasonable person can dispute that a 10*l.* householder ought to pay duty on his house if a 20*l.* householder does. This obligation to pay duty is all the plainer from his admitted right to vote in our boroughs. Moreover, it certainly is a very great evil to allow the development of a particular class becoming yearly more and more privileged and less and less taxed. The result would inevitably be that the power and the credit of the nation would fall at length into the hands of the great untaxed, to whom all the nobler elements of society would be miserably subjugated. But an immense part of the actual power of this country is in the hands of the 10*l.* householders in our cities and boroughs, and in the hands, too, of the smaller class of 10*l.* householders. These gentlemen are very apt to be politicans; and as surely as the old-fashioned freeman expected his 'regulars; at elections, so also does the new-fashioned 10*l.* householder expect to be let off taxes to at least an equal amount."

This, be it once more observed, is the deliberately expressed opinion of the popular *Times*, not simply the sentiments of a writer who may be presumed to have a bias to ancient maxims of civil prudence. That great duke—whose loss at this crisis the Queen is, doubtless, feeling and deeply deploring—that sagacious and far-seeing man whose loss England will continue to deplore on each recurring emergency—pertinently asked, during the Reform Bill debate, "My Lords, but how is her Majesty's Government to be carried on?" This question was regarded at the time of its utterance as of so abominably aristocratic a character and so expressive of hatred to popular progress that the venerable old man was assaulted in the public streets, and compelled for his personal security to barricade his house against those ungrateful countrymen for whom he had so often exposed his life. A future generation recognises Wellington's wisdom, and detests or despises his assailants or traducers. And so we predict at a future day, and perchance no distant day, if the louring clouds should burst on England, as at any hour they may, the nation at large will deplore the discomfiture of the Derby Ministry and execrate its destroyers.

Lord Aberdeen is so respectable a man that we should be unwilling to write anything harsh of him; but he must feel himself in a painfully embarrassing position at present. All his life he has professed Conservative principles, and in February last thus spoke of Lord Derby in the House of Lords:—

"My noble friend and I have acted together for the last ten or twelve years, both in and out of office, in full concert and communication; and I am not aware that there is any shade of difference

between us: as far as I know there is no other subject—(his lordship alluded to Free-trade, which he had mentioned in a former part of his speech)—with regard to which I may not offer him my support. I can assure my noble friend that I am fully aware of the great difficulties with which he is encompassed, and he may rely on receiving from me the most cordial and the most sincere support."

Painfully perplexing must it then be for Lord Aberdeen to be engaged in constructing an Administration which is composed of the men who overthrew his "noble friend's" Government. Not that we blame Lord Aberdeen, who could not disobey his Sovereign's command: we only pity him, and point to one of the early products of Mr. Gladstone's *finesse*.

Were Lord Palmerston to promise to cross the channel from Dover or Brighton in a sieve, we should have good hopes of his accomplishing the hazardous feat by his marvellous adroitness in patching and trimming. We shall be anxious to see how Lord John Russell and his former colleague will agree in their new ship? We think it highly probable that Lord John's waspish humour will again provoke the good-humoured Palmerston, in his turn, *to throw him overboard*, or leave him among the breakers. As to Sir James Graham at the head of the Admiralty, the whole navy has so vivid, and, we may add, so resentful a recollection of Sir James's offensive hauteur and incompetence when last in that office, that the whole naval profession will be up in arms against it at a crisis when a cordial understanding among our defensive departments is beyond all preceding times of vital importance.

What has England lost? A Conservative Administration in which the country had confidence, which during the ten months of its troubled tenure of office, hampered and harassed as it was by encircling hornets, effected more substantial and useful law reforms than have been effected for the last hundred years, placed the national defences in a satisfactory condition, and had a comprehensive plan for their further improvemeut—an Administration which was trusted and esteemed at home, and respectfully regarded by foreign powers. And for what and by whom has that Administration been overthrown? Not by Radicals, the acknowledged and open foes of Conservatives—not by Whigs, their hereditary antagonists—but by men who continued to belong to the Carlton and Conservative Clubs, and professed an agreement with Lord Derby on every topic but that of Protection, which was given up and buried out of sight by mutual consent—who sat beside him—took counsel together with his supporters, and who called themselves Conservatives!

The University of Oxford cast off Sir Robert Peel as no

longer a trustworthy custodian of her interests in Parliament after he had consented to concede the Roman Catholic claims; but Sir Robert's culpability in that matter was venial, indeed, compared with Mr. Gladstone's duplicity: he steadily pursues designs of which Sir Robert never dreamed, and would have laid down his life sooner than perpetrate. It was said that Sir Robert Peel's tergiversation shook all confidence in public men —What will posterity say of Mr. Gladstone?

Can it be wondered at that plain-dealing men should look upon Parliament as one huge sham, and should openly say that all debates and divisions only serve to throw dust in the people's eyes and to cover the manœuvres of parliamentary combatants, struggling for place, pay, and pensions for themselves, under a pretence of consulting for the public weal! If such things are said, who is to be blamed? Such politicians as Mr. Gladstone. Again, if it is said that a Tractarian's sense of moral obligation is as imperfect as that of a Jesuit, who laughs at oaths and habitually tampers with truth—if these allegations are made against Tractarians—are Dissenters and Low Churchmen—as "Young Oxford" affects to call every one who will not practice their peurilities—are these men to be denounced as libellers of purity and enemies to Catholic Christianity? No, no—a hundred times *no!*—but senators and academics like Mr. Gladstone, whom no pledges can bind, no considerations can check.

If any one whispers that we are taking the overthrow of the Derby Ministry too seriously to heart, we reply—we consider no words too strong to express our sorrow for what we regard as a national calamity; and as Chief Justice Holt once said to a man who remonstrated upon the hardship of being put to death for sheep-stealing—"Prisoner, you are not hanged for stealing a sheep, but in order that sheep may not be stolen." So Mr. Gladstone is not so severely condemned for having headed a majority in the House of Commons against a Chancellor's budget, but for having by his conduct deprived the country of a valuable Ministry, and by his evil example rendered the future formation of a Conservative Government almost impossible.

The tone assumed by that portion of the public press which favours the Aberdeen-Russell Ministry, by its exaggerated laudation, reminds us of the over-acted audacity of some barrister entrusted with a desperately bad case, and who hopes to bamboozle a jury by brazen assurance. Nay, the articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, long the organ of the Peel-Gladstone school, announcing the new Ministry, resemble in their inflated hyperboles the fustain in which Napoleon was wont to clothe

those proclamations in which he announced that such or such a kingdom had ceased to exist—such or such a dynasty had ceased to reign. "The new Government (quoth the *Chronicle*), though composed of tried men, represents in its collective character an untried principle. *Its fundamental fact is the practical extinction of party.* The new Government accepts the national will that party, as such, should cease; and it asks to govern the country on the principles which in every development of public activity the nation has learned for itself, and now demands that its rulers should learn. England is challenged by Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet to recognise the practical embodiment of her own dictates; and a people who claim to be governed impartially cannot but rejoice that the day has come when a Ministry seeks to govern us on the very basis of impartiality."

We wonder that the writer of these grandiloquent sentences—this Napoleonic announcement—did not take for a motto some of the lofty lines in which Virgil proclaims or predicts the inception of a new order of things:—

> "Magnus ab integro sœclorum nascitur ordo,
> Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto,
> Ac toto surget gens aurea mundo."

Unless some such change has come over, not only public men regarded as partizans, but over human nature itself, the picture drawn by the *Chronicle* is nothing more than an evanescent fiction, whose tints will vanish before the parliamentary storm, like those of a dissolving view. Supposing that Lord Palmerston is great in virtue as in ability, and that he retains no resentful remembrance of his insulting dismissal by Lord John Russell—supposing this supernatural self-negation on Lord Palmerston's part—yet, has he, within the Christmas week, entirely cast out that *espiegl*érie of his disposition which instinctively prompts him to laugh at and desert his friends *in a fix?* And how will the Canterbury-colony crotchets of Mr. Gladstone, or their feebler reproduction by the Duke of Newcastle, the new Colonial Secretary, agree with the broad and bold liberalism of Sir William Molesworth? Lord John Russell is pledged to an enlargement or extension of the franchise: the Peelites have ever expressed the strongest opposition to any such liberal measure. Lord John Russell, if he has a Church predilection, leans to Presbyterianism: how will this agree with Mr. Gladstone's high flown notions on these subjects? Supposing Lord Aberdeen is able, by some honied sop, some Treasury soporific, to restrain his menagerie of antagonistic animals from worrying each other, and coaxes or compels them to assume the aspect of "a

Happy Family"—will no enemies assail this Administration of purists from without? The *Chronicle* says that the new Ministry promises to be the "strongest and ablest which England has ever witnessed," and will only be "embarrassed by the absence of competent opponents." What! have the serpents of party-strife and rancour really fallen? Have the longings of avarice and the aspirations of ambition been lulled for ever? Has the reign of perennial peace actually commenced?

> "Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba vereni
> Occidet: Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum."

The *Chronicle* exultingly informs its readers that the traditional rivalries of Whig and Tory families are smitten to the death; that mere Whiggism and Toryism are worn out; and that recent events, which forsooth are not "a coalition," but a combination of disinterested patriots, submitting to obloquy and misrepresentation for their country's good, "have inaugurated a new era in English politics." The existence of a Conservative Opposition of *three hundred and ten members* is quietly ignored or contemptuously dismissed with the observation that, "with the exception of the late Premier in the House of Lords, and of Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, no Parliamentary reputation of the highest class is to be found without the limits of the new Cabinet!" An army is not composed entirely of generals: it would be more ornamental than usful if it were; and a Parliamentary opposition may be very formidable and very effective with few speakers in its ranks. But waiving any discussion as to the merits of the Conservative forces, who we calmly see resting upon their arms until the hour of action has arrived—setting the Conservative Opposition aside—do the new Ministry apprehend no attacks from the extreme Liberals—from the men of Manchester? Who fought the battle of Free-trade? Who won the victory, the spoils of which are now so triumphantly borne aloft by the Russells, the Newcastles, and the Grahams? —Richard Cobden, and sturdy men of his stamp! Oh! but the delicate Duke of Newcastle, the fastidious Mr. Gladstone, and the feudal Græme, could not sit in a Cabinet with a Stockport calico-printer, who may be peradventure an Independent, a Wesleyan, a Mormonite—or worse, in the nostrils of Newcastle and Gladstone—a *Low* Churchman! Well then, my lords and gentlemen, if you will not award any wages to the labourers who have sown and ploughed your field, as well as secured your harvest for you, look for the fate of those hard men who thus treat their workmen. Oh! but see, we have admitted Sir William Molesworth and the Duke of Argyle.

We deny not the merits of either the radical baronet or the refining duke; but the former is an accomplished theorist rather than a man of action, and the latter is an amiable young nobleman, who has only promise to bring, instead of the actual deeds of men like Cobden, Bright, and a crowd of other working men, by whose hard toil the Aberdeen-Russell banquet is furnished forth, but from which the plebeian caterers are excluded. Supposing again that Cobden, Bright, and Co., being sensible and rational English Saxons, and not implacable and impulsive Irish Celts, will sit down calmly contented with the mere mental satisfaction of having won the Free-trade fight, and will not grudge others the enjoyment of its sweets, or resent their own exclusion, is the forbearance of the irascible and appetent Irish to be safely relied upon? Should Cardinal Wiseman or Archbishop Cullen play off some freak, involving a palpable violation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, will unity of spirit and the bond of concord pervade the Aberdeen-Russell Cabinet on the occurrence of so probable an event? Would Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell, the Duke of Newcastle and Sir William Molesworth, Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Argyle, regard the transaction with the same eyes and agree to treat it in the same manner? If they can, then they have respectively abjured the several creeds they have so ostentatiously recited; their professions are pretences, their principles a sham, and a flexibility obtains among them such as Talleyrand might have envied, but would scarcely have aspired to emulate.

Finally, unless the public at large has been under the deceptive influence of *glamour*—unless Mr. Gladstone is a myth and the Peelites are shadows—unless all the recent proceedings in the House of Commons have not been disgraceful realities but unreal mockeries, the coinage of a disordered imagination—if the constituent qualities of human nature remain radically the same as they have been since the flood—unless a new human nature has been "developed" on earth—the prolonged existence of the Aberdeen-Russell Administration is morally and physically impossible: it must speedily fall to pieces from internal dissentions and inherent incompatibilities, or succumb beneath the first onset of a vigorous Opposition.

Meanwhile, we deplore and deprecate a rumoured *fracas* at the Carlton. Let Conservatives be cool and collected, and, if they please, contemptuous under their reverses; but let them beware of furnishing a handle for the complaints of their astute and unscrupulous enemies.

Notices of Books.

The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Hall and Virtue.

THIS is a tale for the times in an antique mould, and so cleverly done that it is more interesting to the present generation, from its adaptation to their tastes by one of themselves, than if it were really the product of an age with which we have no living sympathy.

The scene is laid in the last years of our Sixth Edward, and the story reaches to the accession of Elizabeth, and therefore covers the whole of Mary's reign; and it brings before us in a very striking manner the sufferings which many were then called to endure, being accused of no other crime than meeting together to pray or to read the Scriptures. And this is not dragged in, but seems only incidental and natural, and it tells the more forcibly on this very account.

Edward Osborne is apprenticed to a clothworker on London-bridge, and saves his little daughter from drowning by jumping into the Thames from the window out of which she had fallen, and in due course of time becomes the husband of the child he had rescued and inherits the wealth of her father: all which is wrought up into one of the prettiest love stories we have ever met with, relieved and contrasted by the broad humour of some of the characters, and the touching piety and endurance of the martyrs of Mary's reign, some of whom Osborne visits in prison.

The character of little Anne, as it developes itself into womanhood, is drawn with great delicacy; and the struggles in the young apprentice between growing affection for the daughter, and the honourable revolt against abusing his master's confidence by telling his love to his young mistress, is shown with the same truthfulness in Ned Osborne. And in recounting these struggles to his son, who remarks that he spoke as if he felt it, Osborne replies, "Why, I *do!* I am an oldish man now—at least, you think me not over young; but there are some good and pure feelings, lad, thou wilt never become dull to, so long as thou keepest thy heart with all diligence. And the best of it is that while these feelings, so far as they were pleasant, are pleasant still, the pains, then so bitter, that came from keeping down all that was wrong with a strong hand, are now pleasures too—that are recalled over and over again—

when, may be, we seem cogitating or dosing. Give me thy hand, lad, I see you believe me. And so did master Hewet believe me" (245).

Osborne has a fellow-apprentice named Miles whose Protestantism takes rather too violent a form to last: he gibbets a cat in priest's attire, and strikes off the head of Thomas á Beckett's image twice. After a time, this furious Protestant married, and, when Osborne called upon him, "he followed me to the door when mine errand was sped. *Ned*, whispered he, and coloured all over, 'there'll be no more hanging of cats! .....She's a stanch *Roman*, is *Nell!* and I'm obliged to conform, I can tell thee! Rely on't, there's much to be said on both sides!' And this was he that said he was as firm as *London Stone*" (209).

A Protestant of another sort is represented in *Tomkins*, a lame weaver, who had worked in the garret of the house where Osborne was apprentice. He had not thought much of religion till a few words from Osborne, spoken at a time when the troubles were just beginning, led him to think seriously and also to read the Scriptures. He married and left the garret, and some time after Osborne calls upon him and finds him a totally altered man.

"*Tomkins!* (cried I, filled with sudden admiration), thou could'st not always have thus quoted and applied the Bible!"

"Lad (quod he), times are altered. I don't suppose there ever was a quiet fair-spoken man nearer the edge of the pit of destruction than I was a few years back. Just as I was trifling on the brink, *a child's* voice called me back. *Ned!* 'twas thine. I had known for months and years what 'twas to lie down with a heart ill at peace with God. He that is very glad to get into a good and safe covert will not waste his time in dallying with too curious subleties. Since I have gone the way I should, years have seemed like days. I have tasted the *life of life;* yet never was more ready to lay it down at my Master's feet! 'Tis all I have to give him!" (181).

Tomkins, with five others, was apprehended and carried before Bonner; and he, as being the oldest of them all, was brought the most forward:—"To intimidate these poor men the more, Bishop *Bonner* had got together a goodly muster of his clergy and friends, Dr. *Chedsey*, Master *Harpsfield* and others. Beginning the attack, according to his wont, with the real presence, he puts it to *Tomkins* whether or no he believed in transubstantiation. On *Tomkins'* meekly but firmly confessing that he did not, and giving his reasons for that confession, *Bonner* struck him on the face with his fist, and violently

tore out a handful of his beard. *Tomkins* bore this in silence, remembering him who stood before *Caiaphas*. Then *Bonner*, lashing himself up, began anew to question him; and, being still unable to catch him in his talk, he seized him by the wrist, and, holding his hand over a lighted candle of three or four wicks that stood on the table, savagely kept it there till the veins shrank and the sinews burnt" (195).

This was but the prelude to their all being burnt in Smithfield, exhibiting patience and constancy till the last. But the reign of Mary, and these its attendant horrors, soon came to a close, and the accession of Elizabeth brings with it universal joy, and national prosperity quickly ensues. For the way in which this exultation is expressed in the pageants and shows, we must refer our readers to the volume itself; and we can assure them that they will find in it ample materials both for amusement and instruction.

The tone of thinking which pervades the whole is unexceptionable; and the lessons it imparts, whether regarding religion or social conduct, are sound and healthy. And the story is told so well, and has so many striking and amusing incidents, that we have rarely met with a book of the kind so likely to become a general favourite with all classes. For there is something to please all, and very little with which any can justly be offended.

Journals of a Landscape Painter in Southern Calabria. By Edward Lear. Bentley. 1852.

This is no ephemeral publication, but a pleasing and ornamental work that will find a permanent place on the shelves of our libraries. There are evidently strange sights and scenes to meet the traveller's eye in Calabria, and Mr. Lear's acknowledged ability as an artist has enabled him to adorn his volumes with numerous views of certainly the most remarkable places he visited in his travels. Calabria, in this respect, is probably superior even to Albania; but both countries present scenes to the painter that are very strange to the English eye. What a site for a town is that of Pentedatilo, and what a race inhabit it—each alike almost unapproachable and inaccessible!

The views here given of the many picturesque habitations of men with which this region abounds are of the highest interest, because they are the only memorials that remain of some of them—an earthquake in August, 1851, having utterly ruined several of the towns described. The fine town of Melfi especially had one hundred and sixty-three of its houses levelled with the ground—ninety-eight in part destroyed, and 180

[illegible] were strewed with churches, a collection of [illegible] Fifty [illegible] were buried in the ruins. The neighbouring village of Asculi lost its church with [illegible] and two hundred of its inhabitants. The town of Bari has altogether disappeared. Mr. Lear is undoubtedly one of the most amusing of modern tourists. Travelling usually as a pedestrian, he mingles much with the people, marks their peculiarities, and makes a picture from the simple history of their manners and appearance. The volume is also rich in scenes of great interest and beauty, and is done full justice to by the publisher.

Lectures on Popery, and Other Leading Errors of the Present Time. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College. London: Church Press. 1851.

A strange medley of good and evil, truth and falsehood, light and darkness, Catholicism and Romanism, have we here. A most valuable series of lectures is, we must say, the most marked characteristic of this book; but there is much that is valuable—much that is highly suggestive—much that is even commendable. On the one hand, we find the expression of *merit* as of value to attach to man's good works, and the Blessed Virgin's faith affirmed to be the source of the Church's life (see page 67); for the fathers are constant, that, if St. Mary had hesitated in receiving the angelic message, the whole economy of grace would have been frustrated." Preposterous blasphemy!—to represent the everlasting counsels of God for the redemption of the human race as *dependent* on the will of one fallible creature—a creature, on the contrary, who had announced to her from on high as certainly impending the highest blessing that ever was bestowed on mortal, and who simply bowed her spirit to God's immutable decree. And there are, if possible, worse things than even this scattered; but, on the other hand, we have a very admirable exposition of the peculiar grace of confirmation, and also of the desirability of administering this ordinance at a comparatively early age, before the youth or girl leaves our schools and is thus exposed to the worst temptations—an exposition only marred by the unhappy insolence of tone, as we must call it, with which the supposed and it may be real error of judgment of certain of our reverend "fathers in God," the bishops of this Church and land, is commented on by their most presumptuous instructor. We find also many striking though unloving censures of the "Laudian Reformation," which is aptly contrasted with the movement of the last twenty years—a section of the book from

which we may all learn much. We find exceedingly valuable and sensible suggestions on the subject of preaching, both with regard to matter and style; and also as to the desirability of not constraining men to sit out a sermon when they only want to say their prayers; or even compelling them to say their prayers, after a certain set fashion, *every time* they desire to listen to a discourse. We repeat that this really remarkable work is fraught with many most valuable suggestions: we recognise in Mr. Neale the possession of a master-mind—a mind wholly destitute, however, as it appears to us, of the grace of humility, and, as we cannot but fear, in no small measure of love and reverence also; for even the very truths which Mr. Neale enunciates are told so bitterly as to deprive them of more than half their weight and value; and the genius of party-spirit reigns predominant even where kindliness of feeling is most sought to be displayed.

Much space is devoted to an elaborate effort to demonstrate that Rome is not committed to her own sins and follies: that in fact a man may be a Romanist and reject almost all Rome's peculiarities; and though this is true to some extent—as the remarkable case of Dean Hirscher demonstrates, on whose admirable work we dwelt at length in our last number—yet the statement of this fact, as we find it stated in Mr. Neale's pages, seems injurious in its tendencies, as suggesting that men may secede to Rome—may in other words, *apostatise*—(for this turning from darkness to light we call apostasy)—without in any way compromising "the faith." Mr. Neale is exceedingly bitter against the Oratorians, Faber and Newman, and the rest —(against whom, indeed, is he not bitter?); and the special offence they have given him—we write in sober truth—appears to be no other than the scandal he imagines them to have cast on the faith and practice of the Church of Rome, for which he is most tenderly solicitous. "Doubtless (he says), in time, Rome will either stifle Oratorianism or cut it off; but, in the meanwhile, it is surely for us to learn the lesson that results from its being the focus and deposit of all convert zeal." Mr. Neale declares himself by no means anxious that English Churchmen should depart for Rome, though he very carefully and at length points out a method (pages 44-48) by which Rome *might* remove the main difficulties in the way of "secession," by sanctioning (as she has done in Russia) the marriage of priests, retention of communion in two kinds, and even the national and vernacular liturgy, if need be, with a few additions to it. Mr. Neale rejoices cordially that Rome has *not* done this; and he guards against the possibility of its being

feared that he could wish for such a thing by observing that, as Rome has not done so for so long, to do so now would be a confession of weakness and even of bygone error on her part; though it does seem just possible to us that such a change of policy might be, in some measure, justified on the usual score of *development:* "for different times different principles," and "different principles different counsels." But let us assume that Mr. Neale is honest in the main—we hope he is at all events; and assuredly he does not spare the great Apostate of this age, the unhappy John Henry Newman.

This is vigorous writing:—"But here, at the outset, I feel how inferior are the weapons with which I must contend, when compared with those which he, to whom I have been referring, thought proper to employ. All that is most telling in his argument is, and I thank God for it, beyond my reach. All that is most piquant in his illustrations I should blush to use. I am not about to betray to her enemies a knowledge of my mother's weakness acquired in her service. I am not about to expose to a hostile camp secrets entrusted to me by the leaders on whose side I have fought. I shall not carry to the sick man's enemy that knowledge of his case and symptoms which I gained in the confidence of a physician. I shall not make over to the claimer of an estate the flaws which I may seem to have discovered in the title-deeds entrusted to me by the possessor. I have not built up arguments in former years of which I may now select the weakest for ridicule. And yet, oh, my brethren, if even in the judgment of the world—if according to the merest rules of earthly honour—the spy is barely tolerated, while the tale-bearing physician and perfidious lawyer are chased from society, can we believe that a great and holy cause can be advantaged by conduct so nearly akin to theirs? Surely, whatever be the intellectual force of the volume in question, the moral argument deducive from the mere fact of its existence is conclusive against it." This is, we repeat, very vigorous writing, and truthful also in the main, though some of the analogies are pushed too far; for a man who had really supposed himself to have discovered any religious system to be a sham would be under no obligation to conceal the fact. The case is, of course, altered when he is the sham himself! And assuredly the expression of *regret* might be justly expected from a man who had deserted our communion for another, if duty should constrain him to expose the weakness of his late friends and allies: spiteful triumph in the force of such accusations does not seem quite consistent with saintliness. So far, then, we say, so good; but when Mr. Neale takes so very much credit

to himself for *not* exposing the weaknesses "of his own mother," has he forgotten, let us ask, his account of her living bishops (page 9-16), and his loveless, unsparing, undutiful, condemnation of all their words and actions? Does he forget that he told a body of his clerical brethren in God's house of "the cowardice, the tergiversations, the compromises" of their fathers in God?"—using language which can be only paralleled with that of the Rev. Henry Newland, in his recent astonishing letter in the *English Churchman*, to some imaginary clergyman whom he most appropriately designated *the Rev. Ignatius Monckton*, and whom he advised, in common with the rest of his clerical brethren who might be troubled by "Charles James" *(sic)*, to endeavour to make their bishop as odious as they could to the world, and attempt to cover him with ridicule; and all this accompanied by the most insulting and odious suggestions, that that bishop never acts on principle—making not the slightest allowance for the most difficult of all positions—taunting, and ridiculing, and calumniating, and exhibiting in its very worst aspect, that fearful spirit "which speaketh ill of dignities" and rejoiceth in all evil. As Mr. Newland has written some things that we like, and has since made a faint apology for his offence, we did not wish to speak thus sternly; but the spirit of Tractarian insolence must no longer be tolerated: it is time that it should be crushed for ever and a day within our English Church.

One more specimen of Mr. Neale's Christian candour and Christian temper let us give: "Oh, if there could be such a thing as scorn in the country of which those blessed ones (the martyrs) have so long been counted worthy, with what contempt, think you, would they look upon the tricks and subterfuges, the roundings-off and smoothings-down, the cautions and counter-cautions, the loop-holes and safety-valves, the crying 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' which characterises the reply of an English prelate of the nineteenth century to a question of faith!" Now, if there is one thing which appears to us more utterly unreasonable than any other thing in Tractarianism, it is these and similar outbreaks of party-wrath and spite, elicited by every utterance, however mild and conciliatory, of the ecclesiastical heads of the so-called evangelical party in the Church. All men know that Calvinism has long been practically tolerated, and has been openly professed, by tens and hundreds of bishops; yet the present Archbishop of Canterbury is to be held up to public scorn whenever he exhibits the slightest tendency to deviate from what we may consider the more exactly orthodox track! Thus, when he told

the impostor Gawthorn that he conceived Protestant Churches might exist without episcopacy, the war howl was raised at once, and *Guardian* and *Chronicle* laboured to demonstrate that the archbishop must needs be held to deny the reality of episcopal orders—a more monstrous *non-sequitur* certainly never having been concocted by the diseased fancy of malignant party-spirit. So again, when he intimates very guardedly his tendency to other Calvinistic views, instead of interpreting his words for the best in a spirit of love, an absolute demand is made that he should express his opinions in a given phraseology; and yield that very definition, and no other, which his assailants might consider the most fitting.

How unreal is all this pretended indignation! How uncharitable is this manifest resolution to avoid, if possible, all agreement, or all approach to an agreement! It has been amply demonstrated in the pages of this periodical that a *concordat* may be yet concluded betwixt the conflicting parties in our Church without either's resigning an *iota* of necessary principle: it is simply needful to concede on one part that there may be or, if you will, is such a thing as indefectible grace—the grace of perseverance; and our Calvinistic brethren, ninety-nine out of a hundred at least, will, we are assured, cheerfully concede to us that there may be an inferior degree of grace to this—not a regeneration of the whole heart, but an ecclesiastical new birth—the first deposit of the good seed within the soul of man. Once grant this, and show that this is all we claim on our part for the baptized infant—repudiating Popish notions of the child's being wholly sanctified and rendered an angel or an advanced saint instead of a "babe in Christ"—and we shall find all our differences and disputes vanish into smoke: we shall be able to meet like brethren, and "take sweet counsel together in the house of God" and in the Church's solemn assemblies. But such efforts for peace are tricks and subterfuges in the eyes of Mr. Neale and all his fellows—"roundings-off and smoothings-down:" nothing infuriates men of this class so much as to be told of any prospect of peace. And yet they are ready enough to "round-off" and "smooth-down," too, when Rome and *her* errors are in question. All their charity is kept for the enemies of their own Church: their brethren who serve beside them at the same altar—who love that Church with warm and filial hearts—who have so many peculiar excellencies of their own—who more especially distinguish themselves by their affectionate appreciation of the first principles of the Gospel, by their steadfast setting forth of "Christ Jesus and him crucified:" for *their* foibles, small or great, these men have no mercy.

With *their* occasional errors in judgment they have not a single instant's patience: they would, it is too obvious, organise the bitterest of persecution against their own brethren had they but the power to do so. And, meanwhile, they delight in heaping the fullest measure of scorn and obloquy on the living prelates of the Church, or exaggerating every point of difference that unhappily exists among us—of representing our deficiencies in discipline in the most awful and deplorable point of view.

There is one remedy, and humanly speaking we should say one remedy only, for these things—the admission of the laity to convocation, and to this remedy they are as a body sternly and bitterly opposed. Mr. Neale expresses the sentiments of the great majority of his brethren on this score. He speaks with utter scorn of the American Church and its admirably working synods: he must see, for he is not without strong practical sense of his own, that we shall never obtain the discipline we need—no, nor any satisfactory definition of the faith either —without the admission of the laity to the Church's councils; but this only makes him the more resolute to persist in his unreasonable demands, and thereby stay the possible action of convocation altogether. For who would weigh the attaining of discipline and the happy security of the faith and reconciliation of brethren against the exceeding unpleasantness of a possible defeat in party strife?

We have not space enough to enter upon these questions at length. Before we conclude, we must protest against Mr. Neale's very arbitrary decision that we are bound to follow the anti-Reformation usage in the case of the falling together of certain Sundays and Saints' days. We maintain that a lesson from the Apocalypse should never be read when the choice lies betwixt it and one from the Inspired Word; and further—(and here a most important principle is at stake)—that the Sunday is God's Sabbath under the New as well as under the Old Testament: the seventh day—not the seventh day of the week, *but one day out of seven*—which Sabbath of perpetual obligation is blended with the feast of the resurrection. But we will not enter further on these important questions. We agree, as we have said, with Mr. Neale as to the desirability of not delaying the confirmation of the young till they have left our schools and passed from our immediate influence; and we should earnestly urge this consideration on the minds and hearts of our ecclesiastical superiors, whom we beseech for love's sake, but would never, we trust, presume to ridicule or vilify. And we also think the observations of Mr. Neale on sermons worthy of

grave consideration. Of course, we wholly differ from him on the subject of confession. We believe that public absolution conveys precisely the same amount of grace as private—(absolution being always essentially the same)—the latter possessing the possible advantage of being a greater stimulant to faith, with the accompanying terrible disadvantage of tempting the penitent to suppose his penitence must be real whenever the private absolution is pronounced. We utterly repudiate the notion that private confession to a priest is essential to a high spiritual walk or aim; or that it should necessarily include the minute enumeration of every sin; or that no private absolution can be pronounced, or would be valid if pronounced, unless the priest were enabled to speak judicially, not ministerially—to do that in fine which he is solemnly forbidden to do—to judge another before the time. There is a wide gulf betwixt our teaching and that of Dr. Pusey and his followers on this score, as we have already said on a former occasion, and we are not anxious to conceal the fact. We look upon the minister of Christ as the channel of grace; and we maintain that it is in no wise essential for the effluence of ministerial grace that the spirit of the penitent should be known to him who is commissioned to convey God's pardon to every truly repentant sinner. We admit, of course, of the practice of private confession in certain peculiar cases: seldom however, save on the deathbed, with a view to private absolution—save where scruples of conscience may seem to render this essential; and even in such cases we would restrict confession to those sins which really burdened the penitent's soul. The system of private confession of every sin of deed, or word, or *thought*, as it is now practised within the English Church by certain party-leaders, is in our eyes a most unhallowed practice and one that cannot come to good —that is wholly alien to the free spirit of the Gospel. Mr. Neale himself rejects the system of arbitrary direction, which we find, however, set forth in its most offensive shape in the tale of the "Prisoners of Hope," now publishing in Mr. Masters's usually pleasing little magazine, "The Churchman's Companion." Of Mr. Neale we shall for the present take leave. We do not wish to be uncharitable to him or to any man; but we feel that a great change must take place in his manners of thought and modes of feeling, and those of the men who now seem to recognise him as one of their most vigorous party-leaders—(which he may be assuredly said to be)—before we can hope to act with them as brethren in our common efforts for the cause of the Church. As far as we are concerned, we cannot allow the advocacy of great principles to lie under disre-

pute from an apparent connection with Romanizing propensities, and a still more melancholy absence of love and reverence for those whom we are filially and spiritually bound to honour.

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1. *The Dramatic Works of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L. Eleventh Edition; to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses.* London: Moxon, Dover-street. 1851.
2. *Vacation Rambles, comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours, in the Vacations of* 1841, 1842, and 1843. By Sir T. N. Talfourd, D C L. Third Edition. London: Moxon. 1851.

These delightful editions will doubtless find their thousands of buyers and readers. Print and paper are superlative. The works themselves need no commendation from us. Of the tragedies "Ion" and "Glencoe" are our favourites. The former is like a mild and mellow sunset; or, rather, it may be said to resemble the first freshness of an April morn, not warm indeed, but pure and fragrant and almost holy in its innocence of vernal life. "Glencoe" may be likened to a comparatively stern and rugged mountain landscape, with a lowering autumn sky above; yet it appeals, perhaps, only the more powerfully to the heart's sympathies and emotions. The character of *Halbert* is nobly conceived, and the scenes between himself and *Henry*, or the fickle *Helen*, are most admirably executed. We have no space for further comments. As for "Vacation Rambles," they are charming specimens of the travels and gossip of an English gentleman of pure tastes and cultivated mind. We might fill many pages with delightful extracts. This is not the time of year in which to dilate on such a theme. Were we writing in the Spring, we should assuredly advise all travellers up the Rhine, or through France into Switzerland, to possess themselves of these lively "Rambles," as a pleasant and very useful "Vade Mecum."

Life of James Bonnell. London: Masters. 1852.

A most beautiful book, highly to be recommended for circulation among the rich and poor, for which the moderate price also more especially qualifies it. It is the biography of a true saint of God, and we are happy to add of a decided *Protestant* in the full sense of the word, a contemporary of James the Second and of William the Third, without, as far as we can discern, a single Popish sympathy. If we ventured to censure the conduct of such a saint at all, we should suggest a doubt whether fasting, as he employed it, in seasons of sickness

as of health, must not be rather prejudicial than otherwise to the spiritual life; and if so, whether he must not have erred in persisting in it to such an extent as to impair his mental and bodily faculties, and as we cannot but imagine shorten his life. He actually says in one of his very beautiful and almost wonderfully natural meditations—"If I now fast, it is not only all the time in pain, but ends in more, by increasing my distemper, and in indisposing my mind for the exercises of religion; the constant practice of which alone maintains the life of my soul. And yet thou choosest to afflict me still! *However, Lord, I will fast;* and O that I may never omit to pray" (p. 16). But despite this one great practical error, as we must consider it, the strong common sense of Mr. Bonnell is usually to be commended as highly as his piety, and much, very much, is to be learned by one and all of us from this delightful record of a good man's life.

Life of the Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Rector of Barham. By J. FREEMAN, M.A., Rural Dean. London: Longmans. 1852.

THE name of Kirby must be familiar to all who are in the least degree conversant with natural history, and is cherished and revered by those who have directed their attention to the study of insects, which though they may seem a contemptible race of beings to a superficial observer, yet perform offices more essential to the comfort, sometimes to the very existence, of man, than the larger animals; and which by their wonderful instincts, and the adaptation of their forms and powers to the purposes they are meant to fulfil, raise our admiration to the highest pitch, as well at the infinite variety in the works of the Creator as at the dependence of each on all the rest; so that no one link of the vast chain can be dispensed with—"tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike."

"In no department of the animal kingdom is the divine wisdom more eminently conspicuous than in the constitution and economy of the insect tribes. .....When we attend to their history, replete, be they gregarious or solitary, with entertaining anecdotes, and furnishing instances of the most astonishing sagacity, and most prudent precaution, we feel inclined to prefer the study of this order of insects (Hymenoptera) to that of any other, not only as most prolific of materials to set forth the praises of him who hath created them, which is the first duty of the naturalist, but also as gratifying, in a high degree, our natural taste for the inspection of things that are remarkable either for their beauty, their structure, or their uses" (131).

Mr. Kirby's attention was directed to this branch of natural

history by the accidental circumstance of finding a ladybird of an unusual colour, and putting it into a phial of spirits thinking to kill it, in order to examine it with a microscope the next day; but, on taking it out of the spirits, it revived as soon as it became dry, and this tenacity of life in one insect led to the further pursuit of the whole subject; and entomology became thenceforward the favourite study.

It was to his mother that Mr. Kirby held himself indebted for that taste for natural history which formed the prominent feature in his character, as well as for the first knowledge of the principles on which he afterwards prosecuted his favourite study. This excellent mother Mr. Kirby lost at the early age of fifteen—

"When Mr. Kirby was a very young child his mother would give him shells from an old family cabinet to amuse him: the diversity of shape and variety of colour which they presented proved very attractive: he was soon taught to ask for his playthings by their proper names—then led on to describe with accuracy each shell which he wished for—next to mark their distinctive characteristics, and at last to know every shell in the collection, not merely from habitual sight, or from hearing the name repeated, but from intelligent observation" (18).

This method was followed to teach him botany in his childish rambles in the fields and he was taught to collect and dry the flowers; and a small herbarium, thus prepared by him before he was nine years old, was fondly treasured by him as a memento of that parent to whose judicious training of his tender years he felt that he owed all his following success in the pursuit of science. We say judicious, for "these lessons were confined, as they ought always to be, strictly within the mother's province; and only those hours of recreation which would have been totally lost in idleness or listless indifference were turned to account in this way." As soon as the child became able to prosecute manly studies he was sent to the grammar-school at Ipswich, as a preparation for Cambridge.

And in all his subsequent career Mr. Kirby never allowed his fondness for natural history to trench upon the more solemn and more responsible duties which he had undertaken as a minister of Christ. It was to these duties, and the studies connected with them, that he dedicated most of his time and devoted his best attention, although it is as an entomologist that he is become known to the public; and the more so as being one of the earliest in promoting that science in England.

During sixty-eight years, as curate and incumbent, Mr. Kirby discharged in an exemplary manner his clerical duties

in the parish of Barham, and not to that parish alone were his exertions in the sacred cause confined; but, as shortly after he entered upon his office many sceptical and atheistical publications were being circulated, he wrote a formal answer to one of these by a man named Evanson, and entered into an extensive correspondence with men of like spirit with himself, in order to bring about a combination of right thinking men, to stem the torrent of infidelity, cast out from the mouth of the dragon as if to sweep everything away before it. One of those whose letters are in part given was Jones of Nayland, commonly called "Trinity Jones," from the able work he wrote on the doctrine of the Trinity; and it resulted in the establishment of the "British Critic."

Unfulfilled prophecy also received a good deal of attention from Mr. Kirby, though it did not lead to the publication of any regular treatise on the subject. But for several years he was in the practice of noting down all the important political events and their bearings upon unfulfilled prophecy; and he came to the conclusion that a personal Antichrist was to be expected in the last times, such as Irenæus and the early Church expected; and he rejected the common opinion that all the characteristics of Antichrist are to be seen in the Pope or a succession of popes:—

"Though the power of the Pope, usurped under the title of universal bishop over king and prelate, belongs constantly to the spirit of Antichrist, yet the Roman Church has never exhibited the character by which the apostle says Antichrist will be distinguished, for she has never yet denied the Father or the Son or that Jesus is the Christ, and she has always confessed that Jesus has come in the flesh; whence it seems to follow that she cannot be the true Antichrist, whose diagnostics are direct Atheism as well as denial of Christ. Some individual Popes may have been infidels and so far Antichrist; but the Church of Rome never, as a body, patronised infidelity, however she may have corrupted, as she certainly did grievously, the genuine doctrines of the Gospel—introducing idolatry into the Church by the worship of saints and angels, and especially the Virgin Mary, and thus by consequence set herself in array against Christ" (169).

The faith of Mr. Kirby is well expressed in his letters to Mr. Rodwell, from which it appears that he held what are usually called evangelical doctrines without carrying them to the length of ultra-Calvinism. On the Holy Spirit he writes:—"There are three measures of grace which this divine Spirit has bestowed on the Church, and which Bishop Horne well denominates the apostolical, the ecclesiastical, and that designed for personal sanctification of individuals; which last con-

stitutes the great end for which the holy Spirit came into the Church, and for which the other two measures were bestowed" (118). And after discussing the nature of the first and second of these, he says of the third:—"That this is not only an influence upon, and an aid to our old natural powers, but absolutely a new principle, which by the Holy Spirit is sown in our hearts, where, if duly encouraged, it springeth up and taketh root downwards, and beareth fruit upwards, receiving its proper nutriment from God: is the doctrine of the Scriptures and our Church." And he brings many passages both of the Old and New Testament in proof of this, and refers to the homily for Whitsunday, and the office for baptism as evidence of the doctrine of the Church of England on this point.

The various forms of superstition are then adverted to, and after dwelling upon the grosser superstitions of the Roman Church, he adds:—"But another kind of superstition remains; it is to be found in Protestant countries—the resting in the *means* without looking to the end of those means. By means, I intend the worship of God in public and in private—hearing his word—receiving the sacraments, &c. The end for which these means are appointed was to produce holiness of life, and they are all powerful when used as means to promote that end. The superstitious Protestant is he who thinks that God is pleased with the mere *use* of the means, without any reference to the end. Thus, then, superstition may be defined to be—1. A fear of those who by nature are not gods. 2. A hope of acceptance from the observance of means, resting in them as if they were ends. 3. An unfounded idea that God is pleased with ordinances which he has not *commanded*, or displeased with the doing things which he has not forbidden.

"Enthusiasm—το ενθεον: fanaticus furor—impetus numine afflatorum. Its origin is coeval with superstition. Superstition created false gods; enthusiasm inspired their priests, and gave forth their oracles. In all false religions (I mean of Pagan origin), the priests pretended to supernatural communications. This fanaticism ceased not when the world became Christian, but still upholds its head. How many instances are there of a similar spirit, and lying miracles to uphold the idolatry of the Romish Church. To come home, let us see the marks of the same spirit: it is not like the Popish superstition, resting in means, but it is independent of all means; believes itself the favourite of heaven already, and therefore rejects all means as unnecessary: springs from pride and self-confidence, and therefore overleaps too often all bounds of society and religion" (122).

But to pass from these higher topics, which necessarily occupied the prominent place in Mr. Kirby's mind, that branch of

natural history, to which he rendered such important services, is found to be sometimes of great public interest and connected with the national prosperity :—" At the close of the last century the most intense anxiety prevailed in this country, in consequence of what was supposed to be a new disease in the corn, threatening not only present scarcity, but exciting the most lively apprehensions lest it should prove something more than a casual blight, and a general famine prevail before its cause could be detected or a remedy suggested."

This alarming blight was found to proceed from a minute fly which deposited its eggs in the grain; and by one of those wonderful compensations, observable in so many cases, another fly of the Tchneumon class, by depositing its egg in the larva of the blight, keeps down its numbers, which might otherwise produce all the evils which were at first apprehended :—" That they are destroyed by any other insect than the Tchneumon I have no reason to believe; and it seems to me most probable that this little friend to man is the destroyer of the greater part of them.....The superstition of the ancients, had they been acquainted with the advantages which appear to be derived to man through this important though minute link in the chain of creation, would have erected altars to it as a beneficent deity: can we, who enjoy the clear light of revelation, do less than adore and extol that goodness which thus preserves a due balance in his works, and says to the destroyer, " Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther ?" (136).

The wheat suffers also from other insects, and minute fungi produce another kind of blight; all which casualties are found to be best counteracted by dressing and preparing the seed just before it is sown, with lime or other chemical ingredients, according to the kind of blight which may be suspected.

The timber used in shipbuilding is often preyed upon by minute insects, and the counteraction of this evil may therefore often become a national object. The oak timber in the royal dockyards of Sweden were observed to have sustained great injury from some unknown animal in the time of Linnæus, and the king directed him to endeavour to find out the cause and suggest a remedy. An insect named in consequence *Cantharis Navalis* was the occasion of this mischief; and the remedy proposed was that the timber should be immersed in water during the usual time of the insect's appearance.

But some of the insects which infest timber remain for many years burrowing their way without appearing on the surface. An instance is given in which an insect made its exit from a table which had been in use for twenty years in Guildhall;

which insect Mr. Kirby thinks must have been in the timber before it left the shores of Norway.

Mr. Kirby paid much attention to botany; and as the flower to which Christ alludes, in speaking of "the lilies of the field" (Matt. vi. 28) had been called in question, and Sir J. Smith had maintained that it was not the white lily, but the *Amaryllis Lutea*, Mr. Kirby was requested to state his opinions on this subject. He accordingly wrote a paper showing that Sir J. Smith was mistaken in supposing that our Saviour instanced an assemblage of plants, since the Greek construction shows that he was calling attention to one particular object so as to know it well—implying that an individual plant was to be considered:—"He next removed all difficulty arising from the assertion that the lily does not grow wild in Palestine, and by an exact line of argument proves that no other than the *Lilium Candidum* could be the plant intended; then in an elegant manner he sets forth its peculiar fitness for the comparison instituted by our Saviour" (351).

The publications of Mr. Kirby in the "Linnæan Transactions" were very frequent, amounting to nearly fifty, and spreading over an equal number of years. Many other tracts by him appeared in various periodical publications. But the "Monographia Apum Angliæ," which was published in 1802, first made him known to foreign naturalists, and laid the foundation of his future fame. His "Introduction to Entomology," written in conjunction with Mr. Spence, was published in 1815, and it contributed much towards rendering the study of this branch of natural history popular, as is evinced by the fact of its having gone through six editions. And in 1835 his Bridgewater Treatise on "The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals" established his claim to be regarded as at the head of this department of science in England during his own day and generation.

It has seldom been our happiness to meet with an instance in which so ardent a pursuit of science, and so many real discoveries in an obscure and difficult branch of it, has been united with so much modesty, so much deference for others, and so little exaggeration of his favourite studies, as in the case of Mr. Kirby. But this is mainly, and, we do not hesitate to say, exclusively to be attributed to his fervent and habitual piety. He had given himself unreservedly to God, and everything he did was under the abiding sense that the glory of God must be the uppermost thing in his mind; and where this is the case there will be no parade of piety, no ostentatious display, no impertinent moralizing. All will be calm and equable, because

the stream is deep. And this habitual piety gave also a tone of perpetual cheerfulness, and even hilarity, to his manner: for all was peace within, and external circumstances were of little consequence, more especially as he regarded them as being appointed and overruled by Divine Providence. To this contentment, springing from lively faith, we attribute in no small degree the good health which he usually enjoyed, and a life protracted to the very unusual term of ninety years; and we cite it as a verification of the apostle's assertion that godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come.

The Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, written by St. BONAVENTURE. *Translated from the last French Edition of* 1852, *and carefully compared with the Latin.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.; and J. F. Shaw, 1852. 12mo.

DR. CUMMING has rendered good service to the cause of true religion, and against the idolatrous worship of the Church of Rome, by the publication of Bonaventure's "Psalter of the Blessed Virgin." Bonaventure is one of the most distinguished Romish saints; and his psalter is perhaps the best known of his various treatises written in her honour:—"It is a collection of a hundred-and-fifty Psalms suggested by the Psalms of David. Each Psalm begins by the same words as those of the royal prophet: the general sense of them is preserved and applied to the Virgin" (p. 1). These Psalms are followed by eight canticles in imitation of as many passages from the books of the Old Testament, and by imitations of the *Te Deum*, and of the Hymn which bears the name of Athanasius; all of which are addressed to the Virgin. The volume concludes with the "Litanies of the Blessed Virgin Mary." We give the following concise specimen, that our readers may form some conception of the extent to which the idolatrous worship of a holy, but still peccable woman is carried by the Romish Church and her deluded followers:—

PSALM I.

"Blessed is the man that cherishes thy name, Virgin Mary; thy grace will strengthen his soul.

"As a garden watered by springs of living water, thou will multiply in that soul the sweetest fruits of justice.

"Thou art blessed among all women, because of the humble faith of thy holy heart.

"For thou art exalted above all women by the beauty of thy person; thou surpassed the angels and the archangels by the excellence of thy sanctity.

"Thy mercy and thy grace are celebrated everywhere. God has blessed the works of thy hands.
"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now and always, and from generation to generation. Amen" (page 9).

This cheap and beautifully printed volume will be found particularly useful to those who are necessarily engaged in discussions with the advocates of Popery. We hope that it will have an extensive circulation.

The Philosophy of the Senses; or, Man in connection with a Material World. By ROBERT J. WYLD. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS is truly a philosophical work, meriting high commendation equally from the knowledge it displays, as the ability with which it is written and the object to which it tends. Unlike many works of its class, which have their origin in the faithless and irreligious principles of their authors, and which under the profession of philosophy inculcate a heartless infidelity, this pleasing and informing work bases all its reasonings upon revealed truth, leads the thoughts from the minutest subject it treats of to the great first cause of all, and displays on them all the wondrous wisdom of the Creator on these several works of his creation. The chapters that more especially explain, and philosophize, upon sound and light are of great interest, and will afford to many readers much useful information; and they bring under notice many facts and phenomena of great interest, and supply numerous subjects for thought on very many of the daily circumstances and incidents of our every day life. Indeed, the laws that govern, and the peculiarities that distinguish, the several senses are so fully and so ably observed upon as to form very brief, but yet very clear, philosophical treatises on those subjects. Not the least valuable portion of this most unassuming little volume is a history of all those many metaphysical enquiries upon mind and matter that have been published abroad to the world from the times of Thales and Anaximes, through Spinoza and Leibnitz, to Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. The uprising and the downfalling of these several systems of godless philosophy of atheism, pantheism, and deism, with all their false reasonings, their contradictions and absurd conclusions, it is alternately painful and amusing to read of. They prove that there is always a certain party in the world especially eager to catch at any chance of being persuaded that there is no God in this creation, or no God that will ever interfere with them; and that they owe their being to blind chance, or to means that leave them accountable to no

one, whatever they may do or say or think in this life. The hatred that the corrupt heart of man bears to revealed religion, and the conceit that arises from the total ignorance of the human understanding upon matters purely spiritual, alike prompts many speculative minds to doubts on all subjects, to question whatever is received by others as the truth, bewilder themselves at length in the tangled web of their own metaphysical subtleties. "The Philosophy of the Senses" disposes of all these, so falsely called "philosophical systems," with admirable tact and ability; showing in every case what was the main error in each system, and upon what fragments of truth they were severally grounded.

Colchester Castle built by a Colony of Romans as a Temple to their deified Emperor Claudius Cæsar. By the Rev. H. Jenkins, B.D., Rector of Stanway, Essex. London: Painter; Colchester: Benham. 1852.

This treatise is the substance of a lecture delivered some time ago (in 1850), by the reverend and learned author, before the Colchester Archæological Society. It derives peculiar interest at this moment from the fact that only a few days ago an association of a high character has been organized in Essex for the prosecution of archæological research. Having perused the proceedings of that association, together with the inaugural lecture of Professor Marsden, we feel bound to express our opinion that the introduction of Mr. Jenkins' clever treatise to the notice of the gentlemen there assembled would add greatly to the interest of the preliminary arrangements of the Society. The reverend author has laid his lecture in an improved form before the public "in the hope that it may awaken a fresh spirit of research, and thus lead to a more complete and scientific investigation of Colchester Castle and its precincts." Mr. Jenkins appears to us successfully to have overthrown the ordinary theory that this ancient building was of Norman or any other later construction; and he proceeds to prove, on the authority of Tacitus, that originally the edifice was the temple raised to the deified Claudius at Camulodunum—otherwise Colchester:—"It had been built by a colony of veterans to gratify the impious and insatiable pride of their emperor, who, a few years before, had overcome the Trinobantes, and had taken their royal city, Camulodunum. On the scene of his triumph—on the very spot, perhaps, where in his imperial pavilion he received the surrender of the British princes—the boastful pile those." Professor Marsden, at the Colchester meeting on the

21st ult., in the course of his inaugural lecture, supports this opinion of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins; for he says:—

"Tacitus tells us of a temple in this place erected to the Emperor Claudius, which, from the manner in which it is spoken of by him, as "*arx æternæ dominationi*," would appear to be an edifice of considerable pretension. He mentions also a *curia* and a *theatre*."

Our limited space prevents our doing that justice to the work of Mr. Jenkins which its importance and great merits demand. We cannot, however, close our brief notice without adverting to a fact which has transpired since the publication of the treatise now under notice—namely, that discoveries have been made in the under-ground works, leading from the sewer, which directly tend to confirm the hypothesis maintained—viz., that the building was originally, and from the foundation, of Roman construction—thus effectually removing the objections urged by some archæologists against the high antiquity claimed for the Castle.

We cannot conclude this notice of Mr. Jenkins' work without introducing an amusing note on a "popular fallacy:"—

"Our old English Chroniclers loved to claim for Colchester the honour of being the birth-place of Helena, the reputed daughter of a king of merry memory ycleped Coel, and to boast also that her son was a native of Britain. This tradition was unknown to the Greek and Latin historians who lived at and near the time of Constantine (*Vide* Gibbon's 'Decline,' &c. chap. 14, p. 487. Millman's second edition). According to them, Constantine was born at Naissus in Dacia, and his mother Helena was the daughter of an innkeeper at Drepanum, a seaport town of Bithynia. From what source then could a tale so popular, and yet so unfounded, arise? We know that recently, by the falling off of stucco from the walls of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the portraitures of Constantine and Helena have been disclosed. May not the citizens of Colonia Lodinensis have commemorated the same benefactors in a similar manner? And the Saxons, little conversant with history, on beholding their august forms pourtrayed on the wall, may have given ready credence to the fabulous story of Coel."

The treatise is illustrated with several engravings which do honour to the artists employed; and the paper and typography is of a clear, correct, and superior order.

The Comic Almanac. Edited by Robert B. Brough. Illustrated by George Cruickshank and Henry Hine. London: Bogue. 1852.

The illustrations by the great caricature artist of the day are worthy of his inimitable pencil, although they are few and far between; but the interspace has been ably filled by the artist whose name stands second in the title. The literature is not the best of its kind, but it is amusing.

Pictures from Sicily. By the Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." London: Arthur Hall and Co.

WE welcome with pleasure these beautiful pen-and-pencil sketches from the hand of Mr. Bartlett, which promise to add, if possible, to the reputation he already enjoys. Rarely have the talents of author and artist been more happily blended than in the work before us. As an author Mr. Bartlett is lively, entertaining, intelligent, and interesting; and withal gifted with that admirable tact of imparting just such information as the general reader would desire. His style is lucid and perspicuous, and his scenic descriptions picturesque and as glowing as the productions of his pencil; and we question if we could award higher praise than that. The illustrations are of that refined and highly finished character which distinguish all Mr. Bartlett's works, and possess an inherent interest from the localities they so ably depict. Segeste, with its temples—Taormina and Syracuse with their vast amphitheatres—Girgente, Messina—names that smack of classical antiquity—come upon us like old friends, warming us with memories of the wise and noble that once paced the gorgeous courts of those splendid monuments of a noble age. Mr. Bartlett gives a sad history of the abject condition into which the Sicilian population have fallen under the stern despotism of Neapolitan rule. Effeminate and degraded, sunken beneath superstition and priest-craft, without the energy and scarcely the will to free themselves, we know of few pictures more deplorable to enlightened contemplation than that of beautiful Sicily at the present hour. We should do less than justice to our author were we to conclude without reiterating the praise we have already expressed.

A Few Pastoral Sermons on Various Subjects. By the Rev. F. STURMER, M.A. (Oxon), Rector of Heapham, Lincolnshire. London: Whittaker and Co. 1852.

REALLY good village sermons are comparatively rare things. It is easy to write sermons divested of abstruse thought and historical or philosophical allusion; but it is not easy to put simple yet important truths in a style equally forcible and attractive, to win the attention of the uneducated mind, and to do this without any appearance of condescension. In this difficult task Mr. Stürmer has fully succeeded, and we note with much gratification that, while he has fully "declared the counsel of God," he has done so in a spirit at once affectionate and searching. The volume consists but of ten sermons, and all on purely practical subjects; but it is easy to discover that

the preacher has both thought deeply and read much. We have the *fruits* of learning without any *parade* of erudition, while there are many passages of powerful and natural pathos.

Our readers are well aware that it is not our custom to allow personal considerations to influence our opinion of books. Had we ever permitted this, we might perhaps have done so on an occasion like the present, for it has indirectly come to our knowledge that Mr. Stürmer is one of our overworked and underpaid country incumbents. Situated in one of those unhealthy localities for which Lincolnshire has obtained an unenviable notoriety, after many years of labour, the health of his family has at last given way, and the necessity of furnishing means to alleviate, and if possible, by God's blessing, to stay this affliction, is the cause why these really admirable sermons seek a wider range than the church in which they were delivered.

Mr. Stürmer may rest assured that his discourses are of no common order; he will find, wherever his circumstances are known, sympathy; and whenever his sermons are read, appreciation.

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1. *Some Plain Words upon the Lord's Supper.*
2. *A Companion to the Lord's Supper.* By the Rev. G. F. De Tessier, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Hatchard. 1852.

THESE are short but very sound and able treatises on this great mystery or sacrament of the Lord's Supper. And we shall best convey a correct idea of their nature by a few extracts:—

"When the Jews asked of Christ, 'What shall we do that we might work the *works* of God?' Jesus answered and said unto them, 'This is the *work* of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.' They asked him about works: he answered them about *the one work*, that all important one, *to believe in Jesus Christ.* It is through faith that we have that communion with the Saviour which is necessary to eternal life.....

"It will be evident, therefore, that the amount of divine blessing is in proportion to the amount of human faith, and that it cannot be necessary, as neither is it possible, to determine precisely the blessings which attach to every individual Christian on receiving the Lord's Supper.....

"We conclude, then, from all that has been said that the blessing of God comes upon those who rightly receive the Lord's Supper, in proportion to their several capacities, just as upon prayer and other acts of faith blessings follow. But we conclude also that it is neither wise nor prudent to dwell upon strong *metaphorical expressions*,

which have been the produce of the misinterpretation of Scripture passages, or of the somewhat superstitious earnestness of former Christians; and that it is, least of all, *reasonable* or *kind* in us to enforce, as many do, a *literal* explanation of such expressions, when the minds of most Christians are unable to bear them; or else, by bearing them, become perverted from the right use of reason.....I cannot close this better than in the words of an able writer of the last century—'Let Christians be content with what their Master and his apostles have taught them to expect from this duty, and not think it any exaltation of his institution to magnify it into what he never designed it to be. Let them not esteem that as a *low* dispensation which is as *high* as it was his will to make it, nor think *above* what is written of that which can receive its value *only* from what is written. Let them remember that all beyond is no better than a dream—pleasing, perhaps, at present, but in the end hurtful to those who infuse it into others, and to those who will find themselves disappointed when they are waked out of it" (104).

The second of these treatises is introduced in the following manner:—

"Though the Lord's Supper is an institution of great simplicity, and of most solemn interest to all Christians, there is nothing in religion which has been *dogmatically* more overlaid with mystery, nor at the same time more generally neglected in *practice*. In the explanations given of it much has been said for which there is no certain warrant in holy Scripture. Much also has been the slow growth of corrupt practices and mistaken systems in former times."

The objections arising from both these causes are well-disposed of.

Domestic Memoirs of a Christian Family, with descriptive Sketches of the Scenery of the British Lakes. By HENRY TUDOR, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of a "Tour in North America," &c. Hatchards. 1852.

THIS is the second edition of a pleasing volume, the profits of which are devoted to the Church Missionary Society. This edition is in duodecimo, to bring it within the reach of a greater number of readers, especially the young, for whom it may be regarded as more particularly intended. The characters are for the most part drawn from the life, the originals being now living. Some of them have a special bearing and application on present circumstances—such as Mr. Merton, the Roman Catholic, forming an attachment to Clara Sandford, and being rejected solely on account of religion. This induces a stricter examination of the tenets which he had adopted without examination as the creed of his ancestors. And on comparing these dogmas of his Church with Scripture—first in the Eng-

lish version, then in the originals, he finds that he has been receiving as the commands of God things which he now discovers have no other foundation than the tradition of men; and he is thus able to renounce, on deliberate conviction, the errors of Romanism.

Discourses on the Lord's Prayer. By DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Camden District, Camberwell. Kerby. 1852.

WE regard this small volume as an accession to our theological library, as being both instructive and practical. There are nine discourses—the first of which shows the universal prominence given to the Lord's Prayer, throughout all ages in the Church, by a reference to the fact that it has always formed an ingredient in every liturgy, and that it was the first thing taught to every child, and that no one was regarded as a Christian who could not repeat the Lord's Prayer. And it then treats of the address to God as OUR FATHER.

The following discourses show the connexion of the several petitions with each other; beginning with spiritual things in which the glory of God is concerned; and then passing to our own personal wants, and present well being, and deliverance from the snares and temptations with which we are surrounded.

The whole is handled as though the aphorism of Tertullian were constantly in the mind of the writer, who called this Prayer, "a summary of the whole of the Gospel, and a compendium of the doctrine of salvation."

Cost an Element of Sacrifice. A Sermon Preached at St. Giles's, Camberwell, on the occasion of a Collection for the Society for Building Churches, on the fifth Sunday after Trinity, 1852. By the Rev. PHILIP HALE, B.A., Head Master of the Grammar School, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Librarian of Archbishop Tenison's Library. Published by request. London: Whitaker. 1852.

MR. HALE is favourably known as an able teacher in both a scholastic and ecclesiastical sense; and has established strong claims to the gratitude of the literary world by his indefatigable exertions in arranging, preserving, and extending the valuable library of which he is the official conservator. The sermon before us will add much to the professional repute of the writer; displaying deep Scripture learning and a power of eloquence greatly enhanced by the simplicity of his language. This sermon, printed in Baskerville type, is got up in a style of elegance highly creditable to the taste of the publisher, forming in this particular an agreeable contrast to the common and pamphlet-like guise in which our modern sermons are put forth.

An Exposition of the Principal Motives which Induced me to leave the Church of Rome. By C. L. Trivier, formerly a Roman Catholic Priest. Translated from the French by A. S. Bushby. London: Bosworth. 1851.

Mrs. Bushby is well-known as the able translator of Goldsmith's "Jew of Denmark," noticed in our last number; and this volume will much enhance her reputation in the walk of literature which she has so judiciously selected. With regard to the book itself we have not space to say more than that it is an interesting exposition, written with much fairness and in a Christian spirit, exhibiting more temperance and charity than usually characterize volumes of its class. It has none of the bitterness with which the proselyte too often indulges in dealing with a repudiated faith. We heartily commend it to the perusal of the religious world.

On Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgia, as Affecting the Head and Ear. By William Harvey, Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, &c, &c. London: Renshaw.

The author of this work, who enjoys a high reputation for his skilful treatment of diseases of the ear, has rendered excellent service to the public as well as the medical profession by the judicious manner in which he has handled this important subject. The extensive experience which he has obtained in this peculiar branch of medical practice, combined with the intricate investigation which he has pursued into every point bearing upon the subject, have enabled him to present in a lucid and intelligible form much valuable information which we have rarely met with in so available a shape.

A Biographical Sketch of a Deceased Friend. By the Author of "Memoirs of a Working Man." London: Hudson. 1852.

We cannot say that the memoirs of the "author's" friend possesses the interest which we were glad to acknowledge in his memoirs of himself; still, as one of "the short and simple annals of the poor," it is not without its value for the lesson it teaches of submission and contentment.

Wellington Lyrics. By Mrs. E. Francis Smith. Wilson. 1852.

The chief, we fear the only, merit of this little publication consists in its reminding us, in an agreeable manner, of the achievements of the hero to whose honour it is devoted. The verses never rise above mediocrity, and do not always reach it.

Landmarks of History. Ancient History from the Earliest Times to the Mahometan Conquest. By the Author of the "Kings of England." London: Mozley. 1852.

ONE of those valuable publications which, while admirably adapted to the instruction of the young, refresh the memories of children of larger growth. The author has added to the claims established by the "Kings of England" to the gratitude both of the pupil and teacher, and we shall hail with pleasure a continuation of his useful labours.

The Pársés; or Modern Zerdersthians. A Sketch by HENRY GEORGE BRIGGS. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1852.

THIS is an interesting and unpretending history of a sect, if we may so classify them, which, if our memory serve, did not, at one time, enjoy the most enviable reputation as safe neighbours and honest citizens. Mr. Briggs has exhibited them in a more favourable aspect, and has given us much curious and as far as it goes valuable information on the religious ceremonies, habits, and intellectual attainments and capabilities of this remarkable people.

A System of Modern Geography, to which are added Treatises on Astronomy and Physical Geography. Edited by Hugo Reed. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1852.

THIS is one of those useful publications which mark the superiority of the present over the past age, in the channels by which instruction is conveyed to the youthful mind, informing, but not fatiguing it. It is an admirable condensation of geographical lore.

The Pilgrims of New England. By the Author of "Naomi." London: Simpkin and Co.

THE struggles and perils of the Puritan fathers on their first settlement in New England are in this volume pleasingly interwoven with a tale of aboriginal life. The son of one of the Puritans is kidnapped by a savage chief, who contemplates offering him up as a propitiatory sacrifice to the manes of his slaughtered son: he is, however, spared owing to the entreaties of the daughter of the sanguinary warrior. As in duty bound, he falls in love with and weds the dusky beauty; and living with the tribe becomes naturalized—or rather unnaturalized, until, on the death of the old chief, he returns with his wife to his parents to live once more as a civilized Christian. It is admirably written, and abounds with passages which display an intimate acquaintance with the customs of the aboriginal tribes.

Popular Tables, Arranged in a New Form, giving Information at Sight for Ascertaining, according to the Carlisle Table of Mortality, the Value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, Renewal Fines, &c. By CHARLES M. WILLICH. London: Longman. 1852.

THIS is a most valuable work, the result of great labour and care by the Actuary of the University Life Office, and already well known by his previous labours in the same field. These tables will be found eminently useful to the practical man, enabling him to compute with facility the value of property of various descriptions, and forming at the same time a work of reference, adapted alike for the office and chambers of the man of business and the library of the gentleman. The subject is divested of much of its intricacy by the simplicity of arrangement adopted by the author. One of the most valuable features in the work is a new mode for finding logarithms of high numbers with the aid of only six pages of tables. Tables with the value of annuities chargeable with legacy duty are thrown into an appendix, and will be found extremely useful to executors. We are glad to find Mr. Willich sustained in his undertaking by a numerous body of subscribers, including members of the royal family, several of the nobility, and some of the most distinguished ornaments of the Church as well as of the Judicial Court.

Finance Letters on the Income Tax; Conversion of Consols; Savings Banks, and Friendly Societies. London: Longman. 1852.

THESE "Letters," reprinted from the *Times* newspaper, are collected in the form of a pamphlet, and their republication is especially well-timed when the subject of finance is so largely engrossing the attention both of Parliament and the public. It has reached us too late to admit of our developing the author's views, but they are well worth the attentive perusal of the large class whom the subject especially concerns. The author, adverting to the history of savings banks, informs us that the St. Martin's-place Provident Institution, the most important in the kingdom, was commenced in a very humble way, in a room at a butcher's shop in Panton-street, Haymarket, under the auspices and at the expense of a few gentlemen, among whom the most zealous and active were the late Lord Spencer, Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, and his son Mr. James Colquhoun, Mr. Joseph Hume, Colonel and Mr. John Wray.

London: William Edward Painter, 342, Strand, Printer.

THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Quarterly Review.

APRIL, MDCCCLIII.

ART. I.—1. *A General Historico-Critical Introduction to the Old Testament.* By H. A. C. HAVERNICK. Translated from the German by W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1852.

2. *A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, Exhibiting a Systematic View of that Science.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. Two Volumes. Edinburgh: Black. 1852.

IT is difficult to raise our thoughts so as to give their real importance to things with which we are daily and hourly familiar, and which we are accustomed to use on the most trivial occasions. Yet we know that, in the eye of God, nothing is mean or trivial—that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his permission—and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Our familiarity with WORD, or the speech of man, disguises from us its real importance—as the wings of thought by means of which man is capable of holding communion with all his fellow men who have ever lived—and, not only so, but with invisible spirits, such as the angels of God, and even with God himself. Surely, if we rightly regarded the dignity and importance of speech, we should never profane or abuse it—even if we had not been told that for every idle word we shall have to account

in the day of judgment (Matt. xii. 36). "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising: thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways; for there is not *a word of my tongue*, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether" (Psal. cxxxix). "Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not to be so" (James iii. 10).

WORD, or the language of man, being rightly considered, is a subject of such dignity, and is encompassed with circumstances so mysterious and sublime, that the more it is contemplated the greater will be the importance we shall attach to it, both as respects the right employment of language at the present time, and as to the consequences which will result from the use we make of it in the future and eternal state. For word is not only the medium whereby man imparts his secret thoughts to his fellow man, and is enabled to kindle in another bosom the feelings and emotions which already glow within his own; but word is also the medium of communication between God and man, whereby God makes known his will to us and we express our wants, and offer our thanksgivings to our heavenly Father. And when we reflect that "THE WORD" was the chosen title of the Son of God when he came forth in person from the bosom of the Father to recover a fallen creation, the dignity of the subject is enhanced to us in the highest degree which the limited faculties of man is at present able to comprehend; and we can only conceive of one higher degree of employment for WORD—namely, the interchange of thought among the persons of the Holy Trinity in the counsels of heaven, as when they said, "Let us make man in our image," before the creation of our first parents.

The image of God in man, whatever else it may imply, requires us in the first place to believe in an intercommunion of thought, through the medium of language, between God and man. And as God spake first—laying his behests on man to hallow the Sabbath in memory of creation, and to abstain from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in token of obedience—so man must have understood the words spoken, and must have replied to God in the same language. The language which Adam spake was that which God had first spoken to him; and the faculties both of comprehension

and of speech were implanted in man at the act of creation, just as the songs of birds belong to their nature, or as the various calls or cries of the different races of animals were given them, to express by sounds intelligible to other animals of the same species their various emotions of pleasure or of pain. There was no time or place for the invention of language at the close of the sixth day, when the command was given to hallow the next day as the Sabbath; and as there can be no doubt that the lower animals used the same notes at creation which they still continue to use, so when the living creatures were brought before Adam to be named, and it is said, "Whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof" (Gen. ii. 19), it is as much as to say that, in the names of these creatures, the readers of the Book of Genesis might still find a record to that extent of the language in which God had held communion with man before the fall; and in which interchange of thought, through the medium of word, the most obvious sign of the image of God in man is to be found.

The Book of Genesis was unquestionably written by Moses and written in Hebrew; and the inference we mean to draw from the above is that Hebrew was the primitive language—that it was the language spoken by God to Adam at the creation, as afterwards it was spoken by him to Moses at the burning bush and from Mount Sinai—and that it had been retained unchanged in the line of Heber, at the time when the confusion of tongues took place at Babel in counteraction of their presumptuous attempt, and to constrain them to disperse and fulfil the purpose of God in peopling the whole earth.

Many persons suppose that language is an invention of man—that it was very rough and imperfect in its original state, and became more polished and more copious as civilization advanced and the wants of mankind were multiplied. In the case of Adam, such a supposition is obviously untenable. The language he spake was that which he had first heard from God, and it must therefore have been a perfect language as coming from God himself; and the faculty, both to comprehend its meaning and to give it utterance, must have been implanted in the first man by the Creator. The child who needs to be taught to speak, or the savage who speaks only a jargon until he is better instructed, are not analogous cases; for Adam never was a child—never was in the condition of a savage. He was created a full grown man, perfect in body and mind; and his speech, like every-

thing else before the fall, was perfect—not, as is supposed, rude at first, and gradually perfected by use. And the language spoken by Adam underwent no change at the fall; for, after that lamentable event, God still continued to hold converse with man, saying, "Adam, where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself," &c. (Gen. iii. 10). The same intercommunion of speech between God and man is continued in the judgment pronounced upon Adam and Eve; and is also to be inferred as transmitted to Adam's posterity from the fact of God's expostulation with Cain, and his declarations to Noah concerning the flood, and his covenant with Noah after he came out of the ark.

This fact, being clearly established, furnishes a principle which will carry the language of Adam a long way down in the world's history; for Adam lived 930 years, and Methuselah was 243 years old at the time of Adam's death; and it is surely no unreasonable supposition to hold that Methuselah spake the same language as Adam. Then, again, Methuselah lived till the year before the flood, and was therefore contemporary, not only with Noah, but also for nearly a hundred years with Shem, Ham, and Japhet; while Shem himself survived till the fiftieth year of Isaac. So that we need only the two links of Methuselah and Shem to connect the language of Adam with that of Isaac; and the supposition of its being transmitted uncorrupted through so long a period, when the longevity of the antediluvians is considered, involves no greater difficulty of principle than the supposition that a man in our day may speak correctly, and without corruption, the language of his great grandfather; and while it is become a favourite hypothesis with many speculators that all languages, not excepting the primitive, have begun in a rude form, and have been made regular and copious by successive improvements, we, on the contrary, maintain that the primitive language was perfect; and that all deviations from this standard have been corruptions rather than improvements, when language is regarded in its highest application as having reference to spiritual and eternal things, and not merely to the things of earth and the passing events of social intercourse.

We have no desire to be wise above what is written in Scripture; but, as it is declared that the whole earth was of one language down to the time of the building of the tower Babel, that one language was spoken by Shem who was then living; and it must have been the same as the language

of Adam, and was, as we have seen, necessarily perfect in all respects, because Adam received it from God. No one can suppose that Shem took any part in the ungodly work undertaken by the builders of Babel; and he therefore would be exempted from that judgment which fell upon them, he retaining the primitive language when their speech was confounded. But Shem is pointedly called the father of all the children of Heber (Gen. x. 21); therefore, Heber and his house, who resided in Ur of the Chaldees and was the ancestor of Abram, remained faithful also, and joined not with those who gathered themselves together at Babel. And from Heber the language of his descendants was called Hebrew to commemorate its preservation in this family alone, when all the other families of mankind had their speech confounded, and were thereby scatterred abroad into distant lands to found the various nations of the old world, such as Babylon, Egypt, and the many smaller States of Canaan.

The time of this dispersion is fixed genealogically to the age of Heber by his giving the name Peleg to one of his sons, because "*in his days the earth was divided*" (Gen. x. 25). Peleg, therefore, signified *division* in the language of Heber, and it still signifies the same in the Hebrew language: therefore, Hebrew was the language spoken by all mankind before the confusion of speech at Babel. This is the fair inference from the order of narration as well as from the facts recorded; for the naming of Peleg is given in the tenth chapter, and the confusion of language is in the following chapter. Moreover, the confusion took place among those who had journeyed to the land of Shinar; but Heber and his descendants resided in Ur of the Chaldees (Gen. xi. 28), till God called Abram to leave his kindred and his father's house and go into the land of Canaan (Gen. xii).

The name given by Adam to Eve, and those given by Eve to Cain and Seth, and by Lamech to Noah, are all similar instances of the same original meaning continuing to attach to the same words in the Hebrew language down to the time of Moses; and, as in the time of Heber, the confusion of speech and the dispersion of mankind both took place—the latter as the consequence of the former—and, as the family of Heber had no part in the sin or its judgment, so it was to be expected that the language retained unchanged in that faithful line should be called Hebrew, and the descendants of Heber be called the Hebrew people.

Abram, the most illustrious of the descendants of Heber, is expressly called Abram the Hebrew (Gen. xiv. 13); and

as Abram was the father of all them that believe (Rom. iv. 11), and the progenitor of the chosen race and the type of an election separated from the rest of mankind, so his being called "the Hebrew" is not without its significance, as indicating that through Heber it was that the golden line of faith was continued from Noah, the father of the new world, and Shem the father of the children of Heber (Gen. x. 21) to Abram. The English spelling of Eber, without the H, tends to mislead those who are not acquainted with the original; for Eber and Hebrew both begin with the same Hebrew letter, and ought to be spelt alike in English to avoid unnecessary confusion.

Havernick's opinions on this point entirely coincide with our own, which have been formed and published more than a quarter of a century. His authority, however, will carry more weight than ours, and therefore we transcribe the following:—

"The name, *Hebrew Language*, is undoubtedly a designation of the language spoken by the Hebrew people. This brings us to consider the designation *Hebrews* as a name of the people in its relations to other names of the people.

"The first mention of this name occurs in Gen. x. 21—'Shem had also children: he is the father of all the *sons of Heber*.' This description of the Semitic genealogies shows that the author designed to render noticeable the connection between Shem, the common ancestor, and a tribe of especial importance descended from him through Heber. The descent is more fully stated in verse 24—(Shem, Arphaxad, Salah, Heber)—and in chap. xi. 14, this genealogy is resumed and continued down to Abraham. In the time of Peleg, the son of Heber, the dispersion of the nations over the earth occurred (x. 25; comp. xi. 1, &c). Thus, Heber was the last of the patriarchs descended from Shem previous to the division of the peoples, and the beginning of new lines which, in the midst of the mass of the peoples that diverged into manifold branches, founded and propagated a peculiar chosen race. Hence, in Genesis, Abraham is called a descendant of Heber: to him the misfortune of Lot, his relative, was notified as his ally by race, who, as long as he was in the vicinity, was especially bound to hasten to help him (comp. the context of the passage xiv. 13). Thus, the descendants of Abraham called themselves Hebrews (Gen. xl. 15); and were also so named by others (Gen xxxix. 14, 17; xli. 12). When, however, the people were divided into twelve tribes, the name they received as most appropriate was taken from that of the new father of the race, *Jacob* or *Israel*; the latter involving a theocratic reference, and accordingly this word may be used alone in an emphatic sense for the right, the true, Israel (Psal. xxiv. 6; Micah ii. 7; Hos. viii. 2). The name *Hebrew* retains merely an ethnographical sense, and is used only

where the people in their purely political and external aspect, not as the people of the covenant, are spoken of. So throughout the Pentateuch and the older historical books. At a later period the name passed almost out of use; as after the separation of the kingdoms, *Israel,* in opposition to Judah, ceased to be a genuine theocratic designation, and became gradually one merely political" (125).

Havernick notices and satisfactorily disposes of the objections which have been raised to this connection between Heber and the Hebrew people; and shows also that the other derivations which have been proposed for the word *Hebrew* are quite untenable. He then discusses the question of the language, and decides that there is good ground for regarding Hebrew as the original language, which continued to be spoken in the family of Heber when the speech of the builders of Babel was miraculously confounded. And he cites Gesenius as determining that the word *Babel* properly means confusion, adding, "It is inconceivable that people should from remote antiquity give the name of *Confusion* to a district already known by the name of Shinar, had not some definite historical occurrence given occasion for it" (130).

The song of Lamech (Gen. iv. 23) can be regarded in no other light than as a relic of primæval poetry, and the very obscurity both as to its purpose and expression serves to strengthen the opinion that it is a genuine ancient document; since, if Moses had thought himself at liberty to make any alterations in such traditions, they would have borne another and a more intelligible character. Moreover, we find continual instances of Paronomasia, such as God shall *enlarge* Japhet, the word *Japhet* signifying to *enlarge* in Hebrew. And the etymologies of all the old names as distinctly prove that Hebrew was the language then in use, as the names given by Leah to her children prove that she spake Hebrew. Where names have been changed we find these alterations carefully noted in Genesis (see xiv. 7, 8; xxiii. 19; xxviii. 19); and from this we may infer that, where no change is noted, no change has taken place, but that the names found in the Hebrew are the original names; otherwise analogy would lead us to expect that the name which had been transmuted into Hebrew would also have been given in its original form.

When we pass beyond these general and historical considerations, and come to a closer investigation of the character of the Hebrew language itself, we find it every way worthy of being regarded as the primitive form of speech,

and the one source from whence all the various dialects, of the many families into which mankind has been divided, were originally derived.

But here we must endeavour to dismiss from our minds all those artificial uses of language which the artificial state of modern society has rendered so necessary, and which we are therefore accustomed to regard as perfections; and we must only take into account such characteristics as correspond with the simple manners and habits of patriarchal times—a language which Abraham spake when living in tents and wandering from place to place, and which Adam might have spoken in Paradise before the fall.

The Hebrew language is substantially the same throughout the whole Bible from Moses to Malachi; for, although there are a few archaisms in the Pentateuch and the book of Job, and a few notes of later usages towards the decline of the Jewish state, yet in its radical foundation, and in its grammatical structure, the Hebrew language has continued unchanged through this long period of time. And it should be remembered that, during this time, the children of Israel had passed through every phase of society—from the nomade condition of wandering forty years in the wilderness during which the books of Moses were written, to the palmy days of David and Solomon and Hezekiah, which gave birth to the Psalms and to the sublime strains of the prophet Isaiah; and then in their downward course, ending in the captivity of Babylon, and subjection, after their restoration, to the kings of Persia. Yet in all this vicissitude of outward condition the language remained the same, showing that it is a language adapted to all the various circumstances in which a people can be placed.

The chief characteristics of the Hebrew language are simplicity and force: by these it becomes eminently fitted for religious purposes, whether it be declaring the will of God to man, or man expressing the emotions of his heart towards God, or telling to others the great things which God hath done for his soul. These are the uses, and almost the only uses, of a sacred language, and for these uses simplicity and force are the only requisites. Copiousness and scientific precision are not required when the object is to express the sincere emotions of the heart. Our Lord says, "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking" (Matt. vi. 7). And the same holds true of our intercourse one with another: where the heart is right it needs not many words.

Even Longinus expresses his admiration of the simplicity and force in which the acts of creation are described in Genesis. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." No addition to these words can render them clearer, and any attempt of the kind would destroy their force and sublimity; and instances of a similar kind might be multiplied to any extent.

"The Hebrew is a language which, with the richest materials for full cultivation, nevertheless remained in a partially undeveloped state..... ...For the tendency of its literature was exclusively religious; it was appropriated to the service of a lofty theocratic object; and hence it was necessarily confined within a definite circle of ideas and modes of expression. That which is a general characteristic of the Oriental spirit, where it has not degenerated under an influence foreign to its nature—viz., the subordination of the form to the essence—shows itself in an especial degree in the Hebrew language and literature. The fulness of the thought here entirely lords it over the form; and the latter though in different ways, according to the particular objects, passes more or less into the background; so that, on the whole, its cultivation appears something unessential and less to be regarded. As respects *grammar*, when we consider the dialects, we must assign to the Hebrew, as compared with the Aramaic, a character of greater purity, as the latter presents the genius of the original Semitic language in a more degenerate and corrupt state. As compared with the Arabic, we must assign to it a want of cultivation, as the latter is the richer in vowels, the more mellifluous, and the more developed dialect. In respect of both, we must vindicate for the Hebrew the praise of a language which has abode faithfully by its original and proper essence" (137).

Havernick makes good his assertions by an elaborate examination of the structure of the Hebrew language, as based upon triliteral verbs, each of which is capable of undergoing seven different modifications of sense by its different conjugations, and yet the radical meaning is never lost sight of. Nay, more: these triliteral roots resolve themselves into two syllables, and each of these syllables has a determinate meaning of its own which is not entirely lost, but only modified by the other syllable with which it is combined to form the verbal root. "Etymology has primarily a *phonetic* basis, the conception adhering to the sounds and unfolding itself in them in manifold ways. This is especially seen in the Hebrew on account of the regular triliteral formation which is found here; the fundamental conception of the word adheres to the two fundamental sounds of the root, which contain and express the conception in verbal combination. A multitude of such syllables may be referred to which,

though very variously formed, may be reduced to common radical ideas variously combined, and hence are of great importance for tracing elements which combine to form apparently different words." The full force of this reasoning can only be understood by those who have given much time and attention to this remarkable feature of the Hebrew language; and we advert to it here chiefly for the sake of the light which it throws upon the Chinese language, which remains even to the present time essentially and characteristically *monosyllabic*, and modifies the *sense* by the *sound*.

In one respect the Hebrew language may be regarded as exceedingly copious—that is, in the use of synonymous expressions to denote shades of difference in the same act or the same thing—a nicety which is often overlooked and which cannot be translated, because no modern language possesses the requisite number of *synonymes*. The act of *breaking* is expressed by *eighteen* different words in Hebrew denoting *eighteen* different ways in which things may be broken; *darkness* may be expressed by *eight* different words; the act of *seeking*, in *ten* different ways; the act of *dying*, in *nine* ways; the *remission of sins*, in *nine* ways; *keeping the law*, in *twenty-five* ways; and *confidence in God*, in *fourteen* ways. No two of these words are strictly *synonymous*, but each expresses some shade of difference in the same act: yet we cannot always determine the precise meaning from want of corresponding words in Greek, and Latin, and the modern languages. Our poverty is still more to be regretted when we are reminded that there are ten distinct names of God in the Hebrew Bible, each name expressive of some distinct attribute, and each name used in those passages where the attribute it refers to is dwelt upon. For translating these ten names into English, we have only the two words—God and Lord—which poverty of language not merely deprives us of the meaning of eight out of ten of the names of God, but puts a false meaning upon the two words we have, by putting them into places where the context requires that other names than these should be used.

And it should be remembered that we now possess not sufficient means for coming to a judgment concerning the copiousness of the Hebrew language in the vulgar and conventional sense of the term, since all we know of the language is contained in a single book consecrated to religious uses. We know Hebrew only as a written language—a dead language: we do not know how much more copious it may have been at a time when it was the spoken language of the

people, and came into familiar use in domestic and social intercourse. We should know little of Greek if the New Testament had been the only book that had come down to us in the Greek language; and the Talmudic writings still retain many Hebrew expressions not found in the Bible; and the Arabic, its derivative, throws still more light on the parent Hebrew.

Since it is thus as a *written* language alone that we are acquainted with Hebrew, the time and circumstances under which it assumed its alphabetic character, and began to be committed to writing, becomes to us an object of the highest interest, and is inseparably connected with the history of the language itself. On this point Havernick learnedly remarks:—

"With Moses begins the proper literature of the nation. Before him there were no doubt written documents from which he drew materials for the primitive history especially of his own people, and in which many old expressions occur which, at the time of his collecting and reconstructing them, were no longer current, and are consequently explained by the writer himself, as Gen. xv. 2—'Son of my house possession—*i. e.*, my heir' (and other instances follow). In the time of Moses, then, we see there were extant written documents in which the language appears in such a state of development that it easily became capable of being used as a literary language in the more extended sense of the term. Such a development it might the more readily receive in Egypt from the circumstance that there the people lived apart by themselves—nay, stood in a hostile relation to the Egyptians—and hence would not be affected, as to their speech, by 'a language which they knew not' (Psalm lxxxi. 6). With the founder of the theocracy, however, begins, as the historical relations of the case might lead us to expect, an entirely new literary epoch. Even the specimens of the vulgar tongue, found in the Pentateuch, indicate the establishment of a proper language of literature by which that vulgar tongue was entirely superseded; and which must have raised itself to general reception through the authority which attended upon it. With the new organization of the people, the legislative form which this composition assumed in the first instance stood in intimate relation: then came the history of the people during that past time with which the present was so closely connected; and to this was again added poetry, in the shape of the sacred song, as an essential part of the new worship and its fairest ornament" (157).

Havernick had already shown that there are obvious traces of "a *vulgar dialect*, as distinct from the *language of literature*," in the Pentateuch; and that "the former, as the more impure and corrupt, prevailed especially as the Hebrew was approaching its decay during the period of the captivity" (154). But as none but the scribes were allowed to copy the

sacred books, and they had been properly taught the art of writing, and what they wrote was not allowed to be used until it had been carefully examined by competent persons, so by the scribes alone was Hebrew written in pure and correct characters, and those who wrote in the *vulgar dialect* used also *a vulgar and corrupt alphabet* in their writings. The Scriptures were, beyond all question, written in the square Hebrew character in the time of the Maccabees; but on the coins struck by Simon Maccabeus the letters are not square Hebrew, but are the corrupt and vulgar Phœnician letters. Here, therefore, we have clear evidence of the reservation of square letters, as a sacred character, for holy uses, and of a demotic or vulgar alphabet in use at the same time for secular purposes; and we believe that this reservation of the sacred character for religious uses subsisted from the time of Moses. For evidence of this we appeal to the inscriptions on the rocks of Sinai which Mr. Foster has recently decyphered, showing that they were written by the children of Israel on their coming out of Egypt, and that the letters are of a mongrel character—partly Hebrew, partly Egyptian, and partly Amharic; and, as to the Samaritan alphabet, we need only to look at it to perceive that it is a debased and corrupted character. But what other could be expected from a people who began by rebelling against God and set up calves in Bethel and in Dan, and who afterwards became so mixed with the heathen as to serve their gods, and to make priests of the lowest of the people? "Unto this day they do after the former manners: they fear not the Lord, neither do they after their statutes, or after their ordinances, or after the law and commandment which the Lord commanded the children of Jacob, whom he named Israel..... So these nations feared the Lord, and served their graven images, both their children, and their children's children: as did their fathers, so do they unto this day" (2 Kings xvii. 32, 41).

Analogy is in favour of the principle we maintain that the Hebrews always had a sacred and profane character; for the Egyptians and Hindoos from the earliest times had a priestly and a demotic form of writing contemporaneously in use; in the Syriac and the Arabic the same practice subsisted; and to the present day the Jews employ the square Hebrew only for the *text* of Scripture; and in their commentaries use the Rabbinical character, as well as in all civil matters and the affairs of life. And hence in the Targums the square Hebrew is called the holy tongue, *lingua sancta:* the Chaldee or

popular dialect, written in the Rabbinical character, *lingua profana.*

Our Lord speaks of the jod or iota (Matt. v. 18) as being one of the least of the letters. It is so in the square Hebrew alphabet, and is also the least in the Greek alphabet which was derived from the Hebrew; but it is not the least in the Samaritan or Phœnician alphabets: on the contrary, instead of a single stroke, it consists of three strokes joined together at the top, something like a trident or the letter M. This single fact is sufficient to show that the Greek alphabet, and all those alphabets which make the *i* the smallest among letters, were not derived from the Samaritan, but from the Hebrew alphabet; and the same observation applies to the Syriac, Cufic, Sassanian, and other Oriental alphabets, which make the letter answering to jod the least among the letters.

As to the *origin* of the art of writing, it is confessedly involved in the greatest obscurity. No nation has ever claimed the honour of such an invention, and the oldest nations either trace it to Palestine or call it a gift of the gods. The ancient Sanscrit is called *Deva Nagari*, or the language of gods; and the Greeks say that their letters were brought from Phœnicia by Cadmus. The names and order of the letters afford clear internal evidence that this traditional origin of the Greek alphabet is the correct account of the matter; and even those Hebrew letters—which, like the vau or digamma, and the tzaddi or sanpi, and koph or koppa, had no corresponding sounds in Greek and therefore quickly fell into disuse—are shown to have been originally received into the Greek alphabet by monuments and coins still in existence, and also by their having been retained as numerals after they ceased to be used as letters. And these letters have passed into the other European alphabets, which were derived from the Greek, as F, Q, and Z, occupying the places of vau, koph, and tzaddi.

Moreover, as the Hebrew is written from right to left, so the Greek mode of writing was at first in the same direction. It then was written alternately the first line from right to left; the second from left to right; the third from right to left and so on; and at length came to be written uniformly from left to right. And these various forms of writing were not confined to Greece Proper, but are also found on coins of Sicily, Etruria, Umbria, Campania, and Lucania.

The Hebrew alphabet is therefore the earliest to which we can ascend by any clear and indisputable historical evidence. And as Moses unquestionably lived at least fifteen centuries

before the Christian era, this carries us farther back than any heathen traditions can reach; and as we have seen reason to believe that written documents existed before the time of Moses, this consideration carries the art of writing even into the patriarchal age; when in the simple state of society existing around them, and the wandering lives they were constrained to lead, there would appear no inducement and no opportunity would be afforded for the invention of so refined an art as writing. We feel therefore under the necessity of referring the art of writing as well as speech itself to God; and we believe that it was revealed to our first parents in the same form as was afterwards written by God himself on the "tables of stone at the giving of the law on Mount Sinai."

We assume it to be a literal fact that God wrote the ten commandments on the tables of stone because it is so declared in Scripture; and then the question arises, in what kind of letters were these commandments so written? We answer, in the most perfect form, because every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh from the Father of Light, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning (Jam. i. 17). God would not write in a rude imperfect character, leaving it to man gradually to improve and perfect what God had only begun; but the writing of God, like all the other works of his hands, would be perfect from the first. But, as it is conceded on all hands that the square Hebrew is the most perfect form, and best adapted for all the purposes of an alphabet, it follows that this was the form of Hebrew in which the ten commandments were written. And then another question arises—namely, was this form of letter revealed for the first time on that occasion, or was it a character already known both to Moses and to the children of Israel?

Provided it be granted that it was the most perfect form of letters that God wrote upon the tables, which we think every pious and considerate person must allow, it is of little moment whether the same precise form was in use among the children of Israel or not. That the art of writing was known to them before the time of Moses is evident, and that Moses wrote the song in Exodus xv., and was commanded to write a book (xvii. 14), before the beginning of the law (Exod. xx.), affords clear proof that both Moses and the children of Israel knew the use of letters when they were brought out of Egypt. And as we believe the invention of an alphabet to surpass human ability, and to be a revelation from God, the same

reasons which induce us to think that the tables of stone were written in the square or most perfect form lead us also to believe that the original revelation of an alphabet was in this form also; and that the writing practiced by the children of Israel in Egypt was only a corruption of the primitive alphabet.

We find it recorded that, during the much shorter captivity in Babylon, the Jews had so far forgotten even the language of the book of the law that only the elders were able to understand it. And these gathered the congregation together, "and the Levites caused the people to understand the law. So they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading" (Neh. viii. 8). No words can more clearly express the course of instruction which would be required to bring back a people sunk in ignorance to the knowledge of the law revealed to Moses; and coupling this with the strong assertion of our Lord, "Verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass away, *one jot or tittle* shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled" (Matt. v. 18), we have not the least doubt that it was the purpose of Ezra to revive the exact knowledge of the law as it came from the hands of Moses, both as to the letter and as to the spirit of the book; and that the book of the law referred to by our Lord, as not having lost one jot or tittle, is proof of the unaltered condition of its very letter, until the coming of the prophet like unto Moses who fulfilled all the old law and brought in a new law. But we know that it was the square Hebrew which was in use in the time of our Lord; and, therefore, it follows that Moses wrote the law in the same character. And how, in the face of such evidence, any persons can maintain that the whole Bible was re-written by Ezra, or still more absurdly by successive transcriptions and progressive improvements, and that the barbarous Samaritan or Phœnician letters were the original letters written by the finger of God on the tables of stone, is a kind of obtuseness which we are unable to account for in modern times. It was more pardonable in Jerome, who received with blind credulity whatsoever his Jewish instructors in Hebrew chose to tell him.

It was necessary that the *ipsissima verba* of revelation, and every jot and tittle of the same, should be preserved entire until the coming of the Lord, of whose most striking acts we are continually told that these things were done, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. And as many of the most remarkable predictions concerning the Messiah could not

possibly be understood until after they were accomplished because they seemed to involve contradictory or incredible things, so it was necessary that these predictions should be preserved in the very letter for the very reason that they were not understood, and their accomplishment seemed to be impossible. But, since the coming of the Lord, this literal integrity of Scripture is become of less importance, so large a portion of the Old Testament having been fulfilled in Christ himself, and so much of the remainder having been expounded in the New Testament. It does not, therefore, invalidate the position we maintain, to be told that Hebrew manuscripts now differ from each other; for none of these are older than the tenth century, and most of them much more recent, and the differences even in these are very few and unimportant.

The importance of adhering closely to the simple and literal meaning of the Old Testament appears in the many exhortations to that effect given by St. Paul to Timothy. "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so called; which some professing have erred concerning the faith" (1 Tim. vi. 21). "Study to show thyself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth; but shun profane and vain babblings, for they will increase unto more ungodliness; and their word will eat as doth a canker" (2 Tim. ii. 16). "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii. 17).

Though these exhortations apply in this instance to the Old Testament alone, they may be also regarded as having reference in spirit, if not in the letter, to the New Testament also; for both are so intimately connected that, as Luther was accustomed to say, the germ of the New Testament is contained in the Old, and the Old Testament blossoms and bears fruit in the New. And though St. Paul, in speaking of the advantages of the Jew, reckons as the chief of these privileges "that unto them were committed the oracles of God" (Rom. iii. 2); yet, in their rejection of Christ, this ad-

vantage necessarily passed away, for they rejected him of whom "Moses in the law and the prophets did write." (John i. 45); and the inheritance was taken from them and given to another people—the spiritual Israel taken from among the Gentiles (Acts xv. 16).

The Hebrew language was now supplanted by the Greek, which had become the one language of philosophy and science throughout the civilised world; and which became the language of the Church, in consequence of the Gospels and other books of the New Testament being written in Greek. The way had been prepared for this adoption of Greek instead of Hebrew, as the sacred language, by the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, or the Septuagint version; which translation not only diffused a knowledge of the letter of the Old Testament far more widely than it had been known before—preparing the way for the reception of the Gospel among the Gentiles—but it was also generally adopted as the accredited version by the early fathers of the Church, and quoted by them as though it were of equal authority with the words of inspiration contained in the New Testament. These circumstances combine to give to the Septuagint an interest and importance which no other version of the Scripture possesses in the same degree. In addition to all which, it is unquestionably the earliest translation of the Old Testament, and appears to have been often cited by the writers of the New Testament.

The Septuagint version has no *intrinsic* claims in itself to be regarded as of divine authority, or as standing on anything like the same footing of inspiration as the New Testament; for it was a version made at the command of a heathen king, and by whom it was made we know not. We know not how far they were competent for the task—we know not how far the work, when completed, was approved by the learned men among the Jews at the time. All that is told about seventy men shut up in separate cells, and each producing a version agreeing to the letter with all the other versions and the other tales of the same kind, must be dismissed as unworthy of credit, and as mere inventions to give an appearance of something miraculous to a version which had then began to be regarded as entitled to the same authority as the inspired word.

The Septuagint, however, has some *extrinsic* claims, which entitle it to more respect than would otherwise be due to a version executed under such circumstances, inasmuch as it seems to have been often quoted almost literally by the wri-

ters of the New Testament, and has thus received what may be called a *quasi* sanction of the Holy Spirit. But we must not make too much of this circumstance; for the inspired penmen do not always quote from the Septuagint version, and, when they seem to have had it in their mind, do not always cite the passages literally. So that all that can be fairly argued from the fact of the occasional quoting of this version in the New Testament is, that it was the current version of the time, and the apostolic sanction cannot fairly be pressed beyond those passages which they cite literally. Of the passages which are not found *verbatim* in the New Testament we can only affirm one of two things—either they were quoted from memory, and therefore the general purport only was meant to be given; or the Greek text was intentionally changed as being inaccurate. And in either case it neutralises the argument drawn from the literal quotation in other instances, while it gives no other sanction to the Septuagint version beyond the very passages which are cited *verbatim* in the New Testament.

The truth seems to be that, when a large influx of converts came in from Antioch where the disciples were first called Christians, and from Asia Minor and Thessalonia and Achaia, which were the chief spheres of St. Paul's labours, that Greek version of the Old Testament which was already in existence was taken as sufficiently accurate for general reference; and which, where not accurate enough for any special purpose, was corrected by those who cited it in that particular instance; and we may well prize this venerable version, on account of its long established use in the Church, without attaching to it any superstitious reverence. Nor was the Septuagint version regarded as faultless; for three other Greek versions were made by Aquila, Theodotion, and Symmachus, who each endeavoured to give a more literal and accurate rendering of the sense of the Hebrew original.

Aristobulus, Aristeas, and Josephus, before the Christian era, speak of this version as completed in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and Josephus says that the learned Jews who had been sent from Jerusalem composed separate versions in the island of Pharos, which were found to agree in every word, though there had been no communication between the translators. They were, therefore, directed by the Holy Spirit in every word they wrote. He also says that, in memory of the miracle, both the Egyptian and Grecian Jews repaired annually to the island to hold a solemn festival:—

"Justin Martyr, in the second century, represents the seventy-two

interpreters as having been shut up in seventy-two cells, and where they composed seventy-two distinct versions, miraculously agreeing in every particular. He even says that the ruins of these cells were visible in his own day, and that he had seen them with his own eyes at Alexandria.

"Epiphanius again makes thirty-six cells, in each of which two interpreters were shut up, and where they produced thirty-six versions exactly agreeing. He also furnishes each cell with a quick writer, to whom the versions were dictated.

"The narrative of Aristeas, enlarged with these fabulous circumstances by Philo, Justin, Epiphanius, and others, was received for the most part by the fathers down to the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the authenticity of the letter (of Aristeas) was questioned by Joseph Scaliger, Calvisius, Episcopius, Lightfoot, Cappellus, and many others; and afterwards denied for solid reasons by Hody and Van Dale, the former applying to it a searching examination which most succeeding critics have sanctioned as just. This eminent scholar *proved* that it contained particulars, improbable, incredible, and contrary to history. It is, therefore, universally admitted at the present day that it did not proceed from a Gentile contemporary author; but was fabricated by a Jew *after* the time it purports to have been written" (*Davidson*, i. 109).

The truth seems to be, that the translation of the Septuagint was begun by command of Ptolemy Lagus, and finished in the time of his son, Philadelphus. That it was executed by Alexandrine, and not Palestinian, Jews is evident, both in its being written in the dialect of Alexandria, and from the whole spirit, which is Egyptian throughout. Hody and others have pointed out numerous words and phrases which are peculiar to Egypt, and never became current in Palestine. It would also seem that the Pentateuch was translated by one person or company, and the other books of Scripture by others, since the same Hebrew words are constantly translated by one Greek word in the Pentateuch—by another Greek word in the other books. The words Philistine, Urim, Thummim, Teraphim, Passover, are translated differently in the Pentateuch from their translation in the other books; and many of the proper names, which occur in the books of the law, are quite otherwise spelt when they appear elsewhere.

It is thought, from the diversity of style, that there must have been at least five different hands employed on the Septuagint version, and the Pentateuch is generally acknowledged to be better translated than the other books. But it harmonises more nearly with the Samaritan Pentateuch than with the Hebrew text; whence it becomes probable that the trans-

lation was not made from one of the synagogue rolls, but from one of those in private hands.

The books of Samuel and Kings are regarded as the worst of the historical books. There is evinced an ignorance of Hebrew in false and arbitrary explanations of every kind. There are many additions to the text and some omissions.

The prophets are badly translated, especially Isaiah and Daniel; and on this account the Septuagint version of Daniel was rejected, and that of Theodotion inserted in its stead. The version of the Psalms is not good and void of poetic taste:—

"It is difficult to characterise the version before us, looking at it as far as we can in its original state. It is obviously not a literal translation. The translator's aim was to make the original intelligible to those who were ignorant of it—to give the general sense of the Hebrew without faithfully adhering to its phraseology. Hence it is somewhat free and paraphrastic. Instead of representing the *person* and *number* found in the Hebrew, where there are frequent and rapid changes from one to another, the translators had respect to *uniformity* and deviated from the original. In the same manner the *active and passive voices* were freely interchanged to suit the subject and person.

"In accordance with this departure from literality is the *amplification* they use. Words are added to make the sense clearer. Apparent ellipses are filled up, partly by addition, partly by paraphrase. But the translators not only amplified, they also contracted, by leaving out what seems to be double in the original.

"In pursuance of their leading object, the translators frequently resolved *tropes and metaphorical expressions* into the proper sense..... and shunned anthropomorphisms by employing paraphrase. The care taken in respect to this last feature is very remarkable. The religious exegesis of the Jews also lent its element to the version; for we find traces of the allegorical spirit characteristic of that people" (*Davidson*, i. 192).

The old Itala or early Latin versions were made from the Septuagint, which was the received text of the whole Church during the first four centuries of our era; and about A.D. 382, Jerome, at the request of Pope Damasus, undertook to revise and amend the Itala, rectifying some of its most obvious blunders; and of this first work of Jerome we have the remains in the "Roman Psalter," and some other fragments which have been collected by Sabatier and others. He made, shortly after, a second revision of the Itala with still greater care; and of this second revision the "Gallican Psalter," adopted by the churches of Gaul, formed a part. The "Roman Psalter" is to the present day used in Saint

Peter's; but every where else the "Gallican Psalter" has superseded it.

While Jerome was thus engaged in correcting the Old Itala, so many mistakes in the Septuagint from which it was translated were brought to light that he was urged by many persons, whose opinions had great weight with him, to undertake a new translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew. Jerome also had another inducement—viz., to assist Christians in their controversies with the Jews; for, while Christians could appeal to no higher authority than the Septuagint, the Jews could always evade the force of their arguments by saying that it was not so in the original; and thus the Vulgate began.

Jerome was ignorant of Hebrew when he commenced this important work, and had to trust entirely to his Jewish teachers, of whom he had four at different times, yet never became a good Hebrew scholar. The natural haste of Jerome's temper was also a drawback; for it made him write too rapidly for a work requiring the most careful consideration, and it rendered him too easily satisfied with his own performance. He even seems to pride himself in such kind of haste as could only issue in slovenliness. "Itaque longa ægrotatione fractus, ne penitus hoc anno reticerem, et apud vos mutus essem, *tridui* opus nomini vestro consecravi, interpretationem—videlicet, trium Salomonis voluminum"—*(Præf. in lib. Salomonis).*

But, on the other hand, Jerome was familiar with the kind of work required, and had great command of language and great industry: therefore, he produced a version which, though at first opposed by the adversaries of all innovation, ultimately superseded, not only the former Latin versions, but also the Septuagint, and even the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New. So that it may fairly be questioned whether most harm or good has resulted from Jerome's labours in the Vulgate translation; for, though it was better than the versions which preceded it, yet, in being afterwards made the standard version of the Western Church, it not only fixed and perpetuated the mistakes of Jerome and prevented the advance of Biblical criticism, but led to the total neglect of the languages of inspiration, especially of the Hebrew; insomuch that the study of Hebrew came to be regarded by the Roman clergy as a cabalistic and unlawful art closely allied with sorcery; and in Germany an order was given to burn all Hebrew books, which was opposed by Reuchlin, and brought upon him the enmity of all the ecclesiastics of Pfeffercorn's party.

Before the invention of printing, books of all kinds were usually written in monasteries; and the monks who were thus employed were chosen, not on account of their learning, or mental qualification, but simply because they wrote a good hand. Copies of the Vulgate thus made could not be expected to be correct, and so many discrepancies appeared in the lessons read in the churches in the time of Charlemagne that he commissioned Alcuin to revise and amend the text; and the copy prepared by Alcuin, and presented to the emperor in 802, is now in the British Museum, called "Charlemagne's Bible," being the first attempt to restore the Vulgate to the state in which it had been left by Jerome.

But as soon as the art of printing rendered it possible to multiply fac-simile copies to an indefinite extent, it became indispensable to endeavour to procure a faultless text, and many successive attempts were made: as by Ximenes in the Complutensian Polyglott of 1502, and in the many editions published by the Stephenses from 1528 to 1557; for, as the Vulgate was one of the first books ever printed, so it was more frequently printed than any other book, and had greater care bestowed upon it to make all the editions as correct as the state of learning would allow; so that in 1546 the Council of Trent, presuming that the utmost accuracy had been attained, decreed that this ancient Vulgate edition, which has been used and approved during so many ages in the Church, shall be held as authentic, and no one shall presume to reject it on any pretence whatsoever. "Statuit et declarat, ut hæc ipsa vetus et Vulgata editio, quæ longo tot sæculorum usu in ipsa ecclesia probata est, et in publicis lectionibus, disputationibus, prædicationibus, et expositionibus, pro authentica habeatur, et ut nemo illam rejicere quovis prætextu audeat vel præsumat."

Unfortunately for Roman infallibility, two Popes have been the chief offenders against this decree of the Council of Trent; and James, in his "Bellum Papale," and Van Ess, in his "Geschichte der Vulgata," have abundantly exposed these contradictions. Sixtus V. in 1589 caused an edition of the Vulgate to be printed, which in the bull prefixed to it is called the true, legitimate, authentic, and undoubted word of God; and that, if any one should presume to alter it, he would incur the indignation of Almighty God. But before this edition was published, Sixtus on reading it over discovered numerous errors, some of which had to be corrected with the pen, others by slips of printed paper pasted over the mistakes, and the Pope enjoined that no copies be issued until these corrections had been made. But this edition was

received with great discontent by the Romish theologians themselves, and they endeavoured to suppress it and took steps to procure a better edition in its stead. This, however, could not be effected during the short pontificates of Urban VII., Gregory XIV., and Innocent IX.: it was accomplished by Clement VIII., who in 1592 published an edition which, though it differed in numberless instances from the edition of Sixtus V., was also declared authentic, and accompanied with similar denunciations against any who should presume to alter its text or deny its authority Bellarmine wrote a preface to this edition, laying the errors of the Sixtine Vulgate upon the printer:—

"It is well known, however, that this transference of the blame to *the printer* was an expedient of Bellarmine's to save the credit of the Sixtine edition. This is admitted by Roman Catholics themselves, by Hug, Herbst, and Van Ess. The first says—'There was a great difficulty to surmount. Was it expedient to depreciate the Sixtine edition by declaring it faulty? Both the new work and the Papal authority would certainly gain nothing by this in public estimation. Should it, however, be pronounced correct? Why, then (it would be asked), prepare another? In this dilemma Bellarmine is said to have found out a middle course, and to have proposed that all the blame should be laid upon the printer, so as to vindicate the reputation of Sixtus and his successors.....Bellarmine was the author of the preface, and it is said to have been the cause of his canonization.' In like manner, Van Ess does not hesitate to call the assertions of Bellarmine on this point '*lies and pious frauds.*' When therefore it is alleged by Bellarmine, or any other Romanist, that the intention of Sixtus was merely fulfilled by his successors, in sending forth a revised edition, the allegation is simply incorrect. An examination of the prefaces and texts in both editions is sufficient to show that Sixtus never intended a second edition, and that Clement's is a very different impression"—(*Davidson* i. 279).

And even this Clementine edition contains almost as many errors affecting the sense as the Sixtine edition; so that Clement himself published another edition in the following year, differing considerably from the preceding. And in 1598 a third edition was printed containing a great number of errata; but it is accompanied with a *correctorium* to its own errors and of the editions of 1592 and 1593. It is quite astonishing to observe how many and how important are the differences between these three editions, each of which claims to be the sole and exclusive standard text; and in such conflicting elements it is not merely the Roman pretensions to infallibility that has suffered shipwreck, but we are quite

at a loss to know what Jerome really wrote: for the text itself has suffered so much from corruptions, mutilations, additions, and alterations, that the seeing it restored to its original state appears a hopeless expectation.

Yet the Vulgate, even in its present corrupt state, is of great value to those who know how to make a right use of it, and who take it merely as a help in studying the originals. The prophets are beyond comparison the best portions of the Vulgate as it now stands, probably owing to the fact of their having less to do with the Papal doctrines, and therefore having been less tampered with than the other portions of the Old Testament. But it is chiefly to the critic that the Vulgate is useful, as furnishing frequent evidence of the state of the original text at that early period. To the theologian Jerome's view of Scripture would be of little value; for as early as the close of the fourth century monkery and saint-worship came into the Church, and Jerome partook largely of these corrupt and idolatrous practices.

It should be observed, however, that there is one broad and palpable distinction between the Roman Vulgate and that of Jerome; forasmuch as the Council of Trent received the Apocrypha into the canon, and gave those books the same weight of authority as the genuine books of holy Scripture. This they did because the Apocrypha affords some colour of support to doctrines, the growth of corrupt ages, which find no countenance whatever in the words of inspiration, and most of which are strongly and specifically denounced by Moses and the prophets. The support that the Apocrypha affords to these doctrines only proves that itself was the production of times equally corrupt as the dark ages of the Church; and its admission into the canon by the Council of Trent shows what lengths the Roman Church has gone to maintain its corruptions. Nor need we be surprised at the falsification of single passages of Scripture when entire books which are spurious are foisted in wholesale.

Jerome, in his prologues, takes care to distinguish between the apocryphal and canonical books, reckoning those only to be canonical which were received by the Jewish synagogues and which are found in the original Hebrew; but none of the apocryphal books are found in Hebrew, much less acknowledged by the Jewish doctors, to whose keeping God had committed his sacred oracles (Rom. iii. 2), some of these books being in Greek, and some only found in Latin. The internal evidence of some of these writings clearly demonstrates that they were originally written in

Greek, such as the play upon the Greek names of the trees (Susanna 54-58), which will not hold in Hebrew.

The Roman Church incorporates the apocryphal into the genuine text, giving, for instance, the Song of the Three Children from the Apocrypha as a portion of the third chapter of Daniel, and thus extending the length of that chapter to one hundred verses; and it adds the tale of Susanna, and that of Bel and the Dragon, at the end of Daniel's prophecies, thus making two additional chapters. And we may show the kind of use which is made of the Apocrypha for countenancing Papal error by an instance taken from the fourth chapter of Daniel, verse 27—"Wherefore, O king! let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity." The Roman Vulgate transforms the sense thus—"Quam ob rem, rex, consilium meum placeat tibi, et peccata tua eleemosynis redime, et iniquitates tuas miserecordiis pauperum: forsitan ignoscet delictis tuis." And a reference is given in the margin to Ecclus. iii. 33, one of the apocryphal books—"Ignem ardentem extinguit aqua, et eleemosyna resistit peccatis"—so that a false translation is attempted to be bolstered up by a spurious work.

There is no "*authentic*" edition, in short, corresponding with the decree of the Council of Trent, which orders that none other should be used; for all the editions issued since that council differ from each other in various degrees and innumerable instances, often where there is no temptation to change the text, to favour peculiar doctrines, and very frequently in cases where it could not be an error of the press. Of the two most vaunted editions Dr. Davidson says—"Clauses found in the one are omitted in the other. There are additions in the one to the other. They even contradict one another in various passages: they differ in more than two thousand places" (i. 280).

It hence appears that it is impossible to determine the real sense of Scripture from the Vulgate alone; yet Romanists are required to regard it as the very word of God. These considerations impelled the Reformers to have recourse to the originals; that, by the Hebrew of the Old Testament, and the Greek of the New, they might disentangle that labyrinth of Roman error: the Vulgate being no clue, but only leading those who trusted to its guidance the more astray. The Vulgate thenceforward was regarded by them as one of the versions of no authority whatever when it departed from the

original, but of use in helping to elucidate the meaning where the original is obscure.

This is the only use which should be made of any version: it should never be used to correct the text of the original. No conjectural emendations of the sacred text should ever be indulged in; but, where a various reading is found in any manuscript of good authority, in such cases the versions may help to determine which of the various readings is the preferable one; and the cases are very few in which even such an appeal as this to the versions of Scripture is at all necessary.

And the text, as derived from a collation of the best Hebrew and Greek manuscripts, is wonderfully preserved; for no variations have been discovered affecting any important article of faith, so that we may well believe that the providence of God has watched over the safe keeping of his own word. There always will be difficulties to call our faith into exercise and to reward our perseverance in overcoming them; but the finest scholars that have ever lived, and the ablest reasoners that have ever written, concur in assuring us that there are no discrepancies in Scripture which the sceptic can fairly cavil at, and that all the seeming contradictions give way before an enlightened criticism.

It remains for us to say a few words on the two publications placed at the commencement of our article. Of Havernick's, which forms part of Clark's "Theological Library," we think very highly, and agree with almost the whole of his opinions. He well understands the different bearings of his subject, and generally brings it out fully and clearly. We say *generally*, and might perhaps say *always*, if we were acquainted with the original work; but as the translator in his preface confesses that he has not at all times been able to catch the meaning of his author, and asserts that even in Germany Havernick's style is thought obscure, we speak with hesitation. It is certain, however, that to understand this work we need to be tolerably well versed in Hebrew lore, and that some parts of this translation would have been unintelligible to us without some such previous knowledge; but, to any one who is sufficiently prepared, we do not think that there will appear any serious difficulties.

Dr. Davidson published a volume of "Lectures on Biblical Criticism" thirteen years ago; and a volume "on Sacred Hermeneutics" in 1843; and three volumes on the New Testament in 1848: all of which we took occasion to commend at the time when they were severally published. The work before us is now entirely rewritten, and gives the result of a

still more mature consideration of the same subjects. Dr. Davidson is a very able man, and has read and thought so much on Biblical criticism that no one can read his works without deriving great benefit from the various stores of information they contain, which is all set in the best order and brought before us in the clearest manner.

The only portion of Dr. Davidson's work with which we are not satisfied is that contained in the first thirty pages on the Hebrew language and characters, on which points we agree more nearly with Havernick than with Dr. Davidson. Very full information follows this on the Hebrew text, both written and printed; on the various ancient versions and on their application to criticism; on Rabbinical writings; on the existing Hebrew manuscripts; and on critical conjecture; and a good engraving is given of the various forms of Hebrew, Phœnician, and Samaritan letters, copied from ancient manuscripts, and coins, and sculptured remains.

The second volume treats on the nature of the New Testament language; on the history of the text; on the causes of the various readings; on the New Testament canon; on the history of the printed text; on the ancient versions; on the manuscripts; on the quotations of the New Testament in ancient writers; and on critical rules, it being exemplified in the final chapter containing a critical examination of passages. We have not enumerated all the chapters, which are twenty-eight in each of the volumes.

"In concluding his laborious task the writer may be allowed to indulge the feeling that he has done something to establish the text of Scripture in its integrity and incorruptness. His object has been to uphold and preserve the sacred records—to show that they have a rightful claim to the place they have so long occupied. If his labours shall in any wise assist the student of Scripture, he will have reason to think that his time has not been mis-spent over this and other Biblical works. Devoutly thanking that God who has given him health and strength to work in his vineyard, and has enabled him to complete the present volumes, he sends them forth with the sincere prayer that they may help the cause of truth in the world, promote the progress of righteousness, and contribute to a better acquaintance with those divine writings which form the basis alike of social order and of personal happiness" (Pref. xi.)

ART. II.—*The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr, and Selections from his Minor Writings.* Edited and Translated by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. *With Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier BUNSEN, and Professors BRANDIS and LOEBELL. Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE recent publication of a third volume of "The Life of Niebuhr," consisting of additional letters, political fragments, and miscellaneous selections, having supplied us with further means of forming an estimate of his character, we hope to be able to gratify our readers by laying before them the results of our own careful study of these three volumes.

The merits of Niebuhr's great historical work have been so often discussed by the ablest critical writers that we should deem it something more than superfluous to attempt to follow their footsteps. Our own broad view of the "History of Rome, translated by Hare and Thirlwall," now lying before us, and bearing the marks of the earnest study of bygone years, is, that it is the most difficult historical work we ever encountered; and the subsequent corrections which some of his conclusions have received from unquestionable authority serve to prove, that the self-blaming student, whom his elaborate readings and bold hypotheses failed to convince, might sometimes pass a hasty judgment on the defects of his own understanding. It is now settled with tolerable certainty, that Niebuhr was principally a discoverer and a pioneer of an almost unknown region of vast extent; and, therefore, that much of his labours must of necessity have been tentative, preparatory, and not finishing. And this is a high order of praise, from which subsequent writers, who have gone over his ground with somewhat more success, can no more detract than the captain who can now sail to America with charts can detract from the fame of him who found his way there without them.

Such a work, therefore, must submit to be superseded, just as the mathematical writings of Newton have given way to those of writers who are no more comparable to him than the clever author of "Regal Rome" is comparable to Niebuhr. But still, as a bracing and highly disciplining study to the aspiring student, in conjunction with the works of his correctors and simplifiers, we believe that few courses of reading would be found so efficient. For *truth*—the satisfying and only lasting end of all mental toil—has been belied nowhere

more than in history; and he who knows this, and believes that the life literary should be especially dedicated to truth, cannot learn too soon that, like gold, men must sail over seas, traverse pathless wilds, and then dig for it, at the expense of any amount of toil that the particular object in view may demand. This Niebuhr did, and the metaphor can hardly be pushed too far to illustrate the self-sacrifices and the toil he underwent, that he might be able to present to his fellow men some few lumps of ore to be separated from its dross by the world's ordinary workmen. A history of the processes of such a mind, therefore, may be even more extensively useful than its discoveries.

We have been recently told by one of our leading critical writers that biography is almost a lost art. We could have wished that he had not only told us what was bad biography —(of which he gave us examples)—but also *how* a good one could be written. For no one can write the *inward* history of another. Apostolic authority bears out this assertion. "For (asks St. Paul, 1 Cor. ii. 11), what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man that is in him;" and without this the outward *fact* loses the best part of its instruction. Rush, and a man fighting *pro aris et focis*, both killed their men. A biographical piece which has been more praised, perhaps, than any other on account of its perfect beauty—the "Life of Agricola," by Tacitus—reads to us more like a panegyric than the veritable history of a *human* being. We lack proofs. And to refer to another specimen, written with scarcely less beauty—Burnet's "Life of Judge Hall"—we have read an account of him by another writer which intersperses some shadows amidst Burnet's universal sun-shine. If, therefore, a deliberate piece of autobiography—(which, however, is the only possible form of a true biography)—must be always read with misgivings, we believe that the difficulty of getting a good biography is best solved by such self-revealing letters as Niebuhr's. Such was his own view of the subject. For, speaking of the "Life of M. Antoninus," he says:—"It is, therefore, our best acquisition from this discovery—(fragments of letters)—that Marcus Antoninus is placed before our eyes in letters which flowed from his heart, and are written in his native language. He who, in his 'Meditations' and in his whole life, even as told by miserable authors, appears as a saint, is exhibited here in all the most attractive qualities of youth and riper manhood" (vol. iii. p. 193).

We read Niebuhr's "Letters" carefully and questioningly

until, as we proceeded, they gained our entire confidence as perfect transcripts of the states of mind under which they were written and of his real views and opinions. They elucidate, to our entire satisfaction, the outer facts of his life; just as the private papers of Rush proved that the fatal event of his life was not merely killing, but *murder*.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen on the 27th of August, 1776. His father was the celebrated traveller, Carsten Niebuhr, who, marrying rather late in life, relinquished for love his vagrant habits, and settled down quietly as secretary to the province of South Dithmarsh, in the capital town of which (Meldorf) he took up his abode with his family in 1778. It is quite certain that this position exercised a decided and permanent influence over the formation of Barthold Niebuhr's intellectual development; for it seems certain that, if the elder Niebuhr had continued to reside at Copenhagen, the son's keen susceptibility to all external impressions must have otherwise modified his character. Systematic education is, of course, the best for the mass of mankind; and this, probably, Niebuhr would have had at Copenhagen—but in his case with questionable advantages—(though he always thought otherwise)—viewing the whole case; for we are slow to believe that Divine Providence would leave to accident the circumstances of the education of one who was destined to exercise such influence over his fellow men. Amongst other evidences of the early influences of *place* over such a mind, he tells us that his insensibility to natural beauty was to be traced up to his childish familiarity with the marshy and unplanted district around Meldorf. In later years, however, he became keenly alive to the charm of external scenery.

As an unusual share of irritability through life taxed the patience of even his best friends, it is but justice to state his biographer's account of the presumed origin of the share which constitutional temperament had in this evil:—

"The boy had been very strong up to his fifth year; but he then had a dangerous attack of ague, which seemed quite to alter his constitution, for it became and remained through life very irritable, and highly susceptible both to mental and atmospheric influences. He had also severe illnesses and accidents in his childhood. One of the latter was a bite from a dog, which obliged him to submit to painful treatment; and all these circumstances contributed to increase his constitutional nervousness and timidity."

We pause over these facts of almost infancy, because we rarely, if ever, study the life of a great man without feeling

the truth that the seeds of the man are within the boy—the wheat bringing forth wheat, and the tares, tares—and that they are often the true keys for unlocking some of the painful mysteries of the character of manhood.

As the father was not only the educator of his two children, but also the unwearied caterer for their amusements, Niebuhr's early youth was full of the happiest recollections. Christmas seasons were peculiarly productive of enjoyments, on which he cast fond and lingering recollections, when changes of time and place had for ever withdrawn him from them. The following extract of a letter touchingly alludes to these lost joys, and in other respects illustrates his natural disposition. It is dated Copenhagen, December 30th, 1797:—

"I had the evening at liberty. I locked myself up in my own room, and luxuriated in the recollections of my departed childhood, whose best and sweetest pleasure was my intense happiness at these Christmas festivals. I was of a grateful disposition: a little thing would make me happy as a prince; and I was not ill-behaved in my glee, which is as natural to many children as elation in prosperity is to grown-up people. A many-coloured tissue of bright memories floats over to me from these times, of which the most distinct remembrances are connected with my eighth year. But with all of them there is associated a peculiar charm of eager outstretched expectation and dazzling surprise, succeeded by a vehement feeling of delight, occupation, and gratitude. Happy is he who begins anew to recal with joy those scenes which he once fancied barren of interest, and afterwards was obliged to arouse himself by reflection to prize, and contemplate with the mournful feeling, as not only lost to him, but dead even to memory!"

His wonderful memory discovered itself very early. He began Greek at six, and required only one day for mastering the alphabet. In his eighth year he could read any English books without help. In his thirteenth year, his father, perceiving the evil of protracting further his desultory education, placed him in the Gymnasium at Meldorf, where he found himself the youngest, and the most forward, of his class. Subsequently he was placed at a celebrated school in Hamburgh, from which his father (mistakenly, it seems), listening to the boy's personal dislikes, prematurely removed him; and thus deprived him of an opportunity of obtaining a knowledge of human nature, the want of which, it is believed, rendered it so difficult for him to work with others in the great school of the world. His studies, pursued after his own fashion, were resumed at home; and the result was, as his father

states in a letter written in 1807, that he knew twenty languages.

From 1794 to 1796 he studied at the University of Kiel, where he formed some of his most lasting and influential friendships, and where he left this testimony of the value he placed on his opportunities to all students who wish to look back upon their university career without remorse:—

"That I voluntarily go to no parties, has his (his friend Dr. Hensler's) full approbation. They rob me of the evening and morning hours; and, what is still worse, of the calmness of mind which must be undisturbed by dissipation, if one is to work."

If this could be but posted up in the hall of every college in Oxford and Cambridge! Another sentiment of a similar kind occurs in his college correspondence:—"When I have completed my studies, I will enter the world. Woe be to the fool who enters it before he has knowledge enough to compensate for its emptiness!"

When but nineteen years of age, by the deliberate advice of his friends—(who, however, well knew the value of his unfinished student-life)—he accepted the post of private secretary to Count Schimmelman, and entered upon his duties at Copenhagen in the Easter of 1796. In his journey towards his new home he stopped at the house of Dr. Behrens, the father of one of his university friends, Madame Hensler; and there a previous slight acquaintance with his daughter, Amelia Behrens, ripened into a deeper affection, which exercised a profounder influence over him than any other event of his life. This most admirable woman reversed the maxim that marriage mars study; and, like the great painter's wife, who proudly boasted that her husband should find in her a help-meet; and not, as others predicted, a stone of stumbling. Niebuhr, after his marriage, found in the presence and sympathy of his beloved Amelia the best strength which a sensitive hard-working student's flagging spirits can receive; and to her dying injunction we, probably, owe the completion of his "Roman History."

Niebuhr soon gained Count Schimmelman's entire confidence—in many ways a remarkable man—with whom he remained until the following year, when he accepted the more congenial office of supernumerary secretary at the royal library, principally as a refuge from the whirlpool of society which rendered a regular course of study impossible. From the correspondence of this period we extract the following personal views and feelings, which must be regarded as *true* biography:—

"Manly worth, elevation of intellect, and enthusiasm, are to me the nolbest things on earth—superhuman, and the best pledge of our higher destination, heavenly origin, and divine illumination. I cannot worship the abstractions of virtue: she only charms me when she addresses the heart."

"If I have anything to thank nature for, her best gift to me was a correct and very rapid judgment—a facility in detecting anything false, incorrect, untrue, that can hardly be imposed upon. While I am ready to adopt any well-grounded opinion, my inmost heart recoils at receiving the judgments of others respecting persons; and, whenever I have done so, I have bitterly repented of it."

The student of Niebuhr's history will be able to detect in its composition both the faults and the virtues which such a self-judgment as this, if true, would be sure to generate.

In the June of 1798, he arrived in England. His chief aim in going thither, beside the general advantages of a residence in a foreign country and the further prosecution and extension of his studies, was "to brace up and strengthen both his mental and physical energies in preparation for active life." He had lived too much in the *ideal* world, and he wisely judged that the actual duties of life demanded such a knowledge of mankind as books cannot yield. The only correspondence which has been preserved upon this subject was addressed to his betrothed Amelia Behrens—that with his father upon public topics having been burnt. Of the two, we believe the more valuable set of letters has been preserved—at least for the purposes of biography. He divided his time principally between London and Edinburgh, and in the university of the latter became a regular student. He made some valuable acquaintances, and always acknowledged with thankfulness how much England had taught him. He returned to Holstein in the beginning of November 1799.

It is not of much consequence what so youthful a person thought of us as a nation; but, if he rightly laid his hand sometimes on our sore points, yet his judgments were far from being always correct. Niebuhr made a mistake, so common to less qualified travellers, of guaging the *inward* by the *outward*. Thus, because we, Englishmen, do not rush into each other's arms when meeting after a longer or shorter absence, as the Germans do, he judged us wanting in those inward qualities—(the noblest, by the way, that belong to human nature)—on which love and friendship depend. We need not stop to refute such an error as this. It may serve, however, to illustrate the folly of setting up the habits of one nation as a standard for judging of another.

In May 1800, Niebuhr returned to Holstein and married:

in June he took his wife to Copenhagen, and entered on his twofold official duties on the first of July. Of all the events of his life, the influence upon his career of no other is comparable with that of his marriage. In Madame Niebuhr, the husband found—what an ardent student, gifted with profound affections, so much needs—a sympathizing auxiliary. Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember by whom it was said that much of the perfection and efficiency of Dr. Parr's Greek scholarship was marred by uncongeniality in this quarter. A sketch of the evenings of their early married life at Copenhagen applies also, *mutatis mutandis*, to all the subsequent years of their life:—

"When Niebuhr was not engaged in his official duties he returned to his favourite classical authors. His wife entered warmly into all that interested him. In the evenings, he often related stories to her from the ancient writers, or read aloud to her, or looked over with her, what he himself had been writing."

In 1802, Niebuhr's business talents had become so well known and appreciated that we find him appointed to the office of First Director of the Bank—an office which entailed upon him such exhausting labours that he often returned home worn out in body and mind; and yet—it shows the force and bias of his nature—if he got engaged in an interesting book or conversation, he was soon refreshed, and then would study till late at night. Indeed, to such as have known and admired Niebuhr as an historian only, it will be a matter of surprise to learn that he was also a first rate man of business and a statesman.

In 1806, he quitted his native country, with a heavy heart, to enter upon a new career which opened before him in the Prussian service, and arrived at Berlin on the 5th of October 1806. History will tell us the perils he must have had to encounter at a period when the victorious armies of France were advancing on Berlin; and his own private correspondence will fill up the outline with details of personal and family sufferings, met and borne with the courage of a noble mind that was resolved to risk all for the welfare of its newly adopted country. The letters which appertain to this period show Niebuhr, both in his private and public life, to great advantage. No amount of private disappointments and trials interfered with the tenderest attentions to his sick wife, and with the recollection of what was due to the anxieties of distant friends, to whom he faithfully narrated all they had to go through. In the midst of public and absorbing duties, we see where his heart really turned by the following extract

from a letter to his friend Molkte:—"Instead of poetry, archæology, and ancient history, I have to cultivate finance, banking, administration—all of which, between ourselves, are (compared to my old brave comrades) a set of beggarly fellows that sometimes almost drive me mad, especially when anything strongly reminds me of all those whom I have lost."

After filling public financial offices, he quitted that kind of service in 1810, and accepted the post of historiographer in the place of Johannes Von Müller. By this time he was about thirty-four years of age, having been engaged in public life, with the exception of his English tour, since his twentieth year. He had found opportunities, however, amidst the universal distractions to which the times in which he lived and the complicated duties he had to discharge exposed him, to cultivate the studies of his youth. And now, that he entered more especially upon that historical career for which posterity will best reward him, it may be not useless to notice some of the peculiar advantages which qualified him for his laborious undertaking.

Foremost stands prominent his wonderful memory. He scarcely ever forgot anything he heard or read; and the following anecdotes will illustrate the extent and power of this natural gift:—

"His wife and sister once playfully took up Gibbon, and asked him questions from the table of contents about the most trivial things by way of testing his memory. They carried on the examination till they were tired, and gave up all hope of even detecting him in a momentary uncertainty, though he was at the same time engaged in writing on some other subject. He was once conversing with a party of Austrian officers about Napoleon's Italian campaigns. Some dispute arose respecting the position of different corps in the battle of Marengo. Niebuhr described exactly how they were placed and the progress of the action. The officers contradicted him; but on the maps being brought he was found to be in the right, and to know more of the details of the conflict than the very officers who had been present. One day, when he was talking with Professor Wilcken of Bonn, the conversation happened to turn on the weather; and Niebuhr quoted the results of barometrical observations in the different years, as far back as 1770, with perfect accuracy."

Nor was this memory merely mechanical—a vast receptacle only, as in some cases, for countless facts that lie there useless as lumber—but was coupled with an inspiration, not creative as the poet's, yet capable of producing those combinations which serve to make complete, if not always truthful, pictures of the past. We have further seen that his knowledge of languages spread open before him all available resources.

His indomitable industry and powers of self-concentration were also equal to his task. Nor does it appear to us that he had to battle with that personal vanity which is so damaging in every way to a writer. Of course, he could not but be aware of his vast endowments; but being absolutely free from envy, and loving to discover excellencies in others, he placed himself out of reach of this mean fault. We may add, too, that, if far less influential and briefer public employments are supposed to have augmented the historical qualifications of Mitford and Gibbon, Niebuhr must have brought to his task these advantages in a far higher degree. Thus prepared, he found himself, moreover, at this period of his life, surrounded by such influences in the University of Berlin as the names Schleiermacher, Savigny, Buttman, and Heindorff, will at once suggest to all scholars: and here he read those lectures on Roman history which were the foundation of his great work.

In these days of lecturing, it may be serviceable to show how Niebuhr gained such triumphant success; for thus his success is told us:—

"In addition to a large audience of the students, his lectures were attended by members of the academy, professors of the university, public men and officers of all grades, who spread the fame of the lectures abroad, and thus continually attracted fresh hearers. This unexpected success re-acted on Niebuhr's susceptible nature, and filled him with fresh inspiration:—

Now, there can be no doubt that lecturing is an *art*, and therefore is capable of all degrees of goodness and badness. A lecturer can either wholly banish sleep from the eyes of his audience or he can produce it. Of Niebuhr's mode of lecturing the following description is given:—

"The mode of his delivery was remarkable. He had written down his lecture verbatim, and read it off before his hearers. This proceeding, which usually injures the impression, had in his case the most *animated* and powerful effect, such as in general only accompanies an extempore delivery. *His hearers felt as if transported into ancient times.*"

In the correspondence belonging to this period there occurs a letter to Jacobi (November, 1811), which interested us a good deal, as containing some self-revelations calculated to throw light upon his history.

He tells Jacobi in it that he was born with an inward discord, the existence of which he could trace back to his earliest childhood; that, if he had to live over again and choose for himself, he could not ask for a greater facility of taking

up and combining into new forms external impressions, nor a memory more accurate; that the kind of early education he was subjected to nullified the peculiar value of these advantages; that his early seclusion, driving him to books (which he read without limit or aim), engravings, and conversations, for all his knowledge, his imagination was wholly a stranger to the actual world; that, as he grew older, his intense study of antiquities did but give fresh variety and brilliancy to his world of dreams; that maternal anxiety about his health caged him, as a bird, to the destruction of the spirit and liveliness and class of ideas proper to the life of childhood; that he pursued his own course unquestioned, until he was about thirteen years of age, when regular education began; that he began to feel uneasy in finding that imaginative productions have no value in themselves, for that nothing is truly worthy of respect but that depth of mind which makes a man master of truth in its first principles; that, at a later period, when he left his quiet healthful position for a superficial world which grasped him firmly and deadened his mind, he had to endure applause and praise, when his want of knowledge on essential points, and his over-burdened memory as a lumber-room, rendered him a horror to himself; that travelling forced him into the actual world, where he starved out the imaginative side of his nature, and placed himself for a long time in absolute dependence on the actual around him; that he was still kept out of his true vocation, being immersed in the most prosaic work-a-day life, with the feeling that "he was shut out of Paradise."

This interesting letter terminates in the following happier views of his fate:—

"Singular circumstances removed me from Copenhagen soon after you left Holstein. A protecting angel watches over me. Our first entrance into this city was simultaneous with the dissolution of the State, to which I had gone over; and now, amidst distress and grief, I went through scenes far more remarkable than any in my whole former life. My situation was perpetually fluctuating. I was forced to struggle—to act with foresight—to be cool and resolute. It was a great tragedy, and no longer the tedious drama of my former tame middle-class life. I learnt to stake my all at every step on a pin's head, and fortune was on my side. The wreck on which I had pumped so long was cast on shore; and behold, on this shore I found the home of my youthful aspirations—leisure that I could devote to research and letters, surrounded by highly favourable and agreeable circumstances."

To fill up such an outline as this, for profitable purposes, we consider to be one of the best uses of true biography.

Towards the end of April, 1813, Niebuhr received a summons to repair without delay to Dresden, which was, in fact, his return to active political life. He was sent on a mission to Holland, whither he was accompanied by his sick wife, whose approaching dissolution, as it appeared, kept him in constant alarm. She died in his arms on the 21st of June, 1815. He had never spoken to her of her approaching end, much as he wished to receive her parting wishes. "Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked if there was no pleasure he could give her. She replied with a look of unutterable love, 'You shall finish your "History," whether I live or die!' Her request was ever present to his mind, and he regarded its fulfilment as a sacred duty." He never got over this blow.

A few weeks after this event, his grief received some diversion by an offer made to him by the Government of the ambassador's post at Rome, in order to negotiate a concordat with the Pope. As a point of duty he accepted the offer, though, from various causes, his departure was put off until the July of the following year. In the meanwhile, he married the niece of his beloved friend Madame Hensler, with whom he enjoyed as much happiness as the circumstances of such a connection could lead him to expect.

In the correspondence belonging to the events just narrated there are affecting revelations of the *man* Niebuhr. To us, the highest intellectual endowments without love present a cold aspect; nor can we believe that they are ever turned to the best account without it. Of the depth of Niebuhr's affection and the constancy of his gratitude, his letters to Mrs. Hensler afford ample evidence. They exalt him as high in the world of noble feelings as his works do in the world of intellect. Niebuhr quitted Berlin with his young wife in July, and reached Rome on the 7th of October. Few of the outer events of his life during this period are known, excepting such as may be gathered from his regular correspondence, which, however, does not seem to leave much unsaid that could be of use to his biographer.

We were not a little startled at the impression made upon him by his intercourse with the Italians. Surely the following words require some explanation before we can take them at their literal value:—

"Little as the admirers of Italy care for my words, I know that I am perfectly correct in saying that, even among the laity, you cannot

discover a vestige of piety. The life of the Italian is little more than an animal one, and he is not much better than an ape endowed with speech. There is nowhere a spark of originality or truthfulness. Slavery and misery have even extinguished all acute sensibility to sensual enjoyments."

If we remember right, W. S. Landor, either in his own name or that of one of his imaginary speakers, professes to believe as indifferently of the Italians, crowning a diatribe against them by the declaration that the only thing worth seeing amongst them was a certain magnificent Linden tree to which he pointed!

Nor can the frequenters of Exeter Hall require to listen to harangues more condemnatory of the Roman Catholic religion than the letters of Niebuhr contain. Speaking of convents, he writes:—"Sailer (afterwards promoted to a Romish bishopric) himself said, at Landshut, the convents must have gone to ruin, even if they had not been suppressed; and a very ingenuous young man gave us the sad history of his education in a Norbertine convent, such as makes me shudder when I recall it."

This does not seem an improper stage of his history to say something of Niebuhr's own religious opinions, about which some unfriendly critics in this country in past years spoke so harshly. In a letter, dated 1812, he tells his correspondent that his intellect early took a sceptical direction from his attention being wholly bent upon the real and the historical. To this natural turn of mind he added the evils of the "influence of miserable religious instruction, and of the living study of classical antiquity." He admits that this was an unfit preparation for the study in riper years of the sacred books. But, whatever doubts he then had, on one grand question he had fully made up his mind—upon the reality of miracles. Having admitted the historical truth of the books of the New Testament, he naturally, according to his vivid apprehension of the past, states the case thus:—

"The fundamental fact of miracles which, according to my conviction, must be conceded, unless we adopt the not merely incomprehensible but absurd hypothesis that the holiest was a deceiver and his disciples either dupes or liars—and that deceivers had preached a holy religion in which self-renunciation is everything, and in which there is nothing tending towards priestly rule—nothing that can be acceptable to vicious inclinations—as regards a miracle in the strictest sense, it really only requires an unprejudiced and penetrating study of nature to see that those related are as far as possible from absurdity; and a comparison with legends, or the pretended miracles of other religions, to perceive by what a different spirit they are animated."

A curious discrepancy between his faith and practice is elucidated in two letters written at the short intervals between April and June. In the latter letter he writes:—"Not that I am a Materialist: you know well that no one can be further from that than I am; but the *possibility* of an existence, of which we can form no distinct conception, is not enough for me. I know well what that faith is, and recognise it as the highest good." And in the former letter, written to announce the birth of his first-born son Marcus, he writes thus of his wife's birth-throes:—"Her patience was indescribable. In my terrible anxiety, I prayed most earnestly, and entreated my Milly (his deceased wife) would send help."

He believed in a place of future punishment, and thus states his views of it:—

"It has always given me a sufficiently fearful idea of the sufferings of hell to conceive of them as consisting in a full perception—(devoid of all consolation, and all delusion, all intermission)—of the whole misery into which we have been plunged by sin—of all the consequences that have sprung from it, and all the happiness of which we have deprived ourselves."

This is evidence of positive faith; and, as the topic before us is very important, we shall adduce some further specimens of the quality of his Christianity, chiefly in his own words. In a letter dated Rome, 1st of May, 1818, the clear statement occurs:—

"In my opinion he is not a Protestant Christian who does not receive the historical facts of Christ's earthly life in their literal acceptation, with all their miracles, as equally authentic with any event recorded in history and whose belief in them is not as firm and tranquil as his belief in the latter—who has not the most absolute faith in the apostles creed, taken in its grammatical sense—who does not consider every doctrine and every precept in the New Testament as undoubted divine revelation, in the sense of the Christians of the first century who knew nothing of Theopneustia. Moreover, a Christianity after the fashion of the modern philosophers and pantheists—without a personal God—without immortality—without human individuality—without historical faith—is no Christianity at all to me; though it may be very intellectual, very ingenious, philosophy. I have often said that I do not know what to do with a metaphorical god; and that I will have none but the God of the Bible, who is heart to heart with us."

It is not quite evident whether the creed of "Protestant Christianity," described in the first part of this extract, was meant for his own. But at all events it is worth knowing

what Niebuhr regarded as *bonâ fide Protestantism.* To this he adds, towards the conclusion of this letter:—"Oh, that men strove in simplicity of heart, and in union with those like-minded to themselves, to attain true fruit-bearing faith, piety, and love!"

Upon another important point of religion he expresses very strong convictions. The extract is taken (vol. iii. p. 115) from an article written by him as a review or notice of a thanksgiving sermon preached after the battle of Leipsic:—

"We for our parts do not hesitate to say openly that the immediate protection and guidance of His hand from on high for our deliverance was never more visibly seen in any age of the world's history. Who is there that can see nothing beyond physical phenomena in the early frost which annihilated the whole French army—in the hurricane of the 16th of October which rendered it impossible to extinguish the fire of Moscow—in the storm of rain at the end of August? In all these things, God has visibly appeared in our midst. It is a new revelation, and woe be unto them who do not believe! In an age when so much that once brought blessings to men has died out from its very root, how many an anxious heart has long prayed in secret for a new revelation attested by signs and wonders, for the appearance of the promised Comforter, the Spirit of God! It has come in our times, and doubly woe unto us if we do not see and acknowledge it."

We leave our readers to form their own judgment upon this important point from these brief notices from *his own* pen—only adding that, if the orthodoxy of his views would not bear strictly the test of our own Church, neither did he belong to that school of neologians who have gravelled and paved the paths to Romanism and Infidelity.

In 1822, Niebuhr's wife bore him a third daughter; and now, the chief object of his mission having been attained and the health of his wife growing worse, he determined to request his recall. Having become something more than reconciled to a residence at Rome, he was advised by his friends, in the first instance, to ask for a year's furlough, which would leave his return open if he should change his mind. This he obtained, and finally quitted Rome in 1823. On his return to Germany he went to Bonn to visit Professor Brandis; and, after remaining there some time, determined to select it as his place of residence, until it should be determined finally whether or not he returned to Rome. Here, whilst engaged in a painful controversy, he suddenly perceived the solution of a difficulty which had been the chief cause of his delay in continuing the "Roman History." He set to work upon it—(urged on by a coincidence which forcibly

reminded him of the dying request of his wife, that, at all events, he should finish his history)—with such assiduity that he completed the half of the third volume, revision excepted, in the course of the winter.

In 1824 a domestic calamity fixed his determination to relinquish all thoughts of resuming his duties at Rome. Whilst he was at Berlin tidings reached him of the illness of his four younger children and the death of the infant. This event raised him (says his biographer) above other crosses and cares, and turned his thoughts to that which he still possessed, but might lose. He again, therefore, solicited his release, and at length obtained it, with a provisional salary equal in amount to that which he had received before he left Berlin. And thus, at last, he obtained that leisure to devote himself to studies which he ever regarded as his true vocation, and now decided to settle in Bonn.

The incidents of the brief remainder of his earthly career are of a calmer and more domestic nature than those which marked his more public life; but there is a deep and melancholy interest about them which causes them to belong especially to the impressions which this work has left upon ourselves. We seem to catch presages that his sun would go down whilst it was yet day. The following extract of a letter to Madame Hensler brings before us in vivid colouring a destined man on whom the storms of life had fallen with saddening force. It is dated Berlin, May, 1824:—

"Here the recollections of former years rise up like ghosts before me at every step. In the Thiergarten, where there is not a path that does not remind me of the past, it is sometimes more than I can bear; and yet I cannot help going there again and again. It is so distinctly before my eyes—how we used to walk there in 1810, Amelia (his first wife) and you, and I—how in the autumn often, and summer, when I was full of life and energy, and my history was daily growing under my hands, I found recreation and refreshment in Amelia's society .....And then came, afterward, those heart-rending drives with my dying wife, &c. My sorrow is seldom relieved by tears. When I pass the house where my highest happiness departed, a shudder runs through me. I cannot enter the house."

The letter ends thus:—"My Lucia is very ill—my angel child! If the worst were possible! I at a distance—my poor Gretchen alone in her grief."

Speaking of the influences of the same place over his happiness, he elsewhere says—"Where such innumerable recollections crowd on upon me that I seem like a *spectre to myself.*"

The presaging gloom to which we allude again breaks out in such a passage as this to his wife:—"I did not mean that I expected none but positively gloomy days for myself; but that it is only with and through you all that serenity and cheerfulness can be diffused over the evening of my life."

So far as posterity is concerned, the most important period of Niebuhr's life must be considered to be that spent in his last home at Bonn from 1825 to 1831; for here, amidst scenes and opportunities congenial to his nature, he effectually carried out, as far as life allowed him, the dying injunction of his beloved wife that he should finish his "Roman History." At Bonn, too, he commenced a series of lectures on history, antiquities, and geography. In the civil affairs of the town and neighbourhood in which he had chosen to dwell, he took so active an interest that his loss was keenly felt by its inhabitants.

His daily habits were very simple—as indeed those of all men must be who hope to work much, well, and regularly. He disliked needless show and luxury in domestic life. Nor did his deep devotion to the most absorbing literary pursuits belie his character as a husband, father, and pater-familias. He rose at seven and retired to rest at eleven—dined simply at one—walked immediately afterwards—and drank tea at eight, when any of his acquaintances were welcome guests. But, during the hours spent in his study, he gave up himself so wholly to his pursuits as to accomplish vast results. Amidst such labours and enjoyments as these the remaining years of his life passed away.

The last year of all was marked by a catastrophe which painfully affected his spirits. His new house, in the arrangement of which he had taken such pleasure, was burnt down in the night of February 6, 1830. A trait of his character on the sad night of this event, which touched him to the quick, is quite characteristic of his noble, unselfish, nature. After he had seen his wife and children safe in the house of a neighbour, he said sadly, but with composure, to a friend—"It is indeed a misfortune; but I do not feel nearly so overcome and depressed as I did in the night of the battle of Bautzen when I was near head-quarters, and believed the cause of my country to be, if not lost, in the most imminent peril." Contrary to his fears, his most precious manuscripts were saved from the flames, and the greater part of the books, though many of them were of course much damaged. He immediately commenced building another house on a larger scale.

On the evening of the 25th of December, returning from the hot news-room, under much excitement from the political news of France, in a bitter frosty night air, he caught a chill, against which he took refuge in his bed from which he never rose again, but for one hour, two days afterwards. His illness was pronounced to be an attack of inflammation on the lungs. During a brief illness, his faithful wife, who exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill too, and was obliged to quit him. And then it was that his spirit was bowed down, and, turning his face to the wall, he exclaimed with sad presentiment—"Hapless house! To lose father and mother at once." To his children he said, "Pray to God, children: He alone can help us." And those around him saw that in silent prayer he himself was seeking comfort. Again he rallied, and sought from books that mental aliment without which it seemed he could not live; but, on the afternoon of the 1st of January, 1831, he sunk into a dreamy slumber, from which, awakening, he spoke of pleasant images that had floated before his eyes in sleep. In his dreams, he muttered words in French. As night progressed, consciousness gradually faded away. Once more it returned, and he asked, suspiciously, about a particular kind of medicine that he knew was reserved for extreme cases—"Am I so far gone?" These were his last words; and, within the hour in which he spoke them, he died.

What comes after reads almost tragical. Only nine days after Madame Niebuhr died, and about the same hour of the night. Though she, too, was labouring under an inflammation of the chest, yet there seems no doubt that she died of a broken heart. Unable to shed tears, she prayed to God for that relief. But only once, as she gazed upon his picture, did a slight moisture dim her eyes. Thus, no relief came to her heavy heart. She frequently sent for her children, and gave them parting counsels. And so she died, and rests in that same grave with her husband, over which the present King of Prussia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of their loving aunt, Madame Hensler, at Kiel.

We know that on the most solemn of all the subjects which can seize upon man's heart, the true enquiry is—not how a great man died—but how he lived? Nevertheless, we could have wished that something had been told us of the precise grounds of his confidence as he was passing through the "dark valley of the shadow of death;" for the wonderful

imagery of those words yields a true description, as it appears, of Niebuhr's last stage. We own to no particular liking to what we must call the *gossip* of the dying chamber. A few words will suffice to tell us all we ask to know; and we willingly consign the incidentally uttered remarks to the fond memories of those, for whose comfort, and into whose ears they were spoken. But to tell us *how* he died in peace, cannot be an undignified, as it is the crowning act of a great man's life.

We think it only justice to the translator of the "Letters" to record our judgment of the admirable skill with which she has performed her task. It is to her praise that they read like originals. Of the work itself, we entertain no doubt that, with some modifications, it will take rank with our first class biographical literature; for, though the living Niebuhr belonged to his fatherland, the dead Niebuhr belongs to all mankind.

ART. III.—*The Saxon in Ireland; or, the Rambles of an Englishman in Search of a Settlement in the West of Ireland.* London: Murray. 1852.

VARIOUS tribes of mankind have become extinct after having acted their part for many generations; or rather they have lost their former appellations by becoming identified with more powerful sections of the human family. Large rivers are indebted to the tributary streams that flow into them during their progress to the ocean and contribute materially to their celebrity and utility. In like manner, the Saxon adventurers that first emigrated to this country not only received frequent accessions to their numbers from the continent, but in process of time the previous inhabitants of south Britain became so intermingled with their warlike invaders that the original distinction between the conquerors and the vanquished became eradicated, and the fabled descendants of Brutus lost both their language and their name. The Danes afterwards aided considerably to increase the population and resources of England; and at a later period the Normans, after having first appeared in the invidious character of successful soldiers, were completely amalgamated with the former inhabitants, and did much to promote the glory of the Anglo-Saxon name, which was once thought to have been extinguished in the blood shed at the disastrous

battle of Hastings. Since then, both the Netherlands and France have contributed some of the most intelligent and enterprising of their sons to augment the number of the inhabitants, and did much to further the individual capabilities of this island. There are few, if indeed any, in England who have descended exclusively either from Celt or Saxon, Dane or Norman. The Celtic inhabitants of the mountanous districts of Scotland and of the Principality are the only parties who have the least claim to what may be comparatively called an unmixed descent. Nations, like individuals, become exhausted through age, and need an occasional infusion of new blood to prevent fatal paralysis.

One of the principal occasions of Ireland's misfortunes has been, not that the Anglo-Saxon race have for centuries possessed in that island a political ascendancy, but that they had not hitherto succeeded in obliterating all perceptible distinction between themselves and the descendants of those who occupied that island prior to the reign of the first of our Plantagenets. A unity of language is absolutely necessary to perfect national assimilation; and it will be a happy day for the Celtic inhabitants, both of Great Britain and Ireland, when their own vernacular languages shall be everywhere superseded by that which is justly entitled to be considered the mother tongue of the united kingdom. A people sunk so low as the native Irish can never themselves succeed in effecting either a political or social renovation. What Ireland might have been, if Englishmen had never settled there, is exceedingly problematical; but the probability is that her inhabitants, if they had for the last six centuries been left without foreign interference, would ere this have sunk so low in the scale of civilisation as to have rendered an amelioration of their condition hopeless. It is to the Saxons, and not to the Celts, that Ireland owes whatever has tended to diminish the enormous evils which have for ages been preying upon her vitals; and which, without the influence of the calumniated Sassenach, would have reduced her population to a level with the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands when first visited by Captain Cook. The occasion of most of Ireland's misfortunes has been, not the numbers, but the paucity, of Anglican settlers in that island—we mean that they were too few to effect a thorough change in the language, habits, and preferences of that country. The jealousy existing between different sections of the human family, when inconveniently contiguous, can be removed only by amalgation. We beg our readers to observe that we are not refer-

ring either to the extirpation or expatriation of the Irish in bygone times. We only intend to say that, if the Saxon element had predominated throughout Ireland, as it has in England and the lowlands of Scotland, Ireland might have been a brilliant as well as a valuable gem in the British Crown, instead of being what we have neither the ability nor wish to express. The Franks have given their name to the territory and language of France; but although its conquerors, and therefore its political and territorial superiors, they never constituted the whole, nor the majority, of the inhabitants. They were far outnumbered by their subordinates, descended from Gauls, Greeks, Romans, Britons, and Normans. All, however, have been so modified by the plastic hand of time, and blended together by intermarriages, that they form one people, really as well as nominally. The prophet Ezekiel was taught to symbolise the predicted harmony between the rival tribes of Judah and Ephraim by the union of the two sticks upon which their names had been written. The cry of "Ireland for the Irish!" is as unphilosophical in theory as it is pernicious in operation. The social condition of that beautiful island cannot be generally promoted without a large importation of residents from England and Scotland. These will be able to furnish the capital requisite for improvement; and at the same time to direct the unskilled Irish how to exert themselves, so as to remunerate their employers and permanently to benefit themselves and families. Great Britain can with advantage, instead of injury to herself, employ in Ireland an amount of capital and skilled labour which, if aided by the efficient and tractable co-operation of the Irish themselves, may in the space of one generation transform the very bogs into fertile fields—cause the deserted bays to teem with enterprising fishermen—and, in a word, render available, for public utility and domestic happiness, the diversified capabilities of that interesting isle. The Celtic inhabitants of Ireland are not incorrigibly indolent; but at present they have not, while in their own country, any adequate motive for exertion: neither has their previous training rendered them sufficiently expert, even as cultivators of the soil, to enable them to labour successfully as husbandmen without the superintendence of skilful agriculturists. The hopes, therefore, of the social improvement of Ireland will not be realised in our own time, without a tolerably numerous emigration to that island of skilled labourers and small capitalists from Great Britain. This subject deserves especially the attention of our clerical readers. They are frequently

consulted by anxious parishioners contemplating emigration as to the country most likely to answer their purpose. Many venture upon a voyage to the Antipodes in search of that which would be quite as likely to be obtained by merely crossing a narrow channel. Be it also remembered that the natives in the vicinities of our colonists are not always peaceably disposed. If a timid person dread a removal to Ireland because of its Secret Societies, he ought not to forget that perils equally as formidable may possibly be encountered by emigrants to South Africa, New Zealand, and even Australia. We have, therefore, great pleasure in directing attention to the reasonable, and, upon the whole, judicious volume mentioned at the commencement of this article. Circumstances having suggested to our author the desirableness of emigration, he was recommended by his friend, the curate of the parish in which he resided, to visit the West of Ireland before attempting the hazardous enterprise of selecting his future home. With this advice he complied, and succeeded in finding a locality perfectly suited to his purpose. The volume contains a narrative of his tour—not in search of the picturesque but of a home; and the uniformity of the personal style is frequently relieved by remarks on the history, antiquities, and particularly the agriculture of Ireland. We are sure that all the friends of Ireland who think fit to accompany the author on his journey will sincerely hope that not a few British agriculturists, equally desirous to promote the social happiness of that country, may be induced to imitate his example; and, while seeking to benefit themselves, give to Ireland the advantages of their capital, enterprise, and skill.

Our readers have heard so much of Ireland that they fancy themselves conversant with the names and characteristics of all its extensive districts. We suspect, however, that the name of Ballicroy will be new to many who think that they have studied the map of Erin, or taken a fashionable tour in the sister isle. Some of the most important incidents of our lives are connected with what we term "accidents." These are so multifarious as to be associated with prosperity and adversity, crimes and praiseworthy actions, and even with matrimony and death. One of these so-called accidents led our author to meet at an inn a resident in the *terra incognita* above mentioned. He was surprised to find that the stranger was connected with his mother's family, although he had not before heard of his existence. His newly-discovered friend had been long settled in that remote district, and never

had reason to repent his departure from England. His first impressions of the stranger were very unfavourable, but he soon found reason to change his opinion. The supposed churl proved a highly agreeable companion. Their acquaintance had a most important influence both on the tour and destiny of the author. He agreed to accompany his friend to his hospitable and comfortable abode, and was so delighted with the neighbourhood that he determined to remove hither from England as soon as practicable. The following is the account of the introduction of these kindred spirits, and of the dialogue that took place between them:—

"I had taken a long stroll on every side of Newport, and was so much pleased with my walk that it was long after my dinner hour that I reached the inn.....As it is not my custom when alone to ask for a private sitting-room, I found, on entering the general apartment destined for all comers, that I was to have a companion for the evening. A tall, stout, hale-looking gentleman had drawn his seat and table towards a bright turf fire, the cloth was spread, and there was every appearance of his making himself comfortable. He took little notice of my entrance, and continued devouring the contents of an old newspaper without making way for me at the fire. 'Scotch or English (thought I to myself) for a certainty.' It is my habit, in these cases, to make myself comfortable also; and I accordingly rang the bell and ordered the waiter to bring me another table, to place it also near the fire, for the evening was chill.....'Sir (said the hale gentleman to me, taking off his spectacles and smoothing down the locks of mingled grey that hung in massive curls almost upon his shoulders), as I perceive you are about to dine, and I am about to sup, would you object to our occupying the same table and sharing the same fare? I have brought with me a fine brace of white trout from Ballicroy, and the landlady has promised to furnish something or other equally agreeable in addition.' I gladly accepted the invitation, and nothing would suit my new acquaintance but that I must take the chimney corner, while he undertook to do the honours of the table. 'And so, sir (said I, after the remnants of an excellent feast had been cleared away, and we were left in the quiet enjoyment of our whisky punch), you know that wild region called Ballicroy? It is not mentioned by that name in the map; but still, from its being so often in the mouths of the natives here, I suppose it is a considerable tract of country.' 'It is certainly a large tract (replied my companion); but, as it is called the barony of Erris, you will only trace the district under that denomination in the map. That vast mountainous country, which you have perceived stretches from hence to the north-west, consists of the baronies of Burrishoole, Erris, and Tyrawley. Consult your map and you will find that this wild and seldom-travelled district is bounded north and west by the Atlantic Ocean; on the south by Clew Bay, and that chain of primary mountains which extends from Newport, where we now are, to Lough Cullen; on the east it is

bounded by the river Moy, one of the finest in Ireland, and the large and beautiful lakes of Conn and Cullen.' 'You seem to be well acquainted (said I) with the district: for my part, I never saw it mentioned in any of the descriptive works that came in my way. In casting my eye over it in the maps, I have always conceived it was the *Ultima Thule* of Ireland—a place where the stag, the wolf, and the wild boar, were likely to be the sole occupants.' My companion laughed heartily. 'No bad description certainly (said he): most of the wild animals do abound there—the stag, the otter, the fox, and the badger; but wolves and wild boars I have certainly not met with during a residence of fifteen years. As far as the stag is concerned, I must not apply the word *abound*. I do see them occasionally; but a set of ruffians are always on the look out for them, and if some stringent measures are not adopted they will be exterminated..... These districts at the present moment, a few favoured spots excepted, are more desolate and neglected than they were probably centuries ago. But now that good roads are opened through them, their capabilities will at least become more known; and, if they are deserving of the attention of capitalists, they will doubtless at some period or other receive it. For my part, I think those hitherto almost inaccessible regions have many valuable points about them. I ought to know, for I have resided in one of the most remote parts of that district from the period of my leaving England.....I have never, however (continued he), repented my choice of a home, and never intend to leave it. But new settlers will not have the up-hill game to play that I had.....At the time that I retired amid the recesses of Erris there were no safe roads for carriages; and even such as were dignified with that name were mere horse-paths leading up the sides of the mountains, and passing through quaking bogs and dangerous morasses. Now the communication is everywhere opened, markets are attainable, and the way is cleared for any further improvements that enterprise and capital may choose to effect. And yet, at this present moment, I could purchase the same tract of land which I now hold, were it in its primitive condition, for at least fifty per cent. less money.' 'That is all in my favour (said I): like yourself, I am an English refugee, and am now actively engaged in looking out for a new settlement, preferring Ireland to the Colonies.' 'And you are right (replied Mr. S——): there is not in my opinion a comparison to be drawn. Setting all mere feelings aside, I believe, in the present position of this country, that a man can settle himself here on a more certain and favourable basis than anywhere else that I have heard or read of. The English, generally, from a most ridiculous and vulgar prejudice, never once turn their attention this way: their sole idea of Ireland is associated with murder, faction fights, and agrarian outrages of all sorts. The extreme fertility of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the present cheapness of the land to a purchaser, the real good qualities of the population particularly in these parts, the vast maritime advantages within reach, the now rapid communication with England, and the consequent ulterior prospects of the country—all these are lost sight of by the present generation, to be improved and

valued, probably, by the next.' 'And yet (said I), you find exceptions; and I believe that many far-sighted men are quietly investing their money here, with the absolute certainty, where purchases are made with judgment, of securing a most ample return.' 'Yes; more than a mere ample return. I have myself known estates disposed of in some of the remoter districts, the annual rental of which should times improve, as they must and will do, ought to equal the sum total of the purchase money. But care should be taken in seeking out a purchase and more in making one: many considerations are involved, and a person may fancy that he has made a great bargain by giving fifteen years purchase for what probably is not worth five. It is most difficult at present in Ireland to judge of real value by assumed rentals. A prudent investor will put aside rental altogether, and the land valued irrespective of its alleged returns. As you are now engaged in the search for a settlement, I think my experience might be useful to you. I leave this place in a few days for my farm at Erris; and, if you will share my conveyance and give me the pleasure of your company for a few days, I dare venture to say you will not repent it. You may then see what can be done, and one day with me will probably enlighten you more than all the tours and agricultural works on your shelves'" (124-129).

The poor law is of recent introduction into Ireland. To expect, with relation to such a difficult and complicated subject, an unexceptionable enactment, would in any country be Utopian, and especially so in Ireland, where legislation itself is often as little suited to the actual condition of society as the garments of many of the peasantry are to their stature. But whatever may be the blemishes of the Irish poor law it has, like the governorship of Joseph in Egypt, preserved alive many who must otherwise have perished through hunger, nakedness, and cold. Our tourist, while tarrying at Newport for his new friend, visited the union-house in that place:—

"The situation is romantic and secluded, and the premises are sheltered by trees of considerable growth. I minutely examined and enquired into all the arrangements, and was much pleased to observe the general air of neatness and cleanliness which pervaded every department. The inmates of full age were in number three hundred and sixty-eight, of whom two hundred and seventeen were women: besides these, was the full average of boys and girls. I could not find that any of these had settled employment, though I was informed by the matron that the young women were most ready to do any work assigned to them, and never so contented as when thus engaged. The men were expected to keep the premises in neat order; but I found they had no wheelbarrow, and only a few shovels among them. Every fine day the paupers, male and female, were taken down to the sea-shore to bathe. They were allowed a change of linen once a week, and of sheets once a fortnight. The dormitories were clean and well ventilated: each bed had two occupants. The dietary was

as follows:—For breakfast each adult had eight ounces of Indian meal made into stir-about, with one pint of buttermilk; for dinner, one pound of brown bread, and one pint of buttermilk. I tasted the bread: it was coarse and heavy, being composed of equal proportions of rye-meal, Indian corn, and old flour. For supper the children are allowed a quarter of a pound of white bread, and (added my conductor) 'a reasonable quantity of new milk.' The beds in the dormitories were not too crowded, and were all neatly rolled up during the day, and the floors swept and well scoured. The mattresses are stuffed with oat-straw: each bed had one sheet, one double blanket, and a rug. The children are taught to read and write; but no instruction of any kind is, I believe, offered to adults. I requested that a few of the boys who had just entered the house, and a few of those who had been inmates more than six months, might be placed in juxta-position, so that I might judge of their relative appearance. The distinction was remarkably in favour of the latter. This may, however, be accounted for by the fact that nothing but the extremity of destitution and want will induce these poor creatures to enter the union-house. Though there was nothing peculiar to complain of in the arrangements, except indeed that one could have wished for a more varied and generous diet, yet it was on the whole a painful visit to me. Symptoms of dissatisfaction at their position were but too visible among some, and there was a desponding tone in several that I addressed which went to my heart. With the world before them—with one-half of their own country a mere uncultivated waste—it struck me as a strange anomaly to see so many fine specimens of the human stock living in unwilling idleness, and at the expense, too, of a suffering and impoverished community" (130-132).

The inhabitants of Ireland may be regarded as deriving their origin from at least four distinct sources—viz., the Celts, Milesians, Danes, and Anglo-Saxons. There is usually a perceptible difference between the descendants of the Danes and Saxons, to whom the appellation of Anglo-Irish is commonly given, and the rest of the natives. The Celts and Milesians unitedly form the more numerous division of Ireland's occupants. An Englishman visits Dublin or Ulster, and then returns home with the mistaken notion that he has had an opportunity for discerning the peculiarities of the Irish character. He might quite as well have explored Saint Giles's in London, or a few streets within the precincts of Glasgow. Unfortunately for Ireland, there are among those popularly regarded as Irishmen differences of origin and language as well as religion. The descendants of the Danes and Saxons are, in some respects, almost as dissimilar from those of the Celts and Milesians as a citizen of the United States is from an American Aboriginal. We will

accompany our author to the abode of a purely Irish farmer, who seems to have had more than a moiety of Milesian blood in his veins, and whose circumstances were more prosperous than those of many of his class:—

"This man, whose name was Sweeny, proved a good specimen of the Irish hill-farmer, and I was much interested during our stay in eliciting from him the particulars of his situation. No easy matter, by the bye, to elicit anything from these men which they wish to conceal: they have a power of evasion wonderfully amusing, too, if it were not sometimes provoking. They will steer their way on the narrow verge between truth and falsehood with singular facility and adroitness; and I have seen a friend of mine obliged sometimes to lift his stick and put on a fierce determined look before he could extract, even from sundry of his own tenants, a direct answer to the plainest question. The house of Mr. Terry Sweeny was a long low building, snugly enough thatched, with sundry small square windows. A door of unplaned fir hung upon posts of rude bog-oak by a single hinge, for the other was broken, and it was shut only at night-time. You first entered into a spacious room, with a chimney that was large enough below, but so small at the top as not to suffer one-half of the smoke to escape, which therefore curled in dusky wreaths along the rafters, making its escape through windows or doors, or any aperture communicating with the light of day. The floor was of the thick, uneven, coarse flagstone of the neighbourhood, with so many chinks and crevices as to defy the utmost power of an English housemaid, with her brush and pail or busy broom, to keep it decent. The room, however, had the advantage of being high overhead; and accordingly, across the girders that tied the rude thick walls together, was thrown an accumulation of every implement and every sort of stuff (I have no other word for it) useful to the worthy inmates, male or female, in time present or to come. Near the huge turf fire—and such turf, too, quite equal to Walsend or Hetton coals—matters were a trifle more tidy: for here in the recess was the 'calliough,' or bed for the master and mistress; but at the further end of the room was a general repository for live and dead stock of all sorts. Into this corner dust and dirt of all kinds were carefully swept, the inmates seeming to have no idea that it would have been just as easy to sweep such refuse out of doors. Upon the left side of the fire was a small low door, which opened, I suppose, into a dormitory, but I did not penetrate into its mysteries. Here, probably, the sleeping was managed in the true primitive mode known as 'sleeping in stradogue.' The floor is covered with fresh rushes, and the whole family lie down 'decently,' in a certain order, covered with their blankets. Terry Sweeny had a large family: the two elder boys were 'out on the mountain' (by which he meant the neighbouring bog) tending the cattle. Three girls with their mother were at home, as well as two fine little boys, with faces less smoke-dried than might have been expected. One of the daughters, about eighteen, assisted the mother in the hospitable preparations for dinner: the other two, squatting close

to the ground in that peculiar attitude so common in Ireland, particularly among the very young or very aged, silently gazed at us as if we were beings dropped down from another planet. The long dark hair and bright black eyes of these young females betokened Milesian origin; and I could not fail remarking the physical differences in form, complexion, and features, between the mixed race of the Western districts and the pure Celtic of the central and eastern counties. The elder sister was decidedly handsome: her dress, indeed, was scanty, but there was such an artlessness and blushing modesty about her, and something so deliberate and graceful in all her motions, that I could not help fancying her one of the dark-eyed maidens of Granada. Not one word of English could our hostess or her progeny speak; and, in truth, Sweeny himself jabbered so quick, and so ran his words into one another, that his English was almost Erse to me. The hospitable reception we met with in this lonely cabaret I shall not easily forget. There were, indeed, no delicacies—if we except a large dish of trout taken that morning in a river some miles distant by one of the 'boys,' and not contemptibly prepared by the fair hands of Kathleen: a large tray of 'praties,' boiled in their skins; and a wooden bowl full of boiled eggs, some of which from their size were undoubtedly the production of a fine flock of geese which were gabbling outside at that instant. The feast was prefaced by a glass of something, not disagreeable but very warming, from a huge black bottle just dug up out of the garden;* and after our repast was over the punch was brewed, there being an ample supply, to my great surprise, of white sugar. 'Is it the lemon you're looking at (said Sweeny to me)? Sure it's mighty handy when the gentlefolks pass, seeing there's no inn in these quarters, to have a good glass of punch to offer them; and what is punch without the lemon? So when I go to Newport, Pratt, or to Belmullet or to Ballina, I always bring one or two of the yellow craturs in my pocket.' After thus refreshing ourselves I was anxious to inspect the premises, and to inform myself as to the mode in which Mr. Terry Sweeny conducted his farm. Adjoining the house, and surrounded by a high wall of large irregular stones cemented and well splashed with lime, was the cattle-yard. A slanting roof from nearly the top of this wall in the interior formed a long range of sheds; but the thatch was so thin, and in many places so much out of repair, as to let in the rain when it fell at all heavily. The yard was empty, with the exception only of a few goats and the geese aforesaid, and some common looking poultry. The manure was scattered about and seemed to be little thought of. I was accompanied in this survey by the owner, Terry Sweeny, whom I should have described before as a dark, frieze-coated, hoarse man, who moreover was tall, and for his age extremely active. There was little to amuse or instruct in his arrangements; and, though lovely sites abounded in the neighbourhood, there was no beauty in the locality

* The natives think that the flavour of their favourite beverage is much improved by keeping it in the earth.

he had chosen; for his dwelling stood close upon a red bog, through which sluggishly flowed a stream strongly impregnated with iron. He had eight milch cows, twenty-six heifers, thirty sheep and lambs, and a large flock of goats—all of which are fed upon the wild hills around. The man seemed, however, to thrive in spite of himself. It was manifest that nature did everything for him, and that he never exerted himself beyond the supply of his immediate wants. His wife, a thin, intelligent-looking, delicate woman, seemed bowed down with anxiety and fatigue. They had all been down in the 'faver' (Sweeny said); but it pleased the Almighty not to afflict him till the others were recovered, so that they had a chance of being looked after. Though he lived many a long mile from his landlord, 'the blessing of God rest upon him,' yet he sent them all they wanted, and more too, over the mountains; and when the 'faver' was gone, and they were all left weak and sickly, my lady sent them the port wine and the jelly, and, soonly three died among them all, God rest their souls.' Much as it is the fashion to run down the landlords of Ireland, and to dilate upon their indifference to the sufferings of their poorer neighbours, I have heard of too many exceptions to allow this imputation to be made the rule. There is a great amount of social kindness, as well as hospitality, among high and low; but quiet benevolence is generally its own reward: it may be felt and appreciated by the objects, but it is too often unknown to the public; whereas rumour's brazen trumpet is sounded loud and clear wherever injury or injustice is inflicted" (191-195).

The author visited Achill, and bears very ample testimony to the great utility of the mission in that district. He is a witness by no means biassed in favour of such operations: he has no sympathy with the efforts that are being made for the spread of Protestantism in Ireland. We are surprised at this, not merely because he considers himself a Protestant, but especially because we should have supposed that his knowledge of Ireland would have convinced him that the Irish peasantry cannot be prosperous as long as they remain priest-ridden by MacHale and Co. Apropos to that turbulent personage. Our traveller had the good fortune at one of the doctor's official visitations to witness a motley procession that could not at the present time have been seen in any country but Ireland:—

"At a distance the scene was animated and picturesque. A number of persons, whether inhabitants or not I could not tell, followed the carriage or crowded round it, in which sat the doctor and his chaplains, I presume. Another carriage followed, containing priests also, as I was informed: then the cortege. At a distance all appeared gay—banners waved and hats were raised; but when the cavalcade passed, all the romance was gone. Achill contains six thousand inhabitants, but of these scarce a hundred were there. The appearance

too, of these people was wretched in the extreme; a few, certainly, rode horses, or rather ponies of the rough hill breed; but otherwise they had no air of substance about them. Most were on foot, keeping up as best they might; and the gay banners, when seen nearer, turned out to be ragged handkerchiefs of coloured cotton, or gaudy remnants of whilom clothing" (165).

The volume before us is more instructive than amusing. We think that few can attentively peruse its pages without coming to the conclusion that skilled British agriculturists possessing moderate capital, if contemplating emigration, are quite as likely to improve their circumstances by a removal to Ireland as by a tedious voyage to any of our Colonies.

ART. IV.—*The Jewish War of Flavius Josephus.* A New Translation by the late Rev. ROBERT TRAILL, D.D., M.R.I.A. Edited, with Notes, by ISAAC TAYLOR. With Pictorial Illustrations. Two Volumes. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1852.

THIS is the age of illustrations; and, as there is scarcely any work to be named better deserving copious illustration than the Jewish war of Josephus, so it would be difficult to point out any volumes which have been more ably and judiciously illustrated than the volumes now before us. The plates are not got up for the occasion by the help of former publications; but an able artist was sent out for the express purpose of making drawings of the various localities to which the history refers, and the engravings convince us that no unwarrantable liberties have been taken to produce striking artistic effects; but that we have in these illustrations what every reader of Josephus would most desire—namely, a faithful representation of the present aspect of those several places, rendered memorable as the scenes of some of the most remarkable events that have ever taken place in the course of the world's history—events which were predicted by our Lord and spoken of by him as unparalleled in the history of past times, and only to be exceeded in time to come by that last tribulation in which the present dispensation shall be concluded, and of which final destruction the destruction of Jerusalem was a type. Even the text of Josephus the English reader has only had in the rough and crabbed version of Whiston, and of collateral helps, none. Dr. Traill has had two objects in view—first, to present the history

itself in as correct and elegant a form as so important a work deserves; and, secondly, to vindicate the character of Josephus, which he thought had been unjustly impugned, by giving evidence of his truthfulness deduced from the various places he has described:—

"The general principle under the guidance of which this work is carried forward is that of employing all warrantable means, whether derived from the resources of ancient literature, from extant monuments, or from recent researches in Palestine, which tend to determine, in a conclusive manner, the *preliminary* question as to the historic value of the writings of the Jewish historian. Our part and duty is, if it can fairly be done, to establish—or shall we say to re-establish—our author's reputation as an authentic, a well-informed, and, on the whole, an exact writer; freely making such abatements from our estimate of his literary or personal reputation as may be called for; and after having done so—after having made good our footing on this ground—after having discarded what is ambiguous or what is liable to just suspicion, and ascertained what cannot be questioned—then to avail ourselves unreservedly, and in full force, of this mass of various evidence, applicable as it is to the highest and worthiest of all purposes—that of strengthening the faith of men in the historic certainty and the divine origin of the Bible" (Preface xii).

Dr. Traill maintains that Josephus was actuated by patriotic motives—that he was desirous of preserving what little remained of the Jewish polity and Mosaic institutions by the only means which he thought available—namely, an unconditional submission to the Romans; that he well knew the power of Rome, and regarded it as omnipotent, in comparison with that of other nations; and that he also saw the Jewish people to be weakened to the last degree—having no unity of purpose, but distracted and torn to pieces by contending factions—some political, some religious, and some having no higher aim than following a leader, who, for the sake of his own personal aggrandisement, humoured the prevailing inclination, however absurd it may be. Josephus regarded resistance to Rome as a specimen of folly amounting to madness; and he also desired to see some such strong hand interposed, to stay those contentions of rival factions which could only issue in anarchy and intestine dissolution, if they were left to themselves unchecked in their mad career:—

"Nothing could be more idle than our present labours if there were not abundant reason for regarding the evidence of Josephus, on the whole, as valid, and in most of its details as unquestionable. Thus regarded, these writings, as they are altogether unique among the remains of antiquity, and seem by themselves to bridge over the gulph separating profane from sacred literature, so are they justly

referred to by Christians as among the most important of those remains; and here the author's qualifications for the task of recording the judicial and predicted overthrow of the Jewish polity it may be well to notice. Let it be remembered, then, that none but a Jew could, with an understanding of the facts, have narrated the circumstances of that overthrow and of the desolation of the country. A Tacitus could not have told this story in its genuine terms. The supercilious Roman ignorance of the notions and usages of this despised people would have allowed him to see only the mere outline of the war. The triumph of the Roman arms he would, indeed, have well understood; but not at all the secret of the resistance which so long held the forces of the empire at bay. And how few *Jews* of that age, or of any other age, were there, accomplished as was Josephus, for composing a history which should live and attain a high place in the circle of Grecian literature! The writer needed for such a task must, indeed, be a Jew, and a man of accomplishments and intelligence; but had he also shone personally with the brighter recommendations of true greatness and of a high moral tone: then the very fact that he had been conversant with Christianity, and had conversed, as no doubt he did, with its first preachers, and yet had resisted its claims, would have tended to perplex our best convictions. And yet, on the other hand, had Josephus actually become a convert to the Gospel, then this history, although assuredly not in itself deteriorated by such a change, would have forfeited what now constitutes its especial value as conveying the evidence of an indifferent and an independent witness. As it is, and if we have conceived aright of his personal dispositions, and of the quality of his moral principles, his indifference towards Christianity, which he neither assails nor calumniates like a chief priest or a Pharisee, nor yet embraces, is precisely what we should expect" (18).

The questions which Dr. Traill undertakes to discuss, in confirmation of the favourable opinion he entertains of Josephus, are such as the following:—"Was Josephus actually familiar, as he declares himself to be, with the facts and with the places he speaks of? Were his habits, in a fair degree, those of an intelligent and accurate observer?—or, did he ordinarily take due care to report correctly what he was acquainted with?" The researches of modern travellers in the Holy Land, and especially about Jerusalem itself, have put us in a far better condition for answering these questions than Whiston or any former editor of Josephus could have done. Mr. Tipping, the artist employed for this work, has himself made considerable additions to our previous acquaintance with the recesses of the Temple of Solomon, by exploring other vaults beneath its foundations besides those which had been entered by Mr. Catherwood, and which had an entrance from the south corresponding in its style of architecture to the eastern

entrance, called the Golden Gate. This entrance on the south had escaped the notice of former travellers from being nearly blocked up by modern buildings. But a latticed window was observed; and by groping about among the bushes, and the signs made by a deaf and dumb boy, an opening in the wall was found leading to extensive vaults, in the architecture of which three periods were distinctly recognised: a very ancient style, which, by the size of the blocks and the cyclopean character of the masonry, may well be regarded as the very foundations of the original temple. Subsequent to this, additions have been made having the characteristics of Jewish architecture of the age of Herod, who made such great additions to the second temple; and further additions have been made of pilasters and arches which are Roman, and belong to the time of Constantine, or perhaps even to that of Justinian.

There is scarcely a place of any importance mentioned by Josephus which Mr. Tipping has not endeavoured to discover, and, where successful, has not given a true representation of its present appearance. So that we can for the most part trace the historian step by step; and, of the chief personages who figure on the scene, engravings of the best coins or medals are given, which fix their features on the memory and seem to give life and reality to the actions recorded of them.

Josephus was of the priestly stock, and on the mother's side descended from the Asmonæan or Maccabæan family. This ensured him a good education, and at sixteen he made himself acquainted with the several sects among the Jews, especially the three principal sects—the Pharisees, the Saducees, and the Essenes; and, after spending three years in the desert with one Banus who lived an ascetic life, subsisting on the spontaneous productions of the ground, Josephus joined himself to the Pharisees.

At the age of twenty-six Josephus undertook a journey to Rome on behalf of some priests of his acquaintance who had been put in irons, and sent to Rome by the procurator of Judæa on some frivolous pretext. He had a perilous voyage, and suffered shipwreck in which many lives were lost; but being picked up by another vessel he landed at Puteoli, and there formed an acquaintance with a comedian who was a particular favourite of Nero and a Jew by birth. Josephus was by him introduced to the Empress Poppæa, and so far ingratiated himself as to procure not only the liberation of the priests, but to receive many costly presents, with which he returned to Jerusalem.

On his arrival he found the people stirred up to a revolt

from the dominion of the Romans; and, having just returned from the metropolis of the world where he had the opportunity of witnessing the might and majesty of the Roman empire, Josephus did all in his power to dissuade the Jews from entering upon so unequal a contest, and only incurred their hatred and suspicion by these truly patriotic endeavours; so that he was obliged to take refuge in the temple from the violence of those who represented him to be a friend of the Romans, and therefore an enemy of his country. And when, shortly after, Gessius, the Roman General, was defeated, the exultation of the insurgents knew no bounds: they looked upon the country as already emancipated, and almost the whole population took up arms, assured that the time was come for asserting and maintaining their independence, and regarding it as treason to think otherwise.

This was virtually the beginning of the Jewish war which brought about the destruction of Jerusalem; although, in consequence of more pressing emergencies in other quarters, the Romans did not send forces sufficient to put down the insurrection at the beginning; and this encouraged the Jews in the false expectation of liberating their country from every foreign yoke. But they had lived so long under the Roman dominion that many were averse to any change; and the most zealous champions of independence contended for it on various grounds —some political, some religious, some in mere fanaticism of the wildest kind—and nearly all the leaders of these various factions were actuated by no true patriotism—used no sincere endeavours to promote the public good—but took advantage of the enthusiasm of an ignorant populace to further their own selfish ends, which were at best personal aggrandisement, and often the baser objects of avarice or revenge. Gallilee was very much distracted by these contending factions; and Josephus, with two others, was sent by the Sanhedrim to compose these disturbances; and he afterwards became governor of the province for the Sanhedrim, and was in this capacity hated and plotted against by the heads of the rival factions; he had many narrow escapes of assassination, and was also brought into collision with the Romans.

On all these occasions Josephus, by his prudence and moderation in government and by his valour in war, seems to have obtained the good opinion of the Gallileans and the respect of the Romans. It was while the forces of the Romans were weak and scattered that this state of things continued: for, as soon as Vespasian arrived from Antioch and Titus from Achaia with their well disciplined legions, Josephus perceived

that it was utterly hopeless to contend against such a force with undisciplined troops and leaders who were neither skilful in war, nor wise and united in counsel.

"For he saw the downward tendency of Jewish affairs, and knew that but one means remained—a total change of purpose. Yet, though personally he expected pardon from the Romans, he would, notwithstanding, have suffered a thousand deaths rather than betray his country; and, by dishonouring the command entrusted to him, live in prosperity among those against whom he had been commissioned to take the field. He determined, therefore, to write to the party in power at Jerusalem an accurate statement of the posture of affairs; so as that he might neither, by exaggerating the strength of the enemy, be in the sequel upbraided with timidity; nor, by underrating it, inspire them with confidence, when perhaps inclined to repent: in order that, should they choose to enter into terms, they might return him an answer to that effect without delay; or, resolving on hostilities, send him a force able to cope with the Romans" (11-17.)

Having dispatched this letter, Josephus awaited an answer in a town which he had strongly fortified, named Jotapata; and, Vespasian being informed of this by a deserter, at once invested the place, hoping by the capture of Josephus to put an end to the war. Jotapata, however, held out forty-seven days; and was at length taken in a night assault, when the sentinels, overcome by fatigue, had fallen asleep. The Romans, irritated by the resistance they had met with, slew indiscriminately all they found in the town; and it is computed that forty thousand perished in the siege and in the assault, and Vespasian ordered the town to be rased and burned all its forts. There were many vaults and caverns in the rocks on which the town was built, and in one of these Josephus, with forty men of distinction, concealed themselves for two days; but, their place of concealment being divulged by a woman of their party, Vespasian dispatched two tribunes, and afterwards a third who was known to Josephus, to persuade them to surrender. Josephus was inclined to do so, which the others perceiving were about to kill him and then themselves; when he proposed that they should draw lots by which to determine who should first be slain by the others, and Josephus and one other being all that were left alive, he persuaded his companion to submit to the Romans. Vespasian at first intended to send his illustrious captive without delay to Nero:—

"On hearing this Josephus intimated that he wished to speak in private to him; and Vespasian having removed all except his son Titus, and two of his friends, Josephus addressed him in these words: —'You think, Vespasian, that you have possessed yourself merely

of a captive in Josephus; but I come to you as a messenger of greater things. Had I not received a commission from God, I knew the law of the Jews, and how it becomes a General to die. Do you send me to Nero? Wherefore? Are there any remaining to succeed Nero previous to your own accession? You, Vespasian, are Cæsar and Emperor—you, and this your son. Bind me, then, the more securely, and keep me for yourself; for you, Cæsar, are master not only of me but of sea and land, and of the whole human race. And I deserve the punishment of stricter ward, if I talk lightly, especially in a matter pertaining to God.'

"This declaration of Josephus, Vespasian was at first little inclined to credit, supposing it an ingenious artifice to save his life. Gradually, however, he was led to believe it, God having already raised him to power, and by other signs foreshowing the sceptre. He had, however, a farther proof of the veracity of Josephus; for one of those friends who were present at the private interview, having expressed his 'surprise that he should have been unable to predict either the reduction of Jotapata or his own captivity, if this were not a weak attempt to avert the resentment excited against him,' Josephus replied, that 'he had likewise, to the people of Jotapata, foretold that the city would be captured on the forty-seventh day, and himself taken alive by the Romans.'

"Vespasian, having privately enquired from the prisoners respecting these statements and found them true, began to credit those respecting himself. He relaxed, however, neither the custody nor chains of Josephus though he presented him with raiment and other articles, and continued to treat him with kindness and attention, Titus contributing much to these respectful courtesies" (ii. 38.)

From many similar statements, both before and after this time, it is evident that Josephus regarded himself as a kind of prophet or seer. To his dreams he attached great importance, and often regulated his conduct by such kind of admonitions. We see no reason to question his veracity on this account, for a belief in these omens was characteristic of the age and nation to which he belonged; and we can also give credit to the assertion that Vespasian and Titus regarded him as endowed with such prescience as the Sibylls.

Shortly after the captivity of Josephus the Emperor Nero came to a violent death; and Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, followed in quick succession, the sum of their reigns amounting only to the short period of eighteen months. Before the last of these three emperors was slain, Vespasian felt indignant at this disgraceful state of things, and in being subject to men unworthy of the lowest exercise of authority; and his soldiers, who thought their own General far better qualified to rule the world than Vitellius, saluted Vespasian as emperor—a choice which was immediately acquiesced in by all the Roman gover-

nors of the eastern provinces, as well as by Egypt and Africa, on which countries Rome principally depended for its supplies of corn. Vespasian did not immediately proceed to Italy, but sent one of his officers with a body of men from Antioch through Asia Minor, on whose arrival in Rome the people slew Vitellius, and Vespasian remained undisputed master of the empire:—

"Vespasian was now led to think that he had not been advanced to the government without divine interposition, and that some just destiny was bringing round to him the control of the empire. He recalled to mind various prognostics—many having occurred to him in every quarter foreshowing the empire—and among them the expressions of Josephus, who had ventured even in the life time of Nero to address him as emperor. He was much concerned that the man should be still be a prisoner in his hands; and calling for Mucianus, together with his other officers and friends, he first of all reminded them of his gallantry, and how much trouble he had caused him at Jotapata. He then recurred to his predictions, which at the moment he had suspected to be the fabrications of fear; but which time and the event had proved to be divine. 'It is disgraceful, therefore (he said), that the man who foretold my elevation to the empire, and who was a minister of the voice of God, should still be in the condition of a captive and endure a prisoner's fate;' and, having called for Josephus, he ordered him to be liberated.....Titus, who was present during this scene, remarked to his father that 'justice required that, with the fetters, the reproach should also be removed from Josephus; for if, instead of loosing, we cut his chain, he will be as one who has never been bound at all.' This is done in the case of those who have been unjustly thrown into irons. Vespasian approving, one came forward and with an axe severed the chain. Josephus, having received his freedom as a recompense for what he had foretold, was now deemed deserving of credit as to future events" (ii. 105).

It is necessary to bear all these things in mind if we would form a just estimate of the character of Josephus, and in order to repose confidence in the things which he reports as an eye-witness of the siege of Jerusalem. First, as to his patriotism, it is evident that he exerted himself heartily and wisely for the good of his country. He strove to the utmost to reconcile such as were honest among the contending factions, and to defeat the projects of those who were seeking power for base or selfish ends; and he also fought bravely against the Romans until the time that he was taken prisoner. A man's opinions are often wholly formed, and invariably greatly modified, by his own personal history; and, when Josephus was himself a captive, he may be deemed excusable for despairing of the for-

tunes of his country. His visit to Rome also had taught him to appreciate justly the great power of the Roman empire, and that it was the extreme of folly to expect that a small province like Judæa could stand against Rome in arms.

The character of the age must also be taken into the account in forming our estimate of Josephus. It was an age in which prodigies were looked for, and in which frequent preternatural and portentous appearances are recorded. The Zealots, who encouraged the Jews to take up arms against the Romans, appealed to the superstition of the people and taught them to expect miraculous interposition for their deliverance; while Josephus interpreted the prodigies which occurred as so many indications that the time of the end was come. "Thus it was the impostors and pretended messengers of heaven at that time beguiled the wretched people; while the manifest portents that foreshadowed the approching desolation they neither heeded not credited, but, as if confounded and bereft alike of eyes and mind, they disregarded the immediate warnings of God" (ii. 196).

For estimating the character of Josephus it is not of any importance to determine whether these portents occurred and had the significance imputed to them. It is sufficient that Josephus believed them to be true, and that he so understood them. He thought that the end of the Jewish polity was come, and wished to save the people by inducing them to yield to their fate and submit to the Romans. And Titus, who looked upon him as entitled to have the greatest weight with his countrymen on these accounts, often employed him to harangue them and expostulate with them from the desire he felt to preserve the city and the temple.

Josephus relates that a comet, in shape like a sword, stood over Jerusalem for a whole year—that a bright light shone round about the sanctuary and the altar—that the eastern gate of the temple opened of its own accord—that voices were heard by the priests in the temple, saying, "We are departing hence;" and that, four years before the war broke out, a rustic of humble parentage came up to the feast of tabernacles and began to cry aloud, "Woe! woe! to Jerusalem," which cry he continued to utter incessantly till he was slain in the siege by a stone from one of the engines; and he also remarks that the temple was now to be destroyed on the selfsame day on which Solomon's temple had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. "That edifice God had, indeed, long since destined to the flames; but now in revolving years had arrived the fated day, the tenth of the month Loüs, the very day on

which the former temple had been burned by the King of Babylon" (ii. 192).

It would be rash to reject these alleged facts, and question the veracity of Josephus on the ground that such occurrences are unusual, and therefore incredible. For our Lord declared beforehand that the destruction of the temple should be preceded by portents from heaven, as well as wars and commotions upon earth:—"Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences, *and fearful sights; and great signs shall there be from heaven*" (Luke xxi. 11). These prodigies, too, were in keeping with the moral enormities exhibited in the contending factions within the walls of Jerusalem, whose phrenzied excesses rendered the siege of Jerusalem horrible beyond any other calamity of the same kind recorded in the history of the world.

Before the Romans collected their forces around Jerusalem, they subdued all the strong places in Gallilee, Samaria, and Judæa; and many of the most desperate characters contrived to escape and found refuge in Jerusalem. Many also of the brigands who had infested the open country were driven into the city as the Romans approached. One of these, John the son of Levi, who had escaped from Gischala, a town of Gallilee, when it was taken by the Romans, contrived to place himself at the head of the Zealot faction. This he accomplished by pretending to take the part of the chief priests who were opposed to the Zealots, and then betraying their counsels to the Zealots, and destroying Ananus who was the head of the chief priest party. The Zealots, joined by the brigands, then took possession of the temple, and filled its enclosures with rapine and blood. They even had invited a large body of Idumæans, and introduced them into the city and temple, who, not having any national or religious feelings to restrain them, dealt with the inhabitants of Jerusalem as though it were a city which they had taken by storm.

The Roman officers, hearing of this state of things, were anxious to march at once against Jerusalem. But Vespasian pointed out to them that, if they immediately attacked the city, it would have the effect of re-uniting their opponents, so as to turn their whole strength against their assailants; whereas, by waiting for a time, they would have fewer to contend with, as many would perish in the sedition. God was a better General than he, and was delivering up the Jews to the Romans without any exertion on their part, and granting the army a victory without peril. While, therefore, their adversaries were

perishing by their own hands, and labouring under the greatest of evils—Sedition—they should rather remain quiet spectators of their peril than combat with men who courted death and were infuriated against each other:—

"Many deserted daily to escape the Zealots, though flight was difficult; for all the outlets were guarded, and every one caught escaping, on whatever pretext, was instantly put to death, as though he were going over to the Romans.....To such an excess of cruelty did the Zealots at length proceed as to grant burial neither to those slain within the city nor on the roads; but, as if they had entered into a compact to dissolve together with the laws of their country the rights of nature, and to combine their injustice towards men with pollution of the Deity himself, they left the dead putrifying in the sun.

"To those who interred a relative, as well as to deserters, the punishment was death; and he who gave burial to another stood instantly in need of it himself.....And so dreadful was the terror that prevailed that the survivor deemed them blessed who had already perished and were consequently at rest; while those under torture in the prisons pronounced the unburied happy in comparison with themselves. Every human ordinance was trampled under foot—every divine injunction laughed at—and they scoffed at the oracles of the prophets as the fables of mountebanks. And yet did these in their predictions speak much of virtue and of vice, by contravening which the Zealots brought down on their country the fulfilment of their prophetic denunciations. For there was an ancient tradition among men that 'then would the city be taken, and the sanctuary burned to the ground by right of war, when a sedition should burst forth, in which native hands should defile God's hallowed precincts'" (ii. 86).

But, as if two hostile factions were not enough to complete the misery within this devoted city, a third was shortly afterwards introduced, headed by Simon of Masada, the captain of a band of robbers. The Zealots had heard that this Simon was preparing to attack Jerusalem; and thinking it best to anticipate him in this, before he was too strong, they sent out their main body of men to encounter him. Simon met them, slew great numbers, and drove the remainder into the city; but, not being strong enough to assault so strong a place as Jerusalem, he made a successful incursion on Idumea, and then returned to the very gates of Jerusalem. John and his adherents, in the meanwhile, had become more and more abominable by their outraging all decency in addition to their tyranny and rapacity; and thus, both within and without, all was despondency and horror. "Those who were flying from John fell in with Simon, the more sanguinary of the two; and he who had escaped the tyrant inside the walls was slain by the other before the gates."

At length the tyranny of John became intolerable, and even the army rose in insurrection against him; and the Idumæan portion of it, detaching themselves from the rest, made an attack upon John, and forced him to take refuge in the temple. Many Zealots gathered to him there; and the chief priests, fearing that these desperate men might sally forth by night from the temple and fire the city, resolved on the hazardous expedient of inviting the ferocious Simon to enter and take Jerusalem under his protection:—

"But God turned their councils into evil, and they devised for their safety a remedy more grievous than destruction. Accordingly, to work the overthrow of John, they determined to admit Simon; and, with entreaties for his compliance, to introduce over themselves a second tyrant. Their resolution was carried into effect, and the high priest Matthias was deputed to implore Simon, whom they had so much dreaded, to enter the city. In this request, those of Jerusalem who had fled from the Zealots united, yearning after their homes and property. Haughtily consenting to be their master, he made his entry as one who was to rescue the city from the Zealots, greeted with acclamations by the people as their saviour and guardian. But as soon as he had entered with his force, his sole care was to secure his own authority; and he considered those who had invited him not less his enemies than the faction against whom his aid had been solicited" (ii. 101).

Their calling this bandit "their saviour and guardian" serves to carry the mind back to the real cause of all the calamities which were coming upon the Jewish people in their rejection of the true Saviour, and crying out, "Not this man, but Barabbas;" for Simon, like Barabbas, "was a robber." It was in the third year of the war that Simon thus became master of Jerusalem; and thenceforward a sharp conflict was maintained between the partizans of John and the Zealots who kept possession of the temple, and the partizans of Simon who occupied the city—the Zealots, though fewer in number, having the advantage of a stronger position and planting engines on the walls and in the towers, and thus killing great numbers of their assailants.

And now, to fill up the cup of intestine woe, and by weakening Jerusalem to prepare the way for its capture by the Romans, a third faction sprung up within the city. For Eleazar, who had been a leader of the Zealots before John came amongst them, and who could ill brook submission to his tyranny and also felt indignant at his atrocities, joining with three other men of influence of the Zealot party, seized on the inner court of the temple, and, ranging their arms over the gates of the sanctuary, bade defiance to John and to Simon. The rage of

John now knew no bounds, and he launched his engines as freely against the temple as against those who assailed him from without: clouds of missiles were discharged on both sides and the temple was everywhere defiled with blood.

"John, whenever he found himself attacked by both parties, faced his men in opposite directions, on the one hand assailing from the colonnades those who were coming up from the town, and on the other repelling with his engines those who poured their missiles from the temple; but if at any time relieved from the enemy who pressed on him from above—and inebriation and fatigue frequently induced a cessation on their part—he would sally forth the more fearlessly, and in greater force, against Simon and his adherents. But invariably, however far into the city he drove the enemy before him, throughout that whole extent he set fire to the storehouses which were filled with corn and provisions of every kind; and the same again, on John's retreat, Simon did when pursuing him, as if designedly serving the Romans by destroying what the city had provided against a siege and severing the sinews of their own strength. The result accordingly was that all around the temple was burned down, and the city became the alternate seat of solitude and battle; and that almost the whole of the corn, which might have sufficed the besieged for many years, was consumed. They were, accordingly, reduced by famine, which would hardly have been possible had they not previously prepared it for themselves.

"The city being now on all sides harassed by the conspirators and the concourse of adventurers, the people between them, like some huge carcass, were torn in pieces. Aged men and women, distracted by intestine ills, were praying for the arrival of the Romans, and anxiously looking forwards to the external war for delivery from domestic miseries. Dreadful consternation and alarm had seized the native inhabitants. There was no opportunity for planning a change of measures, nor hope of accommodation or escape to those who desired them; for there was a general system of surveillance carried on; and the brigand chiefs, disagreeing in everything else, put to death as common enemies all who were disposed for peace with the Romans or were suspected of an intention to desert.....Incessant was the clamour of the combatants both by day and by night; but more affecting were the ceaseless complaints of the mourners.....No respect was any longer paid to the living by their relations—no sepulture provided for the dead—the cause in either case being personal despair" (ii. 116).

While things were in this state, Titus collected his forces and laid siege to Jerusalem. John, too, by disguising some of his men, who carried weapons concealed under their garments and passed undiscovered into the temple, through this stratagem expelled Eleazar and the Zealots and obtained sole possession of this stronghold; and the common danger to which

both John and Simon were now exposed from the Romans induced them to suspend their mutual animosities, and unite their efforts for the defence of Jerusalem which had become closely invested on every side; and now they began to feel all the horrors of that famine which they themselves had been so madly instrumental in producing, and which has rendered the siege of Jerusalem, not only a literal fulfilment of the words of prophecy spoken of old, but a tale of wonder and of warning to all succeeding generations, as evincing the judicial blindness of those who have rejected the offers of salvation and whom God has therefore abandoned. "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, and he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee: so that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children whom he shall leave: so that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children, whom he shall eat; because he hath nothing left him in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates. The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter, and towards her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and towards her children which she shall bear; for she shall eat them, for want of all things, secretly, in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates" (Deut. xxviii. 57).

This prophecy was literally fulfilled, as Josephus relates at length (ii. 189); and with no less minuteness were the words of our Lord fulfilled when weeping over the city he said—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes; for the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another: because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation" (Luke xix. 44).

It is this exact fulfilment of the prophecies, both of the Old Testament and of the New, in the destruction of Jerusalem,

that gives such peculiar value and interest to the narrative of Josephus; for it is a striking instance both of the foreknowledge and of the superintending providence of God; and it required that the historian should be precisely such a person as Josephus was to tell the story fully and truly that we might derive from it all the important lessons which it ought to impart. The narrator was a Jew, and had been entrusted with the government of the province of Gallilee by the Sanhedrim: he had therefore a perfect knowledge of the designs and counsels of the wiser and better part of the nation, and was also cognizant of all the wild, fanatical, and insane plottings of the Zealots and other factions which divided the people, by which the counsels of the wise had always been resisted, and at length rendered nugatory, so as to involve all parties in one common destruction. Josephus has furnished us with an intelligible account of these contending factions, of which we could not otherwise form any adequate conception. But the narrator was also a captive to the Romans, and was even received into the confidence of Vespasian and Titus without being expected to abandon his faith as a Jew, still less to fight against his country. On the contrary, he was treated with marked kindness, and was used by the Romans to plead with his infatuated countrymen, telling them that by a timely submission they would receive like generous treatment.

The occasional instances of credulity, or even of inaccuracy as to facts which did not come under his own notice, do not detract from the value of his testimony as to those things of which he had personal cognizance: they only show that he was imbued with the spirit of his age, and related in simplicity that which was generally believed at the time. His testimony as to the main facts which took place at this important epoch is unquestionable, and the more it is sifted the stronger it will appear. He does equal justice to the bravery of the Jews as to that of the Romans; and shows how it was that, in consequence of this determined and unusual resistance, the sufferings of the besieged were so greatly aggravated, and the Roman soldiers were provoked to a degree of fury which Titus was unable to restrain. He would have saved the temple, and even the city also, but the soldiers in their rage consumed them; and the Jews, fanatically expecting divine interposition, when they were breaking all the commandments of God and were suffering the very curses denounced in Deuteronomy against a rebellious people, yet still expected the hand of God to be stretched out for their deliverance; and, when nothing remained but the temple itself, assembled in crowds on the roofs believing that

God would still interpose and destroy the Romans, as he had once destroyed Pharaoh and the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

The history of Josephus begins where the Old Testament history ends, and fills up the chasm which would otherwise have been left; and during this interval the Jews were in a transition state, and the way was preparing for the breaking down of the wall of separation between Jew and Gentile, and for diffusing throughout the whole world that light of the knowledge of the glory of God which in the past ages had been limited to one nation alone and locked up in the Hebrew language—a language understood by scarcely more than five or six millions of the human race. The whole time of the Grecian monarchy, from Alexander to Perseus, may in fact be called a time of transition, for it was owing to the victories of Alexander that Greek became the universal language, and it was one his successors that gave orders for the translation of the Old Testament into Greek; which version was that in common use in the Church until it was superseded by the Latin Vulgate of Jerome. And although the Roman monarchy virtually supplanted that of Greece, when Perseus the last King of Macedon was conquered B.C. 168, yet Greek continued to be the language of literature throughout the East; and was so even in Rome itself until the writers of the Augustan age had rendered Latin sufficiently copious, exact, and polished, to bear some degree of comparison with Greek.

Jonathan Maccabeus, B.C. 160, was the first of the Jewish rulers who sought an alliance with the Romans, and by so doing thought to strengthen himself against the Syrian and Egyptian successors of Alexander, while he was in fact preparing the way of the fourth and last of the monarchies of Daniel by inviting the interference of the Romans in the affairs of the East. And twenty-seven years after this, B.C. 133, Attalus, King of Pergamos, left his dominions to the Roman people; and this gave them a permanent footing in the East and obliged them to arbitrate between Syria and Judæa, and furnishes the true Biblical commencement of the fourth monarchy.

Thus, this transition period of the dealings of God with the Jews, and through them with the Church and the world, is marked by three principal epochs—viz., the Septuagint translation, B.C. 277; Jonathan's league with the Romans, B.C. 160; and the Roman occupation of Pergamos, B.C. 133. The effects of this soon began to make themselves manifest in the wars they became involved in with Mithridates, King of Pontus, and Tigranes, King of Armenia; and, while Pompey was engaged in these wars a quarrel arose between Hyrcanus and Aristobulus

—the former of whom invited Pompey to replace him upon the throne of the Maccabees, which had been usurped by his younger brother Aristobulus, and this occasioned the subjugation of Judæa to Rome:—

"It is not with the exploits or personal history of the Triumvir that we have now to do; but solely with the relation in which he stands to the fate of the Jewish polity and nation at that time. This point of relationship is, indeed, a very peculiar one: we might say, scarcely less so than that which connected the Jews with Titus. Moreover, several circumstances of analogy offer themselves to notice when the events attending the conduct of the two Roman Generals in these instances are compared. A period of one hundred and thirty-two years intervened betwoen the taking of Jerusalem by Pompey and its utter destruction by Titus. This course of time was that during which the Jewish people as a nation—located on their own soil—were the tributaries of the Roman empire, and were in the most unequivocal sense dependent upon the pleasure of foreign authorities for their security and internal order, as well as for the large measure of indulgence under shelter of which they were permitted to adhere to their religious usages and institutions, and were enabled to maintain the public worship in its wonted splendour. During this period, in the mid portion of which the Jewish people were to make over to and to diffuse among all families of mankind the great truths of which they had so long been the depositaries, they were placed under the guardianship of the only power then competent to protect them as a nation among the nations; and at the same time enlightened enough to allow them so much indulgence as was indispensable to their integrity as a religious community. It was the Roman Triumvir who brought them under this needful tutelage; but at length, and when the purposes for the sake of which it had been needful had been fully accomplished—when the Jewish polity, as centering in Jerusalem, had quite finished its destined work—then it was the Roman Emperor who broke it up, and thus put an end effectively to a dispensation adapted to the limitations of place and time" (Vol I., Notes xxxiii.)

Pompey manifested a singular forbearance in not plundering the temple of its treasures, and contenting himself with bringing the nation under the yoke of Rome; and Titus would have shown a like forbearance if the Jews would have allowed him to do so. But the madness of the Jews frustrated his intentions; and all we can say is, that in the judicial blindness to which they were abandoned, when the time for the destruction of Jerusalem was come, the Gentiles may recognise the hand of God stretched out in mercy towards them in a manner as signal as if the carnal expectations of the Jews had been fulfilled. "Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God, on them which fell severity; but toward thee goodness, if thou

continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off" (Rom. xi. 22).

And not only upon Jerusalem, the metropolis, but on numerous cities and towns, of which Palestine once was full, has this destruction fallen; and even the land itself, now given over to desolation, presents unmistakeable evidence of having once been like "the garden of the Lord." Many of the antiquities of Palestine are ruins of ruins—that is, the ruins we now find are of buildings constructed out of the ruins of former palaces, the costly materials of which have been worked up into common walls. The ruins of Cæsarea, for instance, once the glory of Palestine—now the haunt of jackalls and wild boars—consist of fragments of thick walls formed of columns of granite, porphyry, and marble, laid horizontally across the walls. "Through centuries of revolution the Turk, the Norman, the Saracen, the Byzantine Greek, the Roman, the Macedonian, has each, in his time, overthrown the structures of his predecessor and then has employed his materials; and thus it is that what we have usually to expound, as best we may, is a sort of chronological enigma. In various instances, what is now a mosque—itself perhaps hastening to its fall—was once a Christian church; and that church had been made to rest upon the foundations, and was constructed with the materials, of a palace or fortress of the Roman or even of the Macedonian period."

This is pre-eminently the case with the most interesting of all localities—not only of Judæa, not only of Jerusalem, but the most interesting spot on the face of the whole earth; for Turkish mosques now stand within that enclosure where the temple of Solomon once stood, and in the place which God had chosen out of all the earth to put his name there and to hallow by his visible presence. And, notwithstanding the destruction of that temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and the destruction of the second temple by the Romans under Titus, recent investigations have rendered it exceedingly probable that the foundations of Solomon's temple may still be discerned, and distinguished from the following temple built under the direction of Ezra and Nehemiah, as well as from the subsequent buildings of Herod the Great. It is only within the last few years that a fact of such importance as the viaduct from the temple to Zion has been fixed in its true place by discovering the spring-stones of an arch imbedded in the foundation wall; and, still later, the stealthy visits to the vaults beneath the Harem have only served to whet our curiosity to have them thoroughly explored.

"It must be obvious that, if anywhere within the precincts of the

ancient city, we may hope to meet with indubitable and undisturbed remains of those structures which were the boast of the bright era of Israelitish history and the admiration of the ancient world, it must be in those deep recesses of the modern Jerusalem which the very devastations it has so often suffered have served to entomb and conserve. It is also, and the fact is full of significance, over these long-concealed remains that, so far as they might otherwise have been accessible, the stern jealousy of Moslem fanaticism has kept guard through a long course of ages. This watchful exclusion of Frank and Infidel curiosity, eluded at length, has had the effect, no doubt, of preserving in its actual condition, from age to age, what might and from various causes must otherwise have sustained injury. The Nether Jerusalem, thus far laid open, will, at the first moment when political changes shall render such explorations possible, invite the eager and intelligent curiosity of Western Christendom; nor can it now be thought improbable that many well conserved and unquestionable relics of the earliest times treasured within deep chambers and passages shall come to light, bringing with them elucidations and confirmations of sacred history the most unlooked-for as well as momentous" (Notes, xix).

Perhaps the most frequent drawback to such expectations as these is to be found in that scepticism concerning the ancient grandeur of Jerusalem which is produced by a contemplation of the present desolation, not only of the cities, but of the whole land of Palestine. Men ask themselves how it is possible to conceive that a land so contracted, and at present so thinly inhabited, could have supported such multitudes as we read of, and as would be necessary for the erection of such magnificent buildings. But it should be remembered that the remains of such buildings actually exist, and are often found in the midst of scenery which at present seems abandoned to hopeless sterility. And the believer in the Bible will also remember that God threatened to withdraw his blessing from the land if ever the children of Israel withdrew their allegiance from him and ceased to keep his law and obey his ordinances. The following passage, though long, so fully meets this difficulty that we must quote it entire:—

"Very glowing descriptions of the scenery about this lake (Gennesareth) may be found in the pages of modern travellers; but those whose tone is the most sober, and whose habits of description are exact and conscientious, use a very different style in this as in other instances. The expanse of water is not itself such as to impart to the landscape a character of grandeur: the surrounding hills are of moderate elevation, and their outline, for the most part, is rather tame than abrupt. Nor do any rich forest masses give depth and softness to the effect, or serve to diversify the colouring. Shrubs, such as those which are seen to have crept upon the ruins before us—(the remains of an amphitheatre)—are the best decorations of the landscape

Desolation, depopulation, neglect, are the characteristics of the scene as it now appears; and these, while they shed a gloom upon the traveller's spirits and enhance his disappointment, lead him naturally to contrast the present condition of this region with what it must once have been.

"Reflections such as these, whether occurring to the traveller on the spot or to the reader at home, bring under consideration two distinct and yet inseparable enquiries; or, we may say, one subject, and a subject far from unimportant in relation to Bible history, while it stands closely connected with the reputation of Josephus, as a trustworthy historian, in a multitude of instances wherein his testimony has been impeached. A word, therefore, on this subject, offering itself as it here does to our notice, may be proper.

"The wealth or public resources of these regions, and their alleged populousness, have often been brought into controversy or have furnished ground for scepticism. Scripture history, as well in its earlier as in its later eras, supposes the fact of a populousness, existing within the Israelitish territory and around it, such as neither the aspect of the country nor its known condition now, during a long course of centuries, seems to render easily credible, or to be accounted for on any statistic or physical principles. But then the incidental statements of several ancient writers, as well as the evidence afforded by Josephus, fully support that belief which a due deference to the Bible demands. Josephus, in places too numerous to cite, speaks of very high numbers drawn up in battle array or congregated in popular assemblages, or as perishing in civil feuds or insurrections; and yet as if not missed from their places in the nation's muster-roll!—numbers to which no modern country could furnish a parallel, unless it be where a vast commerce and its attendant manufactures have drawn men together by millions and have made them depend upon distant supplies of food.

"Do we, then, misread our documents; or have we, in some unexplained manner, misunderstood the laws of the social system among ancient nations, as well as the physical powers of the vegetable and animal world at the time? Now it is natural, amid such perplexities, to ask whether existing monuments tend to confirm, or whether they must be held to invalidate, the historic evidence bearing upon the question. Until of late, we mean the present century, no such amount of information touching these monuments of antiquity had been brought in, or had been presented to the world, as would have materially affected the reply that should be given to this question. But at the present time all reasonable ground of scepticism, if such there had ever been, is removed by our better knowledge of these countries—not, let it be observed, by means of conjectural calculations of what the soil, in the age of its unspent powers, might possibly do; but by palpable proofs of the former existence of a populousness far surpassing what any such calculations might seem to warrant. What, then, are these proofs? They are of more than one kind; for there is, *first*, the simpler sort of evidence furnished—(and especially in the country east of the Jordan)—by the remains of habita-

tions constituting apparently towns of small extent and villages; yet at intervals so small as to astound those who compare them with the best peopled agricultural districts of modern Europe. There is, *next*, the frequency and the vastness of those ruins which indicate the sites of great cities: these remains, thickset as they are (the narrow limits of the country considered), are of a kind that indicates not merely a high degree of refinement among the people but a boundless command of labour—in other words, national wealth—affording to rulers an inexhaustible surplus available, notwithstanding the constant drainage of war and the exactions of a foreign domination, for the indulgence of the most inordinate architectural ambition.

"Even if it could be supposed that some of these temples and palaces had been reared in solitudes, merely to glut the eyes and to feed the pride of haughty monarchs, yet must the labour and the cost, the bread of the thousands whose hands reared them, have come from a soil not far remote from these sites: the wealth was there and the people must have been there. Or if we were to look at the question from another point of view, the inference will be not less certain. *In* passing over districts where now the Bedoween prowl and starve, watching the rare opportunity of plunder and murder, the traveller finds again and again, as in the instance now before us, the Greek theatre—the theatre of ample dimensions! Two such remains are reported as existing within the walls of the ancient Gadara. These costly buildings, adapted to the reception and entertainment of many thousand spectators, were, as is well known, the means by aid of which monarchs like Herod, tyrant benefactors, swayed the million, beguiled popular resentments, and lulled the spirit of resistance: these theatres were, in fact, the strong-holds of despotism, serving to quell the people, not in a direct mode by means of their fears, but insidiously by their voluptuousness and their frivolity.

"And yet, undoubtedly, it would not be in the heart of any thinly peopled district or in the midst of inconsiderable cities, it would be only in the centre of a vast population that a despot's motive for such erections, entailing as they did a heavy and perpetual cost, could be of efficient force. The amazement, therefore, and it is a reasonable amazement which is excited, when in the lone places of these now sterile regions we encounter the remains of theatres ample in their circuit, gives way upon reflection to an important inference as to what must have been the condition of the country at the time when they were constructed; and this inference is quite in harmony with the entire body of historic evidence bearing upon that former condition of these regions. It is in this manner that we would bring forward pictorial illustrations at once to elucidate and to sustain the testimony of the historian. Such a use of these materials, even if it might be questionable in single instances, seems fully warranted when the instances are numerous—when they are drawn from independent sources—when they are of very different kinds, and when they all tend to sustain the same general conclusion as to the authenticity of the writings with which we have to do" (Notes, xxxix).

Josephus relates that ninety-seven thousand prisoners were

taken by the Romans during the course of this Jewish war; and he states the numbers who perished at the siege of Jerusalem, from its commencement till its close, as amounting to eleven hundred thousand. But he also says that vast numbers of these were not natives of the place, or the regular inhabitants of Jerusalem; for multitudes had come up from the country to the feast of unleavened bread, when they were all at once hemmed in by the Romans, and a horrible famine ensued. This fell first on the strangers and on the poorer classes; so that a deserter, named Mannæus, declared to Titus that from the fourteenth of the month Xanthicus, when the Romans encamped under the walls, until the new moon of Panemus, there were carried through *one gate* of Jerusalem, of which he had charge, one hundred and fifteen thousand eight hundred and eighty dead bodies; and the numbers computed at the other gates are stated at full six hundred thousand; and numbers more were thrown from the walls or piled together in large empty houses which were then shut up.

It is a remarkable circumstance observable in nearly all the many sieges that Jerusalem has sustained that it has never wanted a sufficient supply of water, while its assailants have generally complained grievously of wanting it: the sufferings of the besieged have been from hunger—those of the besiegers from thirst. This constant supply of water is primarily attributable to the frequent ablutions enjoined by the Mosaic law, and the service of the temple especially required an abundant stream of water. Several of the kings of Judah, and more particularly Hezekiah, are spoken of as forming aqueducts and reservoirs in the limestone rock on which Jerusalem and the temple are built; and all the rains which fell in the winter months were received into large excavations made in the solid rock. Mr. Catherwood was informed that there is a deep well beneath the mosque of Omar, which the Mahomedans call "the Well of Souls," from a murmuring noise which is heard therein. This is probably caused by a stream of water; but the tales concerning these noises occasioned its being closed about forty years ago. Mr. Johns, too, in digging for the foundations of the English Church on Mount Zion, at the depth of five-and-twenty feet came upon an ancient aqueduct of very fine construction, but now choked up with rubbish, which in some places was accumulated to the depth of forty feet or more:—

"Wealth, intelligence, and *constructive skill*, to an extent which has not been well understood by modern writers, were undoubtedly at the command of the early Jewish monarchs; and while the storms of war, ravaging their land from age to age, have swept from *the surface*

almost every monument of early greatness, so much of the national resources as were providently expended *beneath* the surface in works of primary importance has been, in its wrecks at least, conserved there to the present time, to claim, what they so well deserve, the enlightened attention of Biblical archæologists. The temple—the temple of Solomon and Herod—has been rased; yet its substructures still, and not obscurely, shadow forth its greatness. The cedar roofs of a hundred palaces blazing with gold are no more; but the ample and well-contrived reservoirs which those palaces bestrode still exist and still subserve their purpose. The terraced gardens, the 'paradises' of the kings and nobles of Jerusalem, have long been desolated; but even now around the slopes of the hill may be traced, mile after mile, the aqueducts whence those gardens drew perpetual verdure, and which then poured their superfluous streams into the deep bosom of Moriah" (Notes, lxi).

Many circumstances thus combined to produce that stern and desperate resistance to the power of imperial Rome which kept Titus and his legions at bay for so many months; and would have lasted much longer but for the suicidal contentions between the Jewish factions at the beginning of the war, and the unaccountable abandonment of their strong-hold of Zion and its fortresses with which the siege of Jerusalem concluded. The Romans themselves were surprised at the abandonment of these towers by the Jewish leaders, for against such bulwarks as these their machines would have been of no avail. And when Titus entered and contemplated their solid altitude, the magnitude of the several stones, and the accuracy of their joinings, and saw how great was their breadth, how vast their height, "Surely (he exclaimed), we fought with God on our side; and God it was who brought the Jews down from these bulwarks; for what could human hands or engines avail against these towers?" (ii. 207).

This "cyclopean masonry" is characteristic of the oldest structures of Palestine and it is found nowhere else. It forms the foundation of many structures the age of which is known, while of these foundations themselves we can only say that their age is unknown; and that, from the little decay which they have undergone in the lapse of so many centuries, we may confidently assume that they will last till doomsday. The most considerable of these venerable remains are found in the walls which surround the rock where the temple of Solomon once stood and in the vaults within that wall. There are portions of the same kind of masonry, forming the foundation of the gate to the north of the city, called the Damascus Gate. Other portions are met with at Hebron, south of Jerusalem; and at Baalbec, and Djebail, the ancient Byblus, to the north:—

"Whoever has contemplated and has carefully examined the bevilled masonry of these various structures is compelled to recognise it as the *distinctive mark* of an architectural era; and moreover, as this order of work meets us invariably under the same or nearly the same relative conditions, the high antiquity which is asserted for it appears to be attested in an uncontrovertible manner. It is found always to *constitute* the *lower* portion of any wall of which it is a part: it combines, in most instances, single stones of prodigious magnitude, with others of smaller dimensions skilfully intermingled, and yet all highly finished and very exactly fitted, the joints being perfectly true. And then these substructures are found to sustain superstructures, the style of which indicates clearly enough the age and people to which they belong. On these variously-chiselled 'tables of stone,' we read, in no very ambiguous symbols, the history of the country from modern times up to the remotest periods of the Hebrew monarchy" (Notes, xciv).

These massive foundations may well be attributed to the age of Solomon when we remember that the Pharaoh whose daughter he married was Rameses the Great, and that the temples and palaces erected by that Pharaoh are among the most magnificent of the architectural remains in Egypt. Palmyra or Tadmor, in the wilderness, we know was built by Solomon (2 Chron. viii. 4), the architectural features of which are similar to those of Baalbec; and Wilkins wrote a paper to render it probable that not only Palmyra and Baalbec, but the Parthenon and Pæstum followed in some respects the model of Solomon's temple. Each country, however, had its own characteristic architectural features, suggested by the materials employed for building. The Egyptian syenite and porphyry came out in large blocks very hard to work, and gave to all their buildings a colossal character; while the durability of the stone suggested a smooth surface and the concealment of the joints. Solomon's stone came out in large blocks, but it was not so durable as the Egyptian granite and therefore the edges were bevilled. The beauty of the Pentelican marble induced the Athenians to make the most of this feature by concealing altogether the joints of the stone; and many of their buildings had no cement, but the joints fit so closely that it requires a near inspection and a strong light to perceive them.

Many of the most characteristic of these foundation walls of the temple and of the other ancient structures of Palestine are engraved in the volumes now before us, by means of which the readers are enable to judge of the force and validity of the arguments adduced to show that some of these remains may be of the very buildings erected by Solomon. They at least serve to awaken a lively interest in the subject, and make us

desirous of seeing further explorations undertaken—not in the hurried and stealthy manner which circumstances have hitherto rendered the only kind of investigations which were practicable —but by leisurely examination of the ground, and excavations among the ruins of the ancient palaces, sanctioned by the Turkish Government, as were Layard's undertakings at Nineveh.

It is hardly possible to overrate the importance of the discoveries which might thus be made in the ruins which have accumulated to so great a depth around Jerusalem itself during the many captures and overthrows that it has undergone. Coins, sculptures, vessels of gold and silver, or even inscriptions, may be brought to light, setting at rest questions of archæology which have been disputed for centuries. And the ruins of Cæsarea and Hebron, and the numberless piles of ruin which are at present nameless, would well repay the labour of investigation by the geographical and antiquarian corrections of our present knowledge which they would afford.

John and Simon, the leaders of the revolt, took refuge in the caverns under the temple when the city was taken and burnt by the Romans; but, finding no means to escape, they surrendered to the Romans, while vast numbers of their deluded followers slew themselves. John was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but Simon, as the worst of the two, was carried in chains to Rome, and after being exhibited to the Roman populace, in the conqueror's triumph, was scourged and executed before the sacrifices to Jupiter Capitolinus began; and it was ordered that every Jew, wheresoever residing, throughout the whole Roman empire, should thenceforward pay to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus the same annual tribute which the law of Moses required to be paid to the temple of Solomon—a righteous retribution upon those who had rejected their true King and called for his crucifixion, saying—"We have no king but Cæsar!"

Mr. Elliott, in his "Horæ Apocalypticæ," remarks that, when the Pope took the place of Jupiter at Rome, this tribute was transferred from the Pagan temple to the Vatican; and that the present Pope, in the year 1848, abolished this tribute altogether; which fact, coupled with the gradual decay of the Turkish power, he thinks to be strong corroborative indications of the approximation of the time of the end, when God shall arise and have mercy on Zion, and shall restore Jerusalem.

"Many a wretched outcast Jew has since wandered into Asia, a living monument of his country's ruin: opprest alike by prince and people; and bearing, like Cain, God's mark of re-

probation on his brow. It was the enactment of Titus that all Jews, wherever they were, should pay to the Capitoline Jupiter the same annual tribute of a didrachm that they had been previously accustomed to pay to their own temple, according to the original Mosaic injunction (Exod. xxx. 13). This "Judaicus Fiscus," as Suetonius tells us, was rigidly and oppressively exacted under Domitian. In Papal Rome they have been similarly taxed in support of *Papal* worship" (i. 54).

"As the Jews in Pagan times had to pay tribute to Rome's *Pagan* worship, so too, subsequently, to Rome's Papal idolatrous worship. In 1848 the Marquis Azeglio published an interesting memoir on the oppression of the Jews at Rome and in Italy; and in that same year the tax was abolished, and the Pope himself attended to see the gate of the Ghetto, or quarter of Jewish insulation, broken down *even in Rome*" (iv. 240.)

The appointment of a Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, and the building of an English Church there, has increased our national interest for Palestine; and the disputes between the Greek and Latin Churches, for the possession of the holy places, has turned the attention of all Christendom towards the same quarter; and it is highly probable that political circumstances will render it necessary that some adjustment of the many complicated questions between the Eastern and Western Churches may issue in a compromise tending towards the restoration of the Jews, and in which their influence over the monetary transactions of the West will be found to have great weight.

The full disclosure of the history of the Holy Land, by its own entombed records, is all that now remains in order to complete the demonstration of the veracity of Scripture. Egypt, by the discoveries of Dr. Young and Champollion, has furnished its quota of evidence. Assyria has still more recently yielded its quota to the combined researches of Layard and Rawlinson; and Palestine alone remains to be explored to complete the desired information.

The words of Dr. Arnold, in his lectures on modern history, are too remarkable to be passed by:—"Modern history appears to be not only a step in advance of ancient history, but *the last step*: it appears to bear marks of the *fulness of time*, as if there would be no future history beyond it. For the last eighteen hundred years Greece has fed the human intellect. Rome, taught by Greece and improving upon her teacher, has been the source of law and government and social civilization; and, what neither Greece nor Rome could furnish, the perfection of moral and spiritual truth has been given by Christianity. The

changes which have been wrought have arisen out of the reception of these elements by new races—races endowed with such force of character that what was old in itself, when exhibited in them, seemed to become something new—but races so gifted are, and from the beginning of the world have been, few in number: the mass of mankind have no such power. Now, looking anxiously round the world for any new races, which may receive (so to speak) the seed of our present history into a kindly yet vigorous soil and may reproduce it, the same and yet new, for a future period, we know not where such are to be found. Some appear exhausted—others incapable; and yet the surface of the whole globe is known to us.....Everywhere the search has been made and the report has been received. We have the full amount of earth's resources before us, and they seem inadequate to supply life for a third period of human history."

ART. V.—1. *The Perils of Fashion.* Three vols. London: Hurst and Blacket. 1852.

2. *The School for Fathers: an Old English Story.* By T. GWYNNE. London: Smith and Elder. 1852.

3. *Beatrice; or, the Unknown Relatives.* By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. Three vols. London: Bentley. 1852.

4. *Kate and Rosalind; or, Early Experiences.* One vol. London. 1852.

5. *Milton Davenant: a Tale of the Times we Live in.* By JAMES BANDINEL. Three vols. London: Whittaker and Co. 1852.

WE have in more than one past number called the attention of our readers as well to the quantity as the quality of our literature of fiction. We have shown that works which form the sole mental *pabulum* of many hundreds, if not thousands, of responsible beings, ought not to be looked on with that lofty contempt with which the theologian or the philosopher too commonly regards the labours of the novelist. Nor indeed should it escape our notice that, as though conscious of the greater importance of its mission, our romantic literature has increased and improved in character even more than it has done in bulk.

From the time when the coarse but vigorous and graphic pictures of Fielding and Smollett were succeeded by the decorous platitudes of Hannah More, to that in which Scott

invested the novel with a dignity which it had never before attained, there were many attempts to make its attractions "point a moral" as well as "adorn a tale;" but whether it be that the world considers itself moral enough and eschews instruction, or whether there be something really prejudicial to romantic or dramatic interest in the illustrating some ethical truth by way of tale or play, certain it is that not even Miss Bailey, Miss Edgeworth, or Miss Martineau, could invest with any high degree of popularity their endeavours in this direction.

In fact, it seemed to be tacitly admitted that the province of the novel was to amuse and not to edify; and, if any "sound" learning or "moral" instruction *was* conveyed, it was bound to be done without prejudice to the primary object of the work.

If morals were thus quietly pretermitted, it may be well supposed that theology fared no better. Byron spoke only the general feeling of society when he congratulated the Turkish ladies that they had no

> "Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures,
> Upon the living manners as they pass us."

For this decision many good reasons may be given; those who read for information will find sound sensible treatises adapted to their arguments; while those whose object is mere amusement will hardly be attracted by stories ill-told, plots ill-conceived, characters ill-drawn, and a style ill-sustained. "*No Fiction*," and a host of novels profoundly religious, will amply bear out this statement.

The next attempt was made under more propitious auspices. The philosophical novel was to do what the ethical and theological had failed to effect. The late Mr. Ward's "Tremaine" was the best specimen of this class. But here again we find the result discouraging: celebrity was obtained, but not popularity; and the question still remained to be solved—how could fiction be made to subserve the interests of truth?

Many writers—and those unquestionably the best, and so far as any were *great* the greatest—gave up the attempt in despair: they settled down into a dogged conviction that their business was but to afford the means of whiling away an idle hour, and the novel seemed destined to relapse altogether into its pristine condition.

At the same time the constant demand for novelty took away one considerable reason for aspiring after excellence.

A novel of last season was read no longer in this—a dress of a fashion long exploded, would be as acceptable as a work of fiction not entirely new. A few distinguished names might keep possession of the boudoir table, even though the volumes that bore them were of no recent date; but generally the choice lay between absolute genius and absolute novelty. Besides all this there was another cause at work—the demand had, according to the laws of economics, excited the supply. Novel writing had become a trade; and as the acceptability of one work, enduring or not, was the measure according to which payment was made for another, there was little emulation among authors save to write as much, and as much according to the taste of the consumer, as possible. The inane gentilities of the "fashionable novel" required some little relief, and for this purpose the political novel, of which Mr. Disraeli may be regarded as the great master, was invented.

Yet from time to time some well disposed and occasionally highly-gifted person undertook, without formally enunciating a moral, to exhibit in a tale the effects of some great failing or the rewards of some great virtue; and so far as the ability was given to allow the moral to display itself—so far as the "*ars celare artem*" was exercised—so far the success might be said to be commensurate. "Emilia Wyndham" was, perhaps, the most remarkable and meritorious example of this class.

We have placed at the head of this article the titles of five novels, two of which profess from the very title-page to be of the moral, the three others of the religious, order. The two moral tales have, perhaps, circumscribed their success by this step: of the last we shall speak in due order.

The "Perils of Fashion" is a book, the extraordinary brilliancy of whose style will speedily make the reader forget the ostensible purpose for which it is written. The authoress—(for we detect unmistakeable traces of a lady's hand in it)—has availed herself most liberally of Tasso's advice;—

> "Cosi al egro fanciul, porgiamo aspersi
> Di soave licor gl'orli del vaso."

Revelling in her stores of sparkling wit and *piquant* anecdote, of clear knowledge of human nature, and thorough acquaintance with the habits and modes of thinking adopted in the best, or rather the highest, society, we are carried along with ever-renewed interest, and quite oblivious of what an "improving" book it is, till we are suddenly brought up with

what sailors call "a round turn," and sigh to find so much sadness in so glittering a life.

The tale commences by introducing us to a young scion of the aristocracy, by name Philip Leverton, and who stands next in succession to a peerage. Poor, but ambitious, he willingly accepted the offer of an attachéship to the court of St. Petersburgh, and there encountered adventures which entirely changed the aspect of his future life:—

"Furnished with strong letters of recommendation to all of weight or fashion, Philip set out for the city of the Czar—an event which proved a curious epoch in his life. Contrary to all bygone experiences, he had resided but a short time in the imperial capital when he found that he was actually a person of consequence—a character his best London friends would never have thought of ascribing to him. However, a certain diplomatic capacity, and an intimate knowledge of the continental languages, put him as much above the ordinary rank of blundering and idle *attachés* in his official position as did his great *savoir faire* in all the prettinesses of life, in the palaces of the proud, but then barbarous, Muscovites. The consequences were that he would have led an infinitely more dissipated life at St. Petersburgh than he did in London; but that his intelligence and influence rendered him eligible for undertaking one or two delicate missions. These for a time removed him from the capital; and not only proved lucrative, but gave him a name in some few of the European *corps diplomatiques*" (i. 4, 5).

We like the following description of a Russian village:—

"Winter, with its retinue of clouds and snow-storms, was still reigning on the banks of the Neva when he commenced his long and dreary journey; but the dominion of spring had already asserted itself ere the *attaché* had reached the more genial South.

"On the banks of the river Kuban lies the little village of Mechastovsky. Of scanty limits, and with its few habitations embosomed among the oak trees that surround it, it is still, from its position on the river, an important military post, favourable to the constant look-out which the Cossacks of the Black Sea are obliged to keep on their troublesome neighbours, the Circassians. The evening that Leverton entered the little village was a moment favourable for the setting-off of its quiet attractions. The steppes spread afar to the right, like a verdant ocean, whose equality was only interrupted by the tumuli that here and there rise on its surface. On the left flowed the rapid river, its broken banks adorned with oaks and willow trees; while the wild raspberry, and several blooming shrubs, gave an appearance of richness most agreeable to the eye, fatigued by the perpetual monotony of the plains. Beyond the marshes, on the Circassian side of the Kuban, the whole craggy and lofty ridge of the Caucasian mountains met the view, tinged with a rosy radiance by the setting sun."

And in this quiet spot, and under circumstances of peculiarly romantic interest, he beholds a beautiful Greek girl, who had been made prisoner and brought there by chance of war: he eventually marries her, succeeds to his father's title of viscount, and in a few years is killed by an officer in a duel, leaving the beautiful Ione a widow, nearly as ignorant of the English language and English customs as when he first brought her home with him from Russia.

We are now introduced to some new characters, and among others to "Mr. J. Leverton Dark, of Linden-grove," son of the steward of the late Lord Leverton. We think the following passage is so powerful and so truthful that we cannot resist transcribing it, though the extract may be rather long:—

"There could be scarcely found one less fitted to undergo the pressure of business and worldly matter, which usually crowd on the first weeks of widowhood, than she whom a husband's death had left in such utter friendlessness. But others guessing this, all was done for her; and Ione returned to Park-cottage to weep and to pray, unconscious that aught else might be required of her, until, at the expiration of two months, Mr. Dark, the man of business of the Leverton family, in a letter requested the honour of an interview.

"'Mr. J. Leverton Dark, Linden-grove,' as his card showed him, was the only son of Jedediah Dark, the steward of the late viscount's father. Some fifty years back they had begun life together—the steward inhabiting the Brook Farm which stood close to the park gates of Leverton Court, whose lawns and woodlands spreading far and wide were the admiration of the whole country. Brook Farm still stands; but with all its hot-houses, pineries, billiards, pavilions, and archery grounds, is known as Linden Grove. Leverton Court also stands, but is transformed into an establishment for the cold-water-cure; while its beautiful park, shorn of all its splendid timber, is devoted to strictly utilitarian purposes. A trifling circumstance which took place in that same park, in a measure, illustrates the influence which worked all this.

"At the *fête* given on the occasion of the young viscount's coming of age, among the various proceedings then and there enacted for the better marking the auspicious event, which, relieving him from the thraldom of guardians, left him in full possession of his ample fortune, was the planting a fine little sapling oak in a fair open glade, which, in after years, it was meant to adorn, while it commemorated the majority of the brave young heir. A merry band presided over the ceremony. The hole was dug; the carefully prepared soil thrown lightly over the roots and shaken among them; a stout willow stake stuck by its side to which a twisted hayband tied it for support. A slight rail, to defend it from cattle, was hastily constructed, and completed the arrangements. Then wine was drawn—*Libabant pocula Bacchi*—toasts were drunk, and glad cheering crowned the whole;

and the party rushed off to some other scene of merriment, leaving the young patrician of the forest to thrive and flourish under the bright sunlight and fattening showers of fair oak-growing England.

"A year passed: some promising shoots on the young oak were visible, waxlike in texture and of crimson tint; while the summer leaves showed fresh and green. The willow stake, too, which had been cut from a living tree, had made some shoots—long and unsightly, but still adorned with the pale, narrow, leaf of its kind. The root which it had taken was all unseen; but evidently its hardy nature had drawn sustenance from the choice *nourriture* prepared for the oak, and the mere stake had become a living tree. The hayband was still there. The willow was still servitor to the oak.

"Another year. The shoots made by the sapling oak are ripened into twigs: one only had sprung fresh this summer; and a transverse branch of the willow—mark, the stake had already made branches—just touched it, and by friction caused by the wind had destroyed it. The hayband had dropped: burst by the increased girth of the willow, it lay rotting on the ground. The stake no longer supported—it was neighbour to the oak.

"Another year, alas! poor oak. Scarcely has it pushed forth a leaf to flutter in the summer breeze. There was some unfair play here—something in the hidden operations of the roots. Those branches, rank and strong though they be, do not yet shut out all light and air from the declining patrician which the stake was chosen to cherish. There is yet time to save the sapling; but who has observed the gradual work of extinction? The old shepherd who occasionally leads his flock to that part of the park, and some others, may probably remark that the willow-stake is too much for the young lord's little oak; but the under-ground rumour goes no further.

"Another year. What is that which now catches the first glad beams of the rising sun? A fair young willow tree. Oh! bad willow! And there, too, stands with a few brown leaves of the past year—not one green gift of the present—thy perished nursling!—a stunted memorial of what thy stewardship hath been. The fence around thee is also gone, and thou standest forth in all thy coarse and common nature. Thou art even become a rendezvous of the cattle which stray about the park; and the red hair clinging to thy bark, which even now sets up for some little maturity, shows intimacy and undignified association. Again a year—the oak is gone. There is a stake mending a gap at some distance from where it stood. It is the young oak. Oaks have good hearts, which bear up for a time, even when torn from the earth which should nourish them.

"This sylvan episode—this oak-and-willow tragedy of Leverton Park—is exactly coincident with the proceedings of the Viscount and Jedediah Dark, his steward; and of many other young heritors and such wily men of business" (i. 51-56).

The younger Dark, after a process not necessary here to recapitulate, marries the widowed Lady Leverton; and their only daughter, Miss Mary Dark—the name being in the

meantime judiciously changed into d'Arc—is the heroine of the tale. Her father falls a victim to his own misconduct; and, under the very slight protection which a weak though amiable mother could afford, Mary finds herself fairly launched on the stream of fashionable life both at home and abroad. We shall not pursue her history to its melancholy close, because, as we strongly recommend the book, it would be unfair to anticipate the reader's enjoyment. A few extracts we shall make for their intrinsic value, and call attention to one which we select because of its faultiness—the only sentiment in the book of which we cannot speak in terms of genuine approval:—

"Austere people may laugh at the assertion; but there is, in truth, a strict morality in those dissipations to which young women are led by mothers and fathers—influenced, probably, by much of that feeling which sends flowers to horticultural shows, 'four-years-olds' to Epsom, and fat cattle to Smithfield. It cannot be denied that there is sometimes more of an utilitarian principle than mere exhibition in their views; and to many far-sighted parents it is possible that the ball-room or opera may officiate as the slave market. Still there is the most faultless propriety in all this. We will not pause to examine into its basis" (ii. 80).

So, because there is no *gross* vice, idleness, selfishness, an entire waste of energies, which might and ought to be employed to better purposes, is to be excused and tolerated as compatible with the most "*faultless propriety!*" As a proof of sound practical wisdom we select the following passage. Were it given to us to see the hearts of others even to the slight degree in which we are capable of understanding our own, some few good and right-minded persons might be gainers on the whole; but the world at large would be in a lamentably worse position. We must remember that our fellow-creatures can only judge of us by our outward manifestations. The hypocrite avails himself of this: he shows more than he possesses; but how many, from a kind of moral sloth or a mixture of half-idleness and half-diffidence, manifest little or nothing even where much is felt. This is peculiarly an English characteristic, and its evil effects in married life are most vividly pourtrayed by our authoress. Speaking of two ladies, who are most amiably anxious to keep their husbands happy and amused, we have a passage which all wives should lay to heart:—

"Though productive of the same results, Lady Eloisa Essenden had other reasons for sending her husband to the highways for his amusement—reasons dictated by the warmest love. Still they were

selfish. And while, in the devotion of her loving heart, she could not bear that aught of excitement or variety should be wanting to enliven the existence of one who she felt had sacrificed much of the world's pleasure for her sake, she could not resolve to give up the exquisite interests of her nursery to enter into the pursuits suited to his taste; and which, in fact, had been the first link of the chain which had bound them to each other. With vain sophistry she taught herself to believe that, in devoting herself to her children she was indirectly acquitting herself of her every duty to him; and that it were really better for the husband and the wife to seek their day's amusement in different paths, so that they should meet with renewed feelings of interest in the evening, when affection and ideas would be all the fresher for the temporary absence. This sounded plausible; and, in circumstances where a profession or a decided pursuit led to the quotidian division, it may be productive of all such effects. But when the separation is for the furtherance of distinct pleasures, the evening meeting rather fails in the results looked for by such sanguine calculations" (iii. 117-119).

"In the very face of the possibility of the attendant mischance, Lady Eloisa Essenden would pass whole days in the sweet care of watching over six of the loveliest little children that ever gambolled over a lawn, or waited with the pretty *gourmandise* of babies for the strawberry the taper fingers of the mother were gathering—a mother who never left them voluntarily until a vile dinner bell told her that the soup and her husband waited for her in the dining-room. And even then she would delay, casting lingering looks on the least of the little band capering naked in its bath. Did she then not love the husband, who smiled indulgently as her maid brought forgotten detachments of her *toilette* into the dining-room: her dressing, probably, having been undergone in the nursery? Yes—she loved him intensely, devotedly. Still, with the passion of maternity so strongly developed in her bosom, she could but obey its dictates. She justified to herself the neglect of her husband for his children by the fact that her devotion to them was, in truth, devotion to himself. Men do not quite understand such indirect testimony or affection" (ii. 120, 121).

To say that we have no fault to find with this book would be absurd. One, indeed, we have already hinted. The tale is a sad one—too sad, in fact, to be a fair picture of life, for God gives us more joys than sorrows, and the true Christian has the promise of the life which now is as well as of that which is to come. Many of the characters are too slightly sketched, and now and then we are reminded of the inherent vapidness of the life which the volumes describe. But there are unmistakeable evidences of power and taste, a great command of language, and proofs of a highly cultivated as well as a highly principled mind. We should gladly see from the writer somewhat of a less sombre hue more suited to the

brilliancy of style which runs through this melancholy story like the lines of gilded ornament on a state coffin.

We now turn to the second of the works named at the head of this article, "The School for Fathers."

We have heard rumours attributing this book also to the pen of a lady, and, if it be so, it is one which does the writer credit of no common order. The book is not a lady's book: it has little to do with feminine peculiarities. The two female characters, though truthfully drawn, are by no means pattern women. We have absolutely no heroine; but the personages of the other sex are depicted with a vividness only the more attractive from the entire absence of pretension in the whole book. A more perfectly unaffected work it has never been our lot to meet with; and from the beginning to the end we have not found one expression which we could wish to alter. We have been dosed *usque ad nauseam* with lords and baronets of our own time: we have had a tolerable sprinkling of counts, barons, and princes of continental rank: we have had the ages of chivalry served up again and again in a *rechauffée*. Philanthropic novelists have brought the poor into fashion, and we have had Manchester factories and Metropolitan work-houses figuring as the scenes of fiction. Every two or three weeks some Tractarian clergyman has given us a story wherein some eminently Cyprianic or Tertullianic young clergyman has converted worldly mammas and evangelical daughters by wholesale to "*the Church!*"

Tired of pale and devotional countenances, straight-cut coats, stained glass, and ecclesiastical embroidery, we turn with delight to the "School for Fathers," and find what few save the masters of the art have dared to venture on—a genuine healthy story of the last century. This is on many accounts a work of great difficulty. A novelist may bring Rome, Greece, or Egypt, before our eyes with comparatively little labour. So far as the costume and keeping is known at all, it is easily accessible: the author may do as much as he pleases with the persons and accessaries of so distant a period; and, if we do, not unfrequently, find English heroes and English vagabonds in the guise of old Greeks and Romans, nobody condemns the dramatic anachronism too severely.

Yet how great is the merit when a novelist of sufficient power drinks deeply of the national spirit and makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the modes of life and habits of thought which characterise any one place or period of old! How do we find our ideas expanded, and our knowledge of Rome enlarged, when we follow the fortunes of a "Valerius,"

or dwell with interest on the "Last Days of Pompei." Such works require the writer to be as familiar with the art and literature of the glorious old conquerors of the world as with that of his own age and country: he must have studied their philosophy and understood their philosophers: their objects in life must for the time be his, and their standard that by which he judges.

But if there be a great difficulty in all this, and if it be a great triumph to surmount it, we do not hesitate to say that there is a still greater one in giving us a realising picture of the eighteenth century, especially its earlier portion. We have more points in common with a subject of Augustus, or a fellow citizen of Pericles, than with a court beau of the time of George the Second. The times have so changed since his glittering period that the whole race with its thoughts, and life, and feeling, and philosophy, has totally disappeared, leaving not a wreck behind. Old Greeks and old Romans are constantly turning up: they were creations of nature, and are repeated from time to time. The old court beau was a product of pure art, and the mould of society in which he was cast has been long since broken up and ground to powder.

To this difficult-to-describe state of social life our author has taken us back, and has, to make the picture more vivid, exhibited the points on which the artificial life of the court infringes on the natural life of the country. Thus the book forms a variety to which we have not of late been accustomed. In his preface the author says, "Wishing for a contrast, how could I find it better than in a town father and a country fox-hunting son of the eighteenth century?" Young Jack Warren, "the fox-hunting son" of the courtly Sir Thomas Warren, had been brought up in the country by his uncle, "the squire," and is thus described:—

"Jack was the very counterpart of what the squire had been at his age. Jack was between nineteen and twenty: he was just above six feet in height, strong, wide-shouldered, robust, a keen sportsman; but somewhat dull on any point but field-sports: awkward and shy in manner, good-hearted, but with a slight dash of obstinacy about him: take him all in all, a very good young fellow, though not bright."

The baronet, after forgetting his heir for ten years, bethinks himself of him and is coming to take him to London: so the squire says:—

"'Jack, my dear boy, I take it this is the last cozy evening you and I shall pass together for some time.' 'Hang it!' replied Jack, looking rueful. After a pause Squire Warren resumed, 'Do you remem-

ber your fathar, Jack?' 'Aye! I remember him: a tall thin pale man, all covered with velvet and gold, with red heels to his shoes and gold clocks to his stockings, and a blue bow to his sword-hilt, and he smelt of violets and scented snuff. He's never been near me these ten years; what's the good of coming now?' And what's the use of my going to town with him, and all that? 'Ah! (sighed the squire), I'll tell 'ee what, Jack—Tom's a strange bit of blood and always was and always will be: he takes after your poor grandmother—you and I, Jack, after my father. From the first, nothing would serve Tom's turn but satin and lace and fine company, and trying to make me as bad as himself; but it did'nt answer, Jack. I was born an honest country squire, and so I'll live and die, my dear boy.' 'So will I (echoed Jack, sitting very upright, with his hands on his knees, in the very same attitude as his uncle)—so will I, if my father will but leave me in peace" (10, 11).

But to be left in peace was not the lot of poor Jack: his fine gentleman of a father whirls him off to London, tearing him away from his "pretty little Lyddie," his healthy field-sports, and his congenial country pursuits, to plunge him into the ungenial atmosphere of crowded assemblies, and rides in the park in a musky chariot, to poor Jack's great annoyance. Irrisistibly comic as some of the scenes are, it is impossible not to feel pained for the good-natured hero, who, the more politeness is thrust upon him, rebels against its trammels. A lesson in snuff-taking is very amusing:—

"After the purchase of three swords and as many canes for different degrees of dress, also two gold-laced tiny French hats and two silver-laced, the best being decorated with a fringe of white feather: after, furthermore, purchasing for Jack an embroidered night-cap, a watch and different seals and chains, and half-a-dozen snuff-boxes, Sir Thomas gave the word '*home*.' The victim, to his infinite relief, had done with the scented chariot—for that day, at all events.

"Larrazée was desired to fill one of Jack's snuff-boxes with *scented rappee* that Sir Thomas might instruct him in the art of snuff-taking. 'I can't take snuff, sir; 'pon my soul I can't: it makes me sneeze so,' cried Jack, as Larrazée, with a bow, put a little enamelled oval snuff-box into his honest brown hand. 'I desire you will try, and persevere till you overcome the habit of sneezing—a very low nasty habit. Now observe, and do just as I do. Open your box easily, gently! Take a small pinch between your fore-finger and thumb—so; round your other fingers gracefully—bend slightly on one side—not so, as if you were going to fall off your chair—but so, as I do; and take your snuff quietly without snorting or noise. Gods! you make a noise like a pig: gently sir! gently now.' Sir Thomas was interrupted. Jack, who had followed his movements as a child follows those of a leader in a game, now burst into a paroxysm of sneezing loud and deep—drawing in his breath, shutting his eyes, bowing his head backward and forwards, uttering the most astounding sounds

without intermission, till he had perpetrated above twenty sneezes—cyclopean sneezes—violent enough to break the windows and kill his father, whom he confronted with red face and streaming eyes, as he grufly muttered, 'I told you so, sir!' 'You must take two or three pinches a-day, sir, till you accustom yourself to it. At present you take it like a bear. But patience! we shall form you in time.' Jack only responded by blowing his nose like a trombone and giving a few more parting sneezes. Sir Thomas sighed. 'I had no idea (he said) any human being *could* be so uncultivated! The more I see of you the more astonished I am. If you blow your nose in that detestable and overpowering manner you will shatter every one's nerves, and throw our fine ladies into hysterics: it is just like the newsman's horn. Your exploits of this morning have quite unstrung and fatigued me, and you appear not to do your best to co-operate with me. However, I must hope better things of you in future. Heigh-ho! would I had Lord Langley to my son!' 'I wish you had (thought Jack) with all my heart,' and gave his last sneeze" (95-97).

It may easily be guessed that the father's project for the son's education does not proceed without many difficulties. The material is good enough of its kind, but it will not take the required polish; and when the polite Sir Thomas tries to make Jack a libertine, as well as a "pretty fellow," the remembrance of "little Lydia," the rector's daughter, intervenes and preserves him from corruption. Fortunately, too, he meets with a valuable friend in Lord Langley, to whose wife he declines "making love" at his father's instigation, and candidly tells his lordship all about the proposition.

The tale is wound up by a duel in which Jack falls; and the selfish distress of the miserable father—the manly sorrows of Lord Langley—and the deep sympathies of the country squires, form a very affecting conclusion to an admirably written work.

There is, as will be imagined, an underplot. Jack has become attached to Lydia, the rector's daughter, a pretty little girl, natural enough, but with little else to recommend her. During Jack's absence, she becomes acquainted with a Mr. Addison, a man of great powers and fascinations, and moreover a respectable character and the great man of her neighbourhood. She becomes as much an object of attraction to him as she had been to poor Jack; and, in spite of her engagement to the latter, her affections are soon irretrievably entangled. Jack's death sets the lovers at liberty.

There is very little moralising in this volume. Now and then we have a few pertinent observations, and from these we shall select one: it is, perhaps, that on the strength of which the book is called "A School for Fathers." Were it a

little more attended to, we should see much less family discord, fewer wasted lives, and a far greater economy of effective exertion:—

"Fathers! before you put your sons in any particular path of life, study, if you can, their various dispositions, characters, talents, and capabilities. How often do we see men in the army or navy who, had they been allowed to follow their true bent, would have made excellent churchmen or lawyers; and who, *on their father's death*, quit the profession of arms for more genial pursuits. Again: how often do we see a languishing *nonchalant* clergyman, without feeling for his calling, perishing with *ennui*, who would have been a distinguished soldier but for the paternal will, which said, 'That boy must go into the Church!' Then, again, we behold a barrister detesting pen-and-ink and close hot rooms, and law-study and practice—a being whose aspirations and talents all pointed to the sea; but his father's taste pointed to an intellectual profession, and the boy, without the least love of study or much aptitude for it, is dragooned *bon gré mal gré* to the bar! It is a cruel sight to see a man's life passing by in the daily avocations of a profession for which he has no feeling—perhaps a positive dislike—and to which a father's will condemned him even before he could walk or talk! Young gentlemen's caprices should not be studied, but their characters and aptitudes are worthy of some little consideration" (328, 329).

"Then there are '*eldest sons*,' who, with a decided vocation for some particular profession, are not allowed to belong to it because they have 'plenty of money' or else that their father 'cannot part with them.' You may behold these unfortunates either passing their days in pining restless idleness, or plunging headlong into dissipation to kill the time that hangs so heavily on their hands."

The next two works on our list are "religious novels," not so much intended to advance any particular *doctrines* as to exhibit the domestic working of the Roman Church policy. There have been many and grave objections to this whole class of romances. The truths of religion are, it has been observed, far too sacred to be dealt with in the flippancy of a novel. A work of fiction must, it is contended, be wanting in the dignity and pretension necessary for such a purpose. Much, too, has been said as to the qualifications which the author ought to possess and commonly does not; and all these objections are not without their weight, particularly when it is considered that the clergy as a body, who by their education and position are best qualified to be authors of works professing either directly or indirectly to teach religion, are for the most part averse, not only to write fictitious narratives, but will rarely give them the sanction of their approbation.

Yet, on the other hand, when the balance comes to be

struck of good and evil, we are rather willing to leave things as they are than to see the religious novel altogether discarded. There are, as we have already observed, a very large number of persons who read novels and newspapers only; and if they are to obtain any insight into the theories of religion beyond what the Sunday sermon supplies on the nature of great ecclesiastical questions, they must gain their information either from the pages of the one or the columns of the other.

This being the case, each party will in turn take possession of the tribune and express its sentiments. Novels and newspapers are with us what the comic drama was to the Athenians, and far more than the satirists ever were to Rome; and, if we put these two agencies together, it is not that we under-rate that mighty and glorious engine the "*fourth estate*," but that the influence of the novel is much misunderstood and under-rated.

As the case stands, the Roman Catholic exhibits in a fiction the sanctity of conventual life, the virtues ascetic and otherwise of the priesthood, the profound learning and Christian gentleness of the hierarchy, and the absorbing benefits of union within and without the Church. The semi-Romanist has his hybrid novel to exhibit the mongrel beauties of his pye-bald creed: the down-right Dissenter gloats over his portraits of stall-fed pluralists and starving curates —(would that such pictures were wholly imaginary!)—while the evangelical section of our Church takes up its full share of the arena, and propounds its doctrines from the lips of pattern daughters and model mammas.

We cannot say much in approval of the *doctrinal* novel. A story written to prove the scripturality of Calvinism, for instance, would be, or rather *is*, as much out of keeping as one intended to elucidate the binomial theorem; but the domestic and political working of a vast and subtle system, like that of Rome, cannot be other than a legitimate subject for the novelist. Establishing as it does an "*imperium in imperio*"—superseding as it does all claims and remitting all duties save those which it has itself established—it gives rise to such marvellous combinations of circumstances, and elicits such extraordinary phases of character, as to be an inexhaustible mine to the dramatist and the romancer. It may be made, too, the subject of really useful and instructive fictions, if they who construct them will but be careful to study diligently before they write; and, above all, to copy from nature.

Miss Sinclair deserves no slight praise for the manner in which she has performed her self-imposed task in "Beatrice:" she has made herself deeply acquainted with the workings of Popery: she has "extenuated nothing, nor," we sincerely believe, "has she set down aught in malice." Much of her work will approve itself to the judgment of the English reader by the skilful way in which, while she has contrived to avoid personalities, she has described and elucidated the late Romish usurpation in this country. Her style, too, is simple and elegant, but earnest; and she evidently writes under a deep conviction of the intrinsic truths of her statements.

We shall not follow the thread of the story, because we cordially recommend the work itself. "Beatrice, or, the Unknown Relatives," commences with a description of a village under the crushing influence of Popery:—

"In the year 1820 an excellent bridle-road led to within twenty miles of Clanmarina, a village on the west border of Inverness-shire. It consisted, at this remote period, entirely of low ruinous mud-huts, no better apparently than living tombs for their almost starving inhabitants. The little sea-shore hamlet, sheltered among wild uncouth naked-looking mountains and gigantic cliffs, appeared from the far distance like a flock of sheep cowering beneath the hill-side, and the spray as it dashed up in tall pyramids on the overhanging rocks seemed for a moment instinct with life and vivacity, the white draperies of foam frequently resembling the apparition of a tall female figure, like the white lady of Avenel springing up the precipice, and instantly sinking back into the dark rolling waves which came booming and thundering with sullen roar along the echoing precipices. Each humble dwelling at Clanmarina, roofed with turf and floored with bare unhewn rock, exhibited a miserable equality of desolation; and within the whole extent of that wretched village it would have been impossible, probably, to find a single article of luxury—a room pretending to ordinary comfort, or even one entire pane of glass throughout the long row of patched, broken, and slated windows which met the eye, some stuffed with an old blue flannel petticoat, and others with an old hat of the scare-crow species.....The village was, indeed, as Lord Eaglescairn's French cook one day contemptuously remarked, *Clanmarina au naturel;* for in those dismal days there existed no Highland Destitution Fund to shed its beam of sympathy on the gaunt and fireless hearthstones of the shivering natives. If therefore, now and then, the poorest inhabitants dined on seaweed, or burned their own weather-stained furniture for fire-wood, nobody knew, and still fewer cared" (i. 37-39).

At page 42, we have a short sentence explanatory of the cause of this poverty-stricken aspect of things. Their wretchedness certainly exhibited a perfect exaggeration of

Irish misery in its most priest-ridden districts and from the same causes—an absentee proprietor and a resident Popish "father!" Whilst one part of this village belonged to the Eaglescairn family who were Romanists, the other half belonged to the estate of Sir Evan M'Alpine, a kind-hearted and enlightened man, the Protestant proprietor of Cairngorum Castle; and the following passage will show the different teaching of the two religions:—

"Soldiers at a review often have a mock fight on the most friendly terms; but, when a real enemy appears, they unite at once in contending for life and liberty. Thus, there had been during some years a good-humoured emulation in active benevolence on the part of the excellent minister and his wife towards the Clintons, whom they naturally looked upon as interlopers, but 'no wars on faith prevented works of love;' and when Lord Eaglescairn arrived in the neighbourhood, surrounded by a priestly conclave, zealous to extend their Popish influence throughout the parish of Clanmarina, the friendly toleration which had always subsisted between these two excellent families became riveted by the bond of a common interest and common fear on account of the souls under their charge. Wherever a priest could gain admission, there he was sure to be found in the hitherto quiet little village; and while Dr. Macfarlane had long united with Mr. Clinton in educating the hitherto neglected Roman Catholics, and in exhorting the poor to purchase Bibles for themselves, the Papists were teaching them to abjure the holy word of God, and rather to purchase fictitious indulgences from them; though these poor deluded people were somewhat perplexed when old M'Ronald asked, 'If you give sixpence to your priest to grant you a pardon, who does he give his sixpences to, for the pardon that he, as a sinner, himself must require?'" (i. 75, 76).

"Instead of paying for giving a good education to their children, the poor tenants of Lord Eaglescairn were advised to pay for giving masses to the dead; and they were invited, instead of subscribing, as many had lately done, to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to unite in endeavouring to suppress it at home. Father Eustace, in short, took the utmost pains, as Popish priests generally do, to teach that the Bible saying any one thing very distinctly was a sure sign that it meant something perfectly different" (i. 76).

We would fain cite the passage in which the character of Sir Evan McAlpine is depicted, but we pass on to a page which conveys a truthful and invaluable lesson. It was the birth-day of Sir Evan's nephew and heir:—

"When a toast was proposed by the oldest clansman present, 'The roof-tree of McAlpine and our honoured chief,' the very sky was rent with successive cheers which might have been heard at Inverness, led on, cap in hand, by Allan, who seemed inspired from that

day with a spirit of manly energy by the fervour of his grateful affection to the best of uncles and the kindest of friends. The chief made a short speech of thanks to his assembled friends, expressing his own deep conviction that the only earthly object worth living for was the hope of usefulness, and its best earthly reward the sight of such heartfelt attachment as had been testified towards himself by those whom it was his most fervent desire and constant prayer that he might really benefit. 'To each of you I would say, as a clansman and a friend—(he added, looking around on his attentive audience, with a serious fixed and steadfast gaze)—help yourself and heaven will help you. Be not dependent on any man's efforts, but use your own, remembering the good old saying that time is to the wise man gold; but in the fool's hands it turns to slates! What you beg or borrow is mere monkey-money; but what you earn is doubly a blessing—once beggars, always beggars—therefore, I offer you not alms, but work. Be not discouraged by difficulties, but conquer them in a spirit of prayerful resistance: every alms is a fresh badge of slavery; but the industrious will at last find, as Bishop Horne says, that in the heraldry of heaven goodness precedes greatness'" (i. 79, 80).

As we have not space enough for all the extracts we desire to make, we recommend the perusal of the thirteenth chapter of the first volume to all ladies, who, like good Lady Edith Tremorne, may be in want of Protestant teachers or governesses, whether for their own families or their parish schools, as we fear there are many Mrs. Lorraines at this moment stealthily overturning the religion and undermining the principles of the young.

In volume ii., at page 14, we find this passage: it is one which cannot be too often repeated or too implicitly believed:—

"The Jesuits now rule in the Vatican; for even the Pope obeys the Jesuit cardinals, who kiss his foot but tie his hands, while their object is to enthral the free and intellectual population of Great Britain under the same iron yoke of ignorance, idolatry, and real infidelity, as Italy, Portugal, Spain, and other countries, drenched in guilt and superstition."

The whole of the second volume is replete with truth and interest. Pass we on to the third, wherein forcibly and truthfully the arts of Romanism are many of them unveiled. We choose our extract from that portion of this volume which describes some of the proceedings in a convent into which Beatrice, the lovely and firm-minded heroine, is inveigled by the contrivance of her friend, Lady Ann Darlington, who is under the influence of Father Eustace, and by whom she is nearly made a convert to Popery:—

"The last notes of a chant were dying away in the distance, when

the chapel gates were thrown open, and a procession of young girls passed out close to Beatrice. These young novices had each her hands crossed over her breast and concealed in large white cuffs, and her eyes fastened on the ground; while they all walked with a slow tragedy-step, and whimpered out litanies in Latin, bowing as they passed before a little chapel, or baby-house of glass, containing a waxen image of their patron saint. The smallest irregularity in this childish ceremony was punished as a serious crime: therefore, it was with an air of most anxious circumspection that one of the poor disastrous-looking girls carried an image of St. Bridget—a very hideous one—as if it had been her own favourite doll; and the other little girls followed with a perfect pantheon of idols, rosaries, blessed beads, medals, and relics.

"'There! (whispered sister Martha, in a tone of confidential secrecy, for she had a ten-gossip power)—those are the girls educated here to act elsewhere as Protestant governesses! Our novices receive first-rate tuition with board and lodging for thirty pounds; therefore, they can afford to take situations at such a perfect nothing of a salary that managing mammas are enchanted to get music and languages taught at half-price, without venturing to make very strict enquiries into creeds and doctrines. People are all so fond of jobbing that in a year or two these Protestant ladies give their *protegées* a most flourishing recommendation, and by this means they are started in life without a suspicion or a trace of our teaching discoverable.'

"'How perfectly honest! (muttered Beatrice to herself), and how perfectly Jesuitical.'

"'Our pupils have a dispensation to attend any Church and to profess any creed that may be preferred in the families where they serve—(continued sister Martha, delighted to hear the sound of her own voice, as she had been under a dispensation of unbroken silence for a fortnight)—I know one of our cleverest novices is in a Free Church family now. She is not suspected to have ever entered any Established Church, and one of our favourite pupils pretends to be a great admirer of Dr. Cavendish's sermons. The last we sent out is most confidently trusted in the family of a rich Quaker.'

"'But (exclaimed Beatrice, burning with indignation), have they no scruples?'

"'Of course not! They are educated on purpose, and they make the sacrifice of enduring such people for the sake of our Church. Father Eustace gives them absolution secretly once a month, when they tell him all that is said in these houses and report progress among the pupils. The plan works most successfully in giving a supernatural influence over the rising generation, and very soon not a domestic hearth in Britain will be free from our influence.'

"'Indeed! (said Beatrice, who might as well have made no reply, as sister Martha had evidently not the faculty of listening to anything); we Protestants walk in blindfold security, because, judging from ourselves, we cannot believe in such underhand treachery. The safety of such conduct arises from its being so incredible that an honest nature cannot believe in it; but, when the house is on fire, it does not

suffice to shut the door and say it is a false alarm'" (iii. 115-117).

But sister Martha resumes her indiscreet communications:—

"'It is grand (said sister Martha, pursuing the train of her own thoughts), to be one in so great a scheme. We have everything to gain by proselyting and nothing to lose. Sir Allan McAlpine's conversion will be 10,000*l.* a-year to our community, and Lady Anne's above 80,000*l.* That is very encouraging! Besides those pupils in the governess department, there are above two hundred of our scholars out in every imaginable capacity, who do our work well and are warranted as 'perfect treasures.' Several are in booksellers' shops recommending our own publications as the best antidotes to Romanism. But the system of family espionage answers best; therefore, we go out as Protestant sick-nurses and nursery-maids. Several act the part of being converts to Protestantism; and those ladies who fancy they have been the means of converting another are so flattered at their own success that they often afterwards become an easy prey to our emissaries.'"

In one room Beatrice was shown the novices, many among them girls of high and even noble birth recently perverted, and wasting their time in the most menial offices—brushing shoes, scouring floors, washing plates, darning stockings, and cleaning the hair of their companions.

Lady Anne is now alarmed and declares that Lady Edith shall fetch a warrant to search the house from the roof to the cellar. To this we give the reply at full length: it is an admirable exposition of Romanism in its motives and belief in fallible man:—

"'That cannot be. Lady Edith has no legal right over Miss Farinelli, who comes here to-day or goes abroad to-morrow without any one having a right in law to hinder her. The fact is, my daughter, you will greatly impede the advantage of our Church if you do not consent to keep it secret for a fortnight where Miss Farinelli is. No one saw her depart in your carriage but those who were in the plot; but now, that our bird is caged, do you think there is the thing on earth that could influence me to betray the secret of Miss Farinelli being here when her remaining is so important to the Church? Thousands a-year depend upon this little manœuvre, and it shall positively be completed. Father Eustace must lay his injunction upon you to obey, and you know the greatest of all virtues is obedience. No matter whether you think an order right or wrong—you must not judge, but obey. The more your confessor's command is opposed to your private judgment, revolting to your personal feelings, or wounding to your individual conscience, the greater your merit in being a mere machine. If nature says it is a sin, and if the law of God say

it is sin, but if Father Eustace says it must be done, then it must and shall. The responsibility is his, not yours.'

"'But you cannot mean it (exclaimed Lady Ann almost hysterically): you would frighten me out of my wits, if I had any wits to be frightened out of'" (iii. 137, 138).

But Mrs. Lorraine's "determined air" showed the inutility of remonstrance, and then came the re-action:—

"At this moment Lady Ann, in her hot indignation at having been cajoled into becoming the heedless instrument of so deep a plot, felt as if the scales were falling from her eyes—as if her chain had snapped into fragments and the iron bondage of Romanism were at an end. She saw the iniquity of that system which acknowledges no rule of truth or honour. The power of natural conscience, which for ever survives amidst the ruins of our fallen nature, once more asserted itself: the remembrances of Protestant principle appeared in all their brightness to her memory" (iii. 138).

The recent disclosures made with regard to Roman Catholic schools and semi-Romish nunneries in this country make the convent scenes in "Beatrice" perfectly intelligible as well as perfectly credible. Looking at the trial concerning the Norwood establishment—and allowing that the plaintiff was an ill-conditioned, ill-tempered, fractious, disobedient, and peevish child—still enough was elicited to show that the discipline was severe in the extreme, altogether unadapted to bring out the higher and nobler qualities of the mind, and calculated to crush the feeble spirit and to direct the aspiring into the crooked paths of intrigue and deception. Happily the public mind is now awake to this important subject; and we shall doubtless, before long, have a visitation periodically made to all Popish "houses of retreat." Till this is done, British liberty is and will be awfully infringed, and British subjects treated as, in the middle ages, the inquisition alone could treat men.

It cannot be regarded but as a providential event that so much light has been thrown upon the practices of the Roman priesthood by the celebrated trial, "*Achilli* v. *Newman*." No person in court believed *all*, or nearly all, the evidence brought against Dr. Achilli: no one, on the other hand, believed his *Romish* career to be free from crime; but he was persecuted for having left the Romish Church—not because he had been an erring member of that communion. The applause of a crowded court, and which, so far from checking, Lord Campbell encouraged, by sundry very unworthy little pieces of clap-trap, showed on a small scale the general feeling of the people of England. It is probable that our

readers will, if they have not done so already, read "Beatrice" for themselves; nor will they have to account it lost time that they have done so.

The next work on our list is one of somewhat less pretensions, inasmuch as it is, like the "School for Fathers," comprised within the limits of a single volume; and the title, "Kate and Rosalind; or, Early Experiences," would lead us to suppose it to be a tale intended for the instruction of youth. On reading it, however, it appears to be a "regular-built" novel, only by reason of close type—the three volumes are compressed into one. It is a book of unusual merit: less profound in its wisdom than "Beatrice," it is far more sparkling in its cleverness. Like Miss Sinclair, the authoress has taken in hand to depict how Popish priests and Jesuit confessors intrigue to secure English estates and to entrap English heiresses. The story is exceedingly well told, and the characters are drawn with a boldness and freedom seldom met with except in practised writers.

Had we space for extract we might present our readers with many pungent and racy sketches, but we must forbear. On the whole, if "Beatrice" be the most important fiction which has lately been given to the world on the subject of the domestic workings of Popery, "Kate and Rosalind" is by far the most amusing.

"Milton Davenant," the last work on our list, comes before us with claims of a somewhat peculiar character. It is the production of a clergyman—is avowedly put forward as such—and is to be regarded as the deliberate expression of Mr. Bandinel's views and opinions after many years' experience of the Church, her acts, and her requirements. We cannot, therefore, pass it hastily by with a few words of praise or a few critical objections. Mr. Bandinel's sentiments seem to be the same that we have for so many years advocated in this review—the safe, old Protestant "*via media*." We may be expected, therefore, at once to agree with him as to his object, and it remains for us to see how he attempts to attain it. The plot of the story is neither very simple nor very original. An old squire—Mr. Davenant of Milton Davenant, an incarnation of rural pride and squirely obstinacy—drives out his only son for marrying a foreigner: the son and his wife die before the old gentleman, and by his will the latter leaves all his possessions to his grand-daughter, Clara Pandolfi Davenant. This bequest appears to take the family by surprise; and the scene at the opening of the will, though one of a class of pictures common enough, and provoking

comparison both with Smollett and Marryatt, is well depicted, and does not suffer by the risk. Among the assembled family are certain magnates—to wit, Lord Ironside, Lord Ducandrague, and Sir T. Thurtle. The second named peer, whose title seems derived from duck-and-drake, by reason of his lordship's way of disposing of his substance, occupies a prominent place in the volumes—a circumstance to be regretted, as he gives rise to some outrageous caricatures which we shall notice in due time. Parallel with the history of the heiress Clara, runs that of Robert Da'enant, the son of a respectable yeoman, whose family it is dimly intimated have claims to be in the place now occupied by Clara. Robert, under the tuition of Ascham, the village schoolmaster, succeeds so brilliantly in his studies that he is sent to Oxford, and bids fair to be a scholar of the highest mark. The death, by accident, of his father and the burning of the farmhouse induce him to leave the university just as his prospects are culminating. An attachment springs up between him and Clara, repressed for a time by the pride of the respective parties, till at last they both "*see their way*," and a marriage takes place; soon after which it is legally proved, not, as an old play says, "that the lady ought to have been the gentleman," but that the gentleman has the right to the lady's estate, so that their mutual pride is fully satisfied.

The underplots are various. There is a vicar of Milton Davenant, a Rev. Mr. Snoreham, one of the old "tawney-port school"—a race of men happily fast dying out from among us. There is Mr. Pym, a Jesuit in disguise, who does the work of his Church as faithfully as any work so faithless can be done. There is a Rev. Clarence Porter, the ruffian chaplain of the roué Lord Ducandrague; and a Mr. Askerswell, a safe and worthy but not brilliant clergyman, who succeeds to Mr. Snoreham.

There are two girls in humble life who, after much opposition, marry two nephews of Lord Ironside, and thus become cousins to Clara; and there are two cockneyfied ladies one of whom becomes Lady Ducandrague and the other Mrs. Clarence Porter. Such are the materials which Mr. Bandinel has selected to weave therefrom a story which shall display the excellences of the English Church, the dangers of Tractarianism, and which shall set forth the opinions of a clever and amiable man on many topics of great importance. How, then, has he succeeded? On the whole, well. Snoreham, Pym, Askerswell, are good types of their various classes; and all teach as much by their contrast as indi-

vidually. The style of the book is spirited and the narrative is amusing. Of argument there is too much, but Mr. Bandinel reminds us more than once that preaching is his business, and a little of it we must be content to receive. Altogether there is quite enough clever satire, smart antithesis, pleasant anecdote, and judicious quotation, to make the book one which will be read with considerable satisfaction, and as such it may be safely recommended to the novel reader as above the average of its class. We are pleased, too, with many evidences of Christian charity scattered through its pages, and shall be glad to meet Mr. Bandinel in the same field again: he will instruct and entertain at the same time—but he must be careful!

This brings us to the faults of the work, and some of these are of so startling a character that we have read pages and pages over again to be sure that we had read aright.

It is just within the limits of possibility that there may be in clerical garb such an unmitigated ruffian as the Rev. Clarence Porter; but he is an utter improbability, and one whose word will weigh heavily with Mr. Bandinel has said—

> "Sempre a quel ver; ch'a faccia de menzogna
> Dé l'uom chiuder le labbra quanto puote."

Moreover, it is not in the nature of things that an English nobleman, even Lord Duck-and-drake himself, should, in a state of desperate intoxication, and attended by his chaplain in the same praiseworthy condition, force their way into the house of a beneficed clergyman, push aside the butler, and being "hard up" for cash, and understanding that the two daughters have thirty thousand pounds each, then and there make love to them; and do this without their drunkenness being discovered till the butler informs his master. The rector appears in person on the scene, and is so treated that he falls down in a fit, from which he never recovers. This will never do!

His extravagant lordship had, of course, been previously a suitor for the hand of Clara, and had of course been rejected. After this second disappointment, he and the Rev. Mr. Porter betake themselves to a sea-bathing village, where they meet with two ready victims—a Mrs. Higgins, having under her care a Miss Statira Stiggins—who are enjoying in that quiet retreat the sea air and the country retirement. To one of these, the fair Statira, his lordship became a suitor—to the other, the comely widow, the chaplain addressed himself.

Here we have one of the grossest caricatures of the whole book. A wealthy London tradesman *of our day*, able to

leave his only child a fortune of 100,000*l.*, would not leave her, or allow her to be left, in so deplorable a state of ignorance as to be unable to speak her own language with decency. Statira Stiggins belongs to a class of whom, unhappily for our Church, the clergy know little or nothing. The middle orders growing rich by retail trade are, during their progress, unnoticed and unknown. When they have reached the point of opulence—when they separate the shop and the dwelling house—then, and not till then, do they come under clerical supervision. The curate visits the labourer and the squire; but the shopkeeper is too often forgotten, and here Dissent reckons her converts by thousands. However, with some knowledge of what London tradesmen and their families are, we beg to assure Mr. Bandinel that Statira Stiggins is a mistake. Once more: Mr. Joblins, who is represented as a tradesman himself, and a very upright man too, deliberately administers to a fraudulent or erroneous will, whereby the late Mr. Stiggins leaves his daughter 100,000*l.* at her own disposal; whereas he really possesses not one-tenth part of that sum, and what he does leave is invested in the business of Mr. Joblins. This is a serious blunder. Who shall say that Mr. Bandinel may not step into some of the preferments now so worthily held by the Moores, and the Crofts and the Russells: nay, who shall be certain that he is never to be a registrar of wills? To be sure he will be bound to do the work by deputy, and not pay the deputy for doing it: still it would be wholesome and comely to know that the value of property is sworn to by the administrator, and probate duty paid accordingly.

We have spoken plainly on the defects of what would, were it not for these blots, be a book of considerable merit; and we have done so because, with Mr. Bandinel's ability, he may reasonably look forward to very decided success.

One more hint and we have done. Our author is too fond of quoting second-rate writers as though they were authorities. The attempt to give them a lift is kind of Mr. Bandinel, but he is not yet Milo enough to do it. One of Cowper's most exquisite epigrams, "on seeing some names of little note in the "Biographia Britannica," will be apt to our purpose:—

> "Oh! fond attempt to give a deathless lot
> To names ignoble, born to be forgot.
> These tiny twinkling lustres of our land
> Fall one by one from Time's neglecting hand;
> Lethean gulfs receive them as they fall,
> And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all!

So when a child as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder some stale last year's news;
With joy he views the roving flame expire,
There goes my lady! and there goes the squire!
There goes the parson! oh illustrious spark!
And there—scarce less illustrious—goes the clerk!

ART. VI.—1. *Les Œuvres et la Vie de François Petrarque.* Paris.

2. *Opere di Francisco Petrarco. Firenze.* 1852.

IN the year 1304 there was a family residing at Arezzo in Tuscany. The head of the little household was an able notary, banished from Florence for political motives. Like the father of Tasso, he was absent when his wife gave birth to a boy who was destined to build up immortal renown. Soon after that birth the Florentine Government gave permission to the young mother to reside within their territory. The father was excluded, but he often found means to visit the family hearth at Ancise, where three sons gave life, energy, and hope, to the parents. When this change of domicile was effected, Petrarch, the future poet, was but seven months old: he was entrusted to the keeping of a man on horseback, who tied him up in a bundle which he carried at the end of a stick across his shoulder. As they were crossing a river the guide's horse fell—down went the illustrious baby into the stream—and the rough nurse had some trouble to rescue the future lover of Laura from an early death.

Political troubles subsequently drove the family to Carpentras, near Avignon, where a Gascon Pope was ruling the Church of Rome. Here Francesco learned his rudiments from simple Convenole—a man who, like a whetstone, could sharpen blades, but remained dull himself. This young pupil was soon wiser than his mentor, and the boy, before he was ten years of age, had acquired some knowledge of languages, history, and theology; some acquaintance with the poets; and, better than all, a conviction that he knew very little of anything—a conviction which was the first step towards improvement, if not perfection, in all.

Ere he had completed fourteen years, his father sent him first to Montpellier and subsequently to Bologna, to study what Petrarch could not bend his mind to—the law. The angry sire visited the son, and found him surrounded, not by

codes, but by copies of the poets. He cast the intellectual treasures into the flames, but was so touched by the tears and cries of his boy that he rescued two half-burnt volumes and presented them to the young student. One was a Virgil, very much dilapidated: the other was a Cicero—the volume of that great lawyer probably softened the paternal heart: that heart had not much longer to be tried by the pardonable waywardness of the son. The latter was deprived of his admirable mother in 1324—of his father in the following year. The children were left with but scanty inheritance and with rather extravagant tastes. Francesco was gay, gallant, but not thoughtless: he addressed himself to books as he did to young hearts that were wont to beat at the sound and signification of his musical voice. But amid all his reading he fairly cared but for one Gospel—that of Christ; and amid all his lovemaking, if he now and then offered incense at unworthy shrines, to Laura he remained permanently true. His taste for poetry was encouraged by men qualified to afford counsel. Giovanni di Firenze was his guide as well as friend; and Jacopo di Colonna, was a friend and patron, who did not ask for flattery in return for ducats, but who was well content to have a dependent bold enough to praise St. Augustine to a master who especially loved St. Jerome.

Biographers set down 1327 as the year wherein Petrarch first beheld Laura, the handsome wife of Hugues de Sade, a noble office-holder in princely Avignon. The sight of this married lady made of the beholder a poet for ever. The locality was the church of the monastery of St. Claire—the day, Sunday in Holy Week. She was magnificent in look, in gesture, and in dress; and the enraptured versifier worshipped her in many a sonnet which he did not venture personally to address to her. When this further boldness was accomplished, and Petrarch dared to speak to as well as gaze at her, the lady behaved as many well-conditioned matrons of our own day would at the like impertinent (and with us insulting) homage from a stranger. She forbade his addressing her, and whenever he approached, avoided him, or dropped her veil—that veil which he has immortalised by lines of such beautiful complaint.

He found consolation from what it was the fashion of the day to call cruelty, in the pleasant companionship afforded him at the hearth of the Colonnas at Avignon; and in the not less pleasant sojourn at Lombes in the Pyrenees, where his especial patron reigned as bishop, and where talent and

worth assembled to give additional attraction to the modest episcopal dwelling. In the cities of Languedoc, Petrarch learned to love the old poetry of Provence; but he returned from thence to Avignon to take up his residence with the Cardinal Colonna, at whose table he sat an honoured dependent, carrying on honourable intercourse with honoured men—(among others our own Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and author of the first Greek and Hebrew grammar in our language)—and undertaking with but indifferent success the office of tutor to the son of Stephen Colonna. The heart of the teacher appears to have been more with Laura than with his *alûmnus;* and yet his muse would show a divided allegiance, for the rhyming lover found leisure to write a comedy for the amusement of his patrons, entitled "Philologia," and illustrating the subject of universal learning! He confesses to having been ashamed of his production; and he may be believed, for the word of Petrarch was accounted as good as the oath of the first prelate. He turned then with double zeal to the apotheosis of Laura, solemnly asserting that in her resided the transmigrated soul of Daphne—the nymph who avoided Apollo, and whom the god consecrated to him and poetry by changing her into a laurel. The praise did not open to him the portals of the lady's house nor the sympathies of the matron's heart; and accordingly Petrarch, with a purse filled by the Colonnas, departed on a tour through France and Germany in search of ancient manuscripts, the favourite sport of the learned, if not of the loving, of that day. Whether it were a consequence of his passion for study, or for Laura, we cannot say; but it was remarked that grey hairs already shaded the looks of the young traveller, and that the impetuosity stamped on his beautiful features had given way to the impress of soft and attractive melancholy.

The travels of the thoughtful poet bore no very remarkable results, save in producing some letters marked by graceful gossip. Petrarch says of Paris that he had never beheld so nasty a place, except Avignon; and what struck him most at Lieges was that he could scarcely find ink enough in the whole episcopal city to copy a couple of orations of Cicero. The people of all the districts through which he passed he designated as "barbarians," meaning simply that they were not accomplished Italians; but the designation was hardly applicable, save, perhaps, when he was travelling without escort through the banditti-infested forest of Ardennes, and when he endeavoured to banish terror by affecting to see

Laura in every object that presented itself to his notice. In 1334 we again find him in Avignon, and again and more ardently than ever assailing Laura in the most mellifluous of aspirations. The lady was now seven-and-twenty years of age; but, honest wife as she is asserted to have been, there appears to have been about her a spice of coquetry which took delight in the unmeasured homage paid her by Petrarch in sweetly-measured verse. When her delight excited greater warmth in the poet, the lady straightway answered him by assuming a frigidity cold as the icicles on Diana's temple. Whispered words and playful reproaches and celestial song followed; and amid it all we wonder as to the presence and sentiments of M. Hugues de Sade, the husband of the trimming lady whom Petrarch worshipped as an *integra puella*. We confess to strong misgivings as to the mere Platonic affection of the poet and Madame de Sade. It was at all events marked by some very prosaic incidents. On each returning year M. de Sade saw his nursery pincushions resplendent with the annually renewed inscription of "welcome little stranger;" while at wider intervals, yet when Petrarch was paying his vows to Laura, a mistress less renowned, but more indulgent, became the mother of two illegitimate children, whose paternity rested indisputably with the poet. We should be indisposed to examine the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of Avignon, even if the records of so dissolute a place could be submitted to us; but we may mention that, when Petrarch was subsequently at Rome, he remarks in one of his letters thence that, profligate as that city was, the men at least had some pride in the characters of their spouses. They do not, he says, like the husbands of Avignon, hold cheap the honour of their own wives. We hope a Court of Love would not visit us with its utmost rigour if we ventured to hint that even M. Hugues de Sade may have been in the mind of the writer when he penned this remark.

Ghostly counsel and the plague in Avignon seem for a season to have turned Petrarch to serious thoughts. He even wrote against the doctrine of John XXII., that the dead would not see God till after the universal judgment and the resurrection of the body. This doctrine the infallible Pope himself humbly retracted; and his infallible successor, Benedict XII., who never exhibited any soundness of judgment save on the day of his election to the papal chair, when he assured the cardinals that they had made choice of "an arrant ass," set his predecessor down among excommunicated heretics for having published sentiments so opposite to the

orthodoxy of Rome. Petrarch had addressed himself to the subject by right of his office, for he was now chaplain to Cardinal Colonna and canon of Lombes. He was also advocate, for the nonce, in a case which he pleaded so triumphantly for a noble friend that all the world declared he would have been the first of orators had he not preferred being the first of poets. How impressionable he was is proved by the sudden energy with which he attempted to find a cure for his mental agitation in ascending Mont Venteux. While he was yet on the mountain, he took out his favourite Augustine: the passage at which he opened the book was the following:—"Men go far to observe the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginnings and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean; but *they neglect themselves.*" Struck with the remark, he determined henceforth to know but God and himself. At the very threshold of his good resolution, he beheld a country girl washing the well-known veil of Laura. The sight fired him again as of old: he found consolation once more in verse, and then determined on a journey to Italy to distract his thoughts. As he stepped ashore at Civita Vecchia, the first object that met his gaze was a *Laurel.* He rushed with frantic absurdity to kiss it, and tumbled headlong into a brook which he had not observed and which lay between him and the object of his worship. He poured out charming sonnets on the occasion while his garments were drying; and then hastened to Rome, pondering by the way on the desolation which murderous war was inflicting in Italy, and admiring in the capital the riches of its antiquities and the perfect indifference of those who possessed them.

The travels of Petrarch extended beyond Italy, to Spain and to the coasts, if not the country, of England. Of the English, however, he says no more than that they drank beer and cider; but he was probably speaking of them only by hearsay. He complains that he could scarcely anywhere meet with a man who spoke Latin—the only language to his thinking that was worth speaking—although he, in his manhood, studied Greek at Vaucluse with considerable earnestness and corresponding success. When he returned to Avignon in 1337, after taking possession of his almost profitless canonry of Lombes, he found the love disease which travel had cured again possess him with increased violence. He was weary besides of his poverty, his dependence, and his want of employment. These united causes drove him into his picturesque retirement in the valley of Vaucluse, with the

blue Mediterranean in sight, where he forgot the corruptions of the Papal court at Avignon; was tended by a good tempered old witch, of whom Laura had no need to be jealous; and where he began not only a Roman history from Romulus to Titus, but his great Latin poem called "AFRICA," which is as arid as the Libyan desert itself, as drily recounts the triumphs of Scipio over the Carthaginians, and which gained for its author the honours of a crowning in the Capitol. Public affairs, too, of the passing moment occupied his time, and his letters on the English wars in France, on political matters in Italy, and on his own way of life, written in Latin, were all intended for the public eye. Indeed, the public often got them before the particular correspondent to whom they were addressed. The man who was known to be the bearer of an epistle penned by a celebrated writer took pride in giving copies to importunate petitioners through whose localities he was journeying to the residence of the patient personage to whom the packet was addressed. The poetical vein of Petrarch never ran brighter than during his sojourn at Vaucluse. The most exquisite of his sonnets to Laura were there written amid such calm as he could enjoy in a scene of indescribable beauty, but rarely intruded upon even by valued friends, and from which he seldom issued save to spend a few hours at Avignon, to snatch fresh light as it were from the flame on the shrine there abiding, and hurrying back lest in the very odour of the flame he should "die, like a rose, of aromatic pain." His passion, however, was maintained, and a friendly painter presented to the poet the limned presentment of the lady. Whether the immaculate matron sat for the portrait is not known; but the portrait exists, as do the even more beautiful verses by which Petrarch gave utterance of graceful gratitude to Simon da Sienna.

From the seclusion of Vaucluse Petrarch was invited to Paris, to Rome, and to Naples, to receive the laurel crown of poets for his yet unfinished "AFRICA"—a poem which no man had read, and which may be put down in Charles Lamb's list of books "impossible to be read." Petrarch proceeded to Naples, where the literary King Robert examined him, put his royal robe upon him, would fain have crowned him himself, and finally dismissed him to Rome with a diploma giving warrant of his worthiness to receive a crown which had not been awarded in that capital for a thousand years. The day of coronation was a high day in Rome. Petrarch, who was now general almoner to the King of Naples, walked to the Capitol amid a company of splendidly attired citizens,

A sea of faces roared welcome as he passed, and ladies from balconies poured perfumed waters on him as he greeted them. The effect must occasionally have been ludicrous, but all ended well. Petrarch recited verses, listened to his eulogy, bent his head to the laurel crown placed thereon by the Roman senator, and was declared free of the city, a great poet, with liberty to write and publish what he thought proper, and permission to wear a garland of laurel, beech, or myrtle, whenever he was so minded! He attended high mass in St. Peter's, hung up his crown on a pillar of the temple, and sat solitary in his own home that night, half conscious that the ridiculous had prevailed that day over the sublime; that even the empty honour had not been fairly earned, and that he had yet much to accomplish ere he could win the real honour of enduring fame—the sole aspiration of a true poet.

He withdrew from Rome to Parma, where he was still the guest of the Colonnas. Here he spent his hours in a neat little house annexed to a suburban monastery—sometimes in his garden—much in the church—more in making ballads to his mistress' eye-brow, and most in encouraging dreams, out of which he hoped to make a future golden reality. A tangible honour *did* here await him. His resignation of the canonry of Lombes was followed by his appointment to the archdeaconry of Parma—a strange office for an erotic poet!

In 1342 ecclesiastical duty carried him to dissolute Avignon much against his will, even though Laura dwelt therein. He was present at the death of the ignorant, unclean, Benedict XII., whom Petrarch reviles in no measured terms. His wrath is tremendous at the beastly vices of this so-called vicar of God, who was succeeded by Roget (Clement VI.), whose court, if more elegant, was not less vicious. The Papal saloons were crowded by ladies whom the Pope loved, and by scholars whom he admired. He was at Rome during the election, and Petrarch was delegated to announce his elevation. The poet had with him a remarkable man as co-delegate—none other than the famous Rienzi. When poet and patriot stood in presence of the new pontiff, the first uttered a long, dry, compliment, for which he received the priorate of St. Nicholas, Pisa. The patriot was silent, and turned away unguerdoned. But though silent he was thoughtful, and in mind at least he had already conferred on himself that which he afterwards held—the mastership of the Roman world. The new prior of St. Nicholas was not oblivious of absent friends; and, as the new Pope was in a liberal humour,

Petrarch procured from him the admission of Ermessanda into the convent of St. Lawrence, and the appointment of a canonry for Audibert—two individuals very correctly designated as "the children of Laura"—a fact we are certainly not inclined to dispute. It is sufficient comment on the fact to state that, when Petrarch returned to Avignon, Laura received him with such unusual kindness that Vaucluse lost for a time its once potential magic. But both were getting middle-aged: the spring time of young romance had passed: Laura was losing her grace and Petrarch his complexion. In every age, indeed, love is beautiful, most beautiful where longest abiding, even to grey locks and the grave; but Petrarch and Laura stand alone in the light of a peculiar love; and, when they began to grow fat, it was natural that something of a change should come o'er the spirit of this dream.

The dialogues which Petrarch published, and which he is supposed to hold with his favourite St. Augustine, are apologies for his love for Laura—a love which Augustine asserts has been a sin and a snare—but which, according to the poet, was never aught but a beacon to allure him on to virtue. A nobler champion of female honour woman could not desire, and perhaps what he asserted was truth; but it is also true that the fashion of the day enjoined a knight even to lie in support of the fair reputation of his "*dame par amours;*" and, if a knight, why not a poet? However, if Laura was as virtuous as Petrarch declares her to have been, she was the only virtuous woman in Avignon. What chance had virtue in a city where Clement VI. presided, and in the court of a king-priest wherein reigned in golden infamy the pontiff's mistress, the Vicountess de Turenne?

In Petrarch's letters of this period we find proofs of an inimitable observer and describer, and of a mind not only accomplished, but conscious of its accomplishments, and evidently expressing no sentiment but with preparation as for the general public eye. Whether he writes on science, on history, on philosophy, on religion, or on the picking up of Laura's glove, the same tinge of pardonable conceit pervades all. We have spoken of Laura's reputation, and in connection with it we will quote what Petrarch writes of the city in which she resided. The extract is from the "Mysteries:"—

"All that they say of Assyrian and Egyptian Babylon, of the fair Labyrinths, of the Avernian and Tartarian Lakes, is nothing in comparison with this hell. We learn how a Nimrod, powerful on the

earth and a mighty hunter before the Lord, who attempts to scale heaven with raising his superb towers. We have a Semiramis with her quiver—a Cambyses, more extravagant than the Cambyses of old. You may here behold the inflexible Minos, Rhadamanthus, the greedy Cerberus, Pasiphae, and the Minotaur. All that is vile and execrable is assembled in this place. There is no clue to lead you out of this labyrinth, neither that of Dædalus nor Ariadne. The only means of escaping is by the influence of gold. Gold pacifies the most savage monsters, softens the hardest hearts, pierces through the flinty rock, and opens every door, even that of heaven; for to say all in one word, even Jesus Christ is here bought with gold.

"In this place reign the successors of poor fishermen, who have forgot their origin. They march covered with gold and purple, proud of the spoil of princes and of people. Instead of those little boats in which they gained their living on the Lake of Gennesareth, they inhabit superb palaces. They have likewise their parchments, to which are hung pieces of lead, and these they use as nets to catch the innocent and unwary, whom they fleece and burn to satisfy their gluttony.

"To the most simple repasts have succeeded the most sumptuous feasts; and where the apostles went on foot, covered only with sandals, are now seen insolent satraps mounted on horses ornamented with gold and champing golden bits. They appear like the Kings of Persia, or the Parthian Princes, to whom all must pay adoration.

"Poor old fishermen—for whom have you laboured?—for whom have you cultivated the field of the Lord?—for whom have you shed so much of your blood? Neither piety, charity, nor truth is here. God is despised, the laws trampled upon, and wickedness esteemed wisdom. Oh times! Oh manners!"

This is pretty well, as evidence given by an archdeacon against Popish vice—that same horrified archdeacon being the father of illegitimate children, and the public, if Platonic, lover of another man's wife! Gavazzi could not say anything more bitter; and Dr. Newman, filthy as his witnesses showed the Romish priesthood might be, could hardly prove Achilli and the Dominicans of Rome to be worse than their predecessors in Avignon. But, if Rome then and now be identical, so also is Naples: the Parthenope of to-day is the impure abstraction that she was five centuries ago. In 1343, King Robert of Naples having died, and a regency being established to hold the crown during the minority of his grand-daughter Joan, Petrarch was despatched by the Pope to that kingdom with a mission to claim the government thereof for the pontiff during the minority of the princess. He was also instructed to inform himself of what was passing in that court. The intelligence he communicates is edifying:—

"I arrived at Naples the 14th of October. Heavens!—religion,

justice, and truth are banished. I think I am at Memphis, Babylon, or Mecca. In the place of King Robert, so good, so just, so pious, I find a little monk—fat, rosy, barefooted, with a shorn head, and half-covered with a dirty mantle—bent by hypocrisy more than age, lost in debauchery, proud of his poverty, and still prouder of the gold he has amassed. This man holds the reins of this staggering empire. His cruelties and debaucheries go beyond even those of Dionysius, Agathocles, and Phalaris. The name of this monk is Brother Robert: he was a Hungarian Cordelier, and preceptor of Prince Andrew, whom he entirely governed. This monster oppresses the weak, despises the great, tramples justice under foot, and treats the two Queens with the greatest insolence. The court and the city tremble before him. A mournful silence reigns in the public assemblies; and in private houses they converse by whispers: the least gesture is punished, and to think is imputed a crime."

Such is the liberty which now reigns wherever Popery has influence—such is the freedom she would establish wherever she can find opportunity. The description given by Petrarch of the aspect of Naples five centuries ago would, *mutatis mutandis*, truthfully picture, not only that city in 1853, but especially Paris, and indeed all France, whose neck is under the heel of an impure and cold-blooded tyrant to whom blaspheming Popery has given the name and the attributes of God! The "Dominus Deus Domitianus" of heathenism has now its parallel in the "Louis Napoleon and Saviour" of enslaved France.

Petrarch dreaded thunder as though he had been of the blood of the first Cæsars; distrusted the sea even when it was calm; and prayed that he might die where he was born, on the firm and fixed-set earth. He beheld, however, such terrible agitation—(terribly described by him)—in air, and sea, and land, during a destructive earthquake at Naples, and such bloody ferocity in the popular games rejoicingly held when the danger had passed, that he was glad to encounter war, robbers, and tempests; and through all three to make his way once more to his harbour of tranquillity in embowered Vaucluse.

Whatever may have been the character of his love, he appears in his middle age to have cherished ambition, and to have looked for preferment. These feelings brought on dissension between him and his patrons the Colonnas, and he resolved to pursue fortune under other auspices at the hearths of some of the powerful princes of Italy. He tried absence for a while; but in a few months he was again with his books at Vaucluse, or at the feet of Laura at Avignon. His Lents were always passed in the former retirement, whence issued

many a sonnet, and where he wrote in Latin a playful "War of the Naiads," descriptive of the inundation by a storm of a little plot of verdure which he had fenced from the flood, and adorned with the statues of the Muses. Another of his productions was the "Happiness of a Monastic Life," written after a visit to his brother who had turned Capuchin friar —a condition which the poetical archdeacon affected singularly to admire, but without exhibiting the smallest intention of following it. He found "metal more attractive" at the side of Laura, under whose roof he was an admitted visitor, and where he met a somewhat angry husband and rather turbulent children. But what was that to the mother in that household, who could sit calmly on a bank of flowers, and allow Petrarch to gaze so closely into her eyes that he once, to his intense delight, caught in his own the inflammation with which her's were afflicted? Happy poet that sore eyes could make glad! Virtuous Laura of chaste matronly mind!—and unlucky M. de Sade doomed to play *Georges Dandin* before Moliere was born to immortalize that most infelicitous of husbands!

From the bower of love, however, Petrarch could turn with a thrill of honour and manly delight to hail as the "Modern Brutus" the tribune Rienzi, who had made Rome free, only to plunge her subsequently into greater misery. The correspondence of these remarkable men is well worth the notice of every student of history. The first and transient glow of liberty which had burst upon the old Republic, since it had been hidden by the imperial mantle, allured Petrarch into Italy to pay affectionate homage to the man who had achieved the great and glorious but illusory work. The poet bade a hasty but tender farewell to Laura; and she so sweetly bade him adieu that he, like the shepherd in the ballad, might have been excused for believing that she wished him in truth to remain. But the spirit of liberty was stronger than the spirit of love; and Petrarch swiftly sped towards the point where he thought the first spirit was springing into renewed life. Alas, ere he had crossed the frontier, he learned that liberty had expired, and that licentiousness reigned in her stead. He paused like one suddenly smitten, and in 1348 took up his residence at Parma. He had with him his now legitimatised son Giovanni, intended for the Church, and then his dear anxiety. Disappointment, and the plague which now raged through southern Europe, paralysed his Muse; and the little he wrote was tinged with the gloom of repeated visions wherein he beheld Laura etherialised and

discoursing with him, as he has recorded at length, on the subject of her own death. His forebodings were agonising, and they were realised. On the 9th of May, 1348, he received the intelligence of her death—a death caused by the scourge which in Avignon alone had carried off three-fourths of the population. "Euthanasia!" he might have exclaimed; for she died painlessly, and with a reputation for virtue as honestly gained as that of sanctity has been by some of the *Beati*. Petrarch recorded the falling of this blow to his happiness, in the fly-leaf of his "Virgil," wherein, after a tribute to her chaste disposition and learning, he says—"This loss convinces me there is no longer anything worth living for. Since the strongest cord of my life is broken, with the grace of God I shall easily renounce a world where my cares have been deceitful, and my hopes vain and perishing."

Laura left the bulk of her fortune to her husband. He had been something morose of character of late, and probably had good reason. He was, perhaps, restored to good humour by his wife's last delicate attention, but his regard for his consort was evinced by his marrying again within some months of her death. Petrarch was not named in a will wherein few things were forgotten—even to cutting off two or three of her children with a single florin as a penalty for their undutiful behaviour. Did this lack of duty manifest itself in want of respect; and, if the children of Laura did not respect the mother whom Petrarch loved and celebrated, had this latter affection and its publicity aught to do with the course they adopted? However this may be, the phrasing of the lady's will might have been from the chaste pen of St. Agnes herself; but, for the matter of that, so might the saintlike paragraphs which open the last will and testament of Madame de Pompadour. We do not mean to degrade Laura de Sade by comparing her with that disgrace to womanhood, "Jeanne Poisson;" but if she who founded the *Parc au Cerf* for Louis XV. could sit down amid her hellish iniquity and dispose of her goods with heavenly words upon her lips, it only demonstrates one incontrovertible truth—that a whole quire full of the most righteous precepts will not gild a character damned by unrighteous deeds.

In 1348 Petrarch experienced a new grief in the death of his patron old Cardinal Colonna. His sorrow was not so selfish, however, but that he could afford to condole with the centenarian sire of the cardinal, and of several brothers and sisters then sleeping the long sleep of the grave. The letter

of condolence is long, something pragmatical and conceited, and with the writer's too liberal display of universal knowledge. To our thinking, the consolation in it is but awkwardly administered. What balm was it to tell a father who had survived, like Priam, to bury all his children, that he had lost but some half-a-dozen; whereas a King of Arabia, with a very long name not be found in Lempriere, had been the father of a hundred? Time, indeed, is the great consoler of the heaviest griefs; but it seems satirical to tell a man of a hundred years old, and the last of his race, that his is a sorrow which Time can alleviate. Of his own double grief, Petrarch makes graceful record in an address to Death, wherein he says:—"Thou hast taken from me the two treasures who were my joy and my confidence—that stately column which served me for support, and that green *Laurel* under whose shade my weary soul reposed! Nothing can restore to me what I have lost! What remains for me but to bemoan all my future days such irreparable losses? Our life is like the shadow of the sun passing over the plain. We lose in a moment what we have been years in acquiring." These passages are simpler than most paragraphs in Petrarch's letters, wherein simplicity seldom reigned. His pen was always hurrying from plain truths to make record of scraps (sometimes valuable enough) of all sorts of knowledge. Thus, when the death of Colonna dispersed from Avignon the society of learned men of whom he was the Mecænas, Petrarch wrote a long and pleasant letter to an old and loved member of that society. The letter speculated as to what the writer and his old companions should determine upon with respect to their future course. Petrarch happily paints the delights of friendly, social, union. "Can anything (he says) be more agreeable than heads always serene, minds always agreed, hearts always open, and conversation where truth reigns, without constraint, reserve, or preparation?" Here simple truth has the benefit of graceful expression; but in the postscript the poet intimates that the letter is entrusted to his cook, whereupon he launches out into a miniature essay upon the virtuous Roman times, before the conquest of Asia, when cooks were the vilest of household slaves, and not luxurious knaves cherished by luxurious lords.

The correspondence and the experience of Petrarch alike abounded in traits of the times. We hear, for instance, of men murdered in the highway, and of neighbouring nobles receiving the assassins into their castles, and sharing with them the spoil. We find, too, how rude was the magnificence

of the times. Petrarch, in the course of a journey to various localities in Italy, whose sovereign masters deemed the presence of the great poet an honour, sojourned for a space at the gallant court of the Gonzagas in Mantua. They celebrated the event by the most splendid of suppers; *but* "the supper was served in a damp hall, of which flies and all sorts of insects had taken possession; and, to complete the distress, an army of frogs, attracted by the good odour of the meats, came forth and stunned the company with their importunate croakings." Rome was not forgotton among the localities visited by Petrarch, and he was among the million who flocked thither at the great jubilee of 1350. "The concourse of pilgrims to this jubilee was prodigious. The streets were so full that men were carried along by the crowd, whether on horseback or on foot. There was no appearance that the plague had depopulated the world: the people of quality came the last to it; and, above all, the ladies of the grandees from beyond the mountains. Most of them took the route of Ancona; and Bernardin de Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, whose castle was on this road, joined, and made great confusion among them. This would not have befallen them if they had remained in their houses, because a ship that is always in port cannot be shipwrecked. Indulgences and journeys are not fit for young people." The concluding paragraphs refer to the horrible immorality which prevailed on the route and in the city. It was no new thing, however, in the days of ancient pilgrimages to Rome: as bad, perhaps worse, prevailed along the entire road. The female pilgrims were notorious for their light conduct, and we are sorry to say that those from Britain were especially conspicuous for their unblushing infamy. Petrarch himself bears testimony that the event to him personally was profitable, and not injurious. "I went with fervour (he says), determined to put an end to that sinful life which has often covered me with shame, and I hope nothing can make me change the firm resolutions I have taken." He manifested his serious disposition soon afterwards in arranging his affairs and reviewing his manuscripts; and he resolutely committed to the flames not less than one thousand unfinished essays and poems. "I charged Vulcan (he writes) with the trouble of consuming them; but—shall I own my wickedness?—it was not without sighs." What he preserved was confided—the poetry to his friend "Barbatus;" the prose, to his other friend whom he designated "Socrates;" and these formed, in eight books of familiar subjects and three books of Latin verse, the magnificent edition of his works

printed at Basle in 1581. He solaced himself for the sacrifice he had made of his incomplete works by composing the most perfect of his sonnets to Laura on the third anniversary of her death in 1351. The spirit of love, as he would have said, recompensed him for his devotion to the yet living sentiment, by transmitting to him on the same day the decree by which he was recalled to the state of Florence, and restored to his patrimonial possessions within that territory. The Florentines, however, greatly as they admired the poet, cared little for the patriot, and valued him at present merely as a pedagogue. They had in fact established an university, and they invited Petrarch to make it illustrious by occupying therein the first of the professorships. Petrarch responded to the invitation by a noble letter, worthy alike of the patriot and the poet, and marked by an outpouring of child-like affection for the land of his birth. What surprises us is that the ardent writer did not follow hard upon his winged words, and hurry with fiery speed to resume his citizenship among a proud and powerful community. On the contrary, he directed his face there, where his heart was, to Avignon and Vaucluse; and by slow and sometimes perilous journeys, he proceeded as though his strong love for Italy kept him back from entering the France which he detested, but one spot in which was consecrate and beautiful to him for ever. Oh, thou strange human heart that can readily yield all, even the very substance of greatness, to the cold yet enduring spirit of a dead but not forgotten love!

It must be admitted, however, that at the Papal court at Avignon, then concerned with some questions of vast national import, Petrarch found a position of dignity far beyond anything he could have met with as the occupier of a professorial chair in Florence. He had, too, his son with him—a double anomaly, it is true, if we recollect that he was an ecclesiastic as well as a lover; and that the presence of the good youth was hardly a compliment either to good manners or to Laura's shade. But "Ländlich sittlich," as the German proverb has it; and in France in Petrarch's time, priest and lover, we suppose at least, learned their morals by other codes than those which *should* rule them now.

The ruling passion was strong in Petrarch even when he denied its very existence. He now thought himself in the way of salvation, because passion no longer swayed. But the torch of Venus burned even for the dead, and he never wrote more lover-like sonnets upon Laura than now, when he boasted of having buried his sentiment of love in oblivion.

Earthly things, too, troubled over-much the man who had affected to forget them. Contemporary politics interested him: he had an ear for Papal intrigues and he employed much time in critical and historical dissertations. With all this, and an ardent mind to boot, he loved every created being except a doctor. His hatred of all physicians was intense: that of his illegitimate son, now a young canon at Verona, for books, was hardly more intense. It was clear that the mantle of the sire was not destined to fall on the shoulders of the son. On the other hand, all Avignon set up the fashion of loving literature and aiming at its honours. "Wise or ignorant (says Petrarch), we all here in the city write verses. It is a mournful consolation to have so many sick companions: I had rather be diseased alone." In the very streets poetasters appealed to him for judgment, and at home versifiers crowded his room; and correspondence from the limits of the known world oppressed his table, imploring approval for works which the authors thought, perhaps, might excite jealousy even in Petrarch. His annoyance at this was increased by his nomination to be Secretary to the Pope, with a request that he would write on a given subject in a less ambitious style than was his custom, in order that simple-minded folk might see that he was worthy of the post. Petrarch, who longed to avoid the honour flung at him, immediately wrote an essay of such sublime unintelligibility that he was excused from accepting an office for which he had proved his own incapacity. He hastened from the scene to bury himself in his little study at Vaucluse, and there surrendered himself to the dear delights of freedom, study, heaven's pure air, and gentle dreams and slumbers light that fly the approach of morn.

He there found what consolation he could for the failure of what appeared to him the attempt of Rienzi to restore to Rome her ancient liberty and language. His heart longed for the first, and all his energies were given to further the latter. He was *the* Latin poet of his day; but, had he possessed the power and sweetness of all the Roman poets who had preceded him, he would have been unequal to the effort. His Latin poems will not repay perusal, although there are passages in them of extreme vigour and beauty: we may instance, as among these passages, his vivid description of the antiquities of the capital.

The great dislike of Petrarch for French literature is well known. He held in great contempt the alleged masterpiece of Gallic poesy, the "Romance of the Rose." His feeling

against French Popes was of the same complexion. When Clement lay ill at Avignon, he took sufficient interest in him to advise him, if he would live, to dismiss his doctors. The Pontiff did not heed the counsel; and Petrarch, after declaring that the successor of St. Peter had died of obstinacy and medical advice, sat down and wrote a bitter satire against the Pope; whose manners, as he alleged, were such as to dishonour and weaken the cause which it was his mission to glorify and strengthen. Innocent XI., who was elected after Clement's death, in vain solicited Petrarch to take office in the Papal Court. He was a man of weak mind, and seriously believed that the poet had learned magic by studying Virgil. Near such a man, the wayward poet could not reside in tranquility. He expressed unwillingness even to live and die at Vaucluse, on the ground that his "resurrection would be so near Avignon, that Babylon of impiety." Accordingly, in 1353, he crossed the frontier into Italy without even taking leave of the Pope. "I feared I might infect him (he says) by my sorceries; or that he would infect me by his credulity." Such was the homage of an archdeacon to his sovereign, ecclesiastical lord and master!

For a man who loved quiet and liberty, he chose a singular retreat—namely, with John Visconti, Duke and Archbishop of Milan, an absolute prince, but an admirer of the poet. Petrarch resided in his court, in a mansion of some beauty, adjacent to which was a garden, which had been the scene of the conversion of his favourite saint, Augustine. Uninterrupted tranquility was, of course, *not* his lot. Visconti dispatched him on a double mission to conclude a treaty of peace between the Genoese and the Venetians, and to induce the Emperor to repair to Milan to receive the Imperial crown. While engaged with these and other political affairs of importance, he received from Barlaam, the Proctor of Romania, and the first man who made Homer known in his original tongue to Western Europe, a copy of the great works of the poet. In acknowledging the gift he deplores his inability to profit by it, being ignorant of the Greek; but, adds this man immersed in public and private affairs which occupied all his time, and in favourite studies that were his cherished relaxations, "I despair not of understanding Homer more perfectly hereafter. Cato was older than I when he began to learn Greek." And, accordingly, to the study which Cato took up at four score, Petrarch addressed himself at the age of fifty; and succeeded in comprehending the "pure original emanations of the celestial mind" of one whom he proclaims as

being the "king of poets and prince of philosophers." This was, perhaps, the most active period of his life. He was indispensable for the Government of Milan, particularly when it fell into the hands of the three ill-assorted sons of John Visconti, for whose benefit he exercised various offices at home and abroad. His interests, however, were all confined to home, and especially to the welfare of Italy—republic if that might be—empire, if the commonwealth was impracticable; and, under either dispensation, the Church subordinate to the State. His disappointment—we might say his wrath—was extreme when the Emperor Charles, who had repaired to Rome to be crowned, immediately quitted the country without exercising any sovereign authority to show that the crowning was not a mere formality. His freedom of expression, whether by pen or by word of mouth, with the Emperor, was astounding at a period when such liberty often cost the exerciser of it his life. The Emperor, however, humoured the patriotic notions of the poet; and when the latter visited him at Prague, on a mission from the Visconti, he created him Count Palatine, with all the varied privileges belonging to a rank so exalted. In his subsequent retirement at Milan, as in its vicinity, he had, during the former four years he had passed there, ample opportunity of witnessing the uncertainty of earthly greatness, and these examples drew from him his Latin essay on "Good and Bad Fortune;" and the remedies for the last as well as the essentials for the first. It is, perhaps, the noblest of his prose works—the arguments sound, and the illustrations from history inexhaustible. Indeed, his private letters have the same characteristic: they are full to overflowing of historical allusions; and it is from one of them we learn the fact that cannon was employed in war long before the dread arm was called for the first time, as we are so often taught, to work a triumph upon the bloody field of Cressy. His reading embraced all books as his conversation did all men—poets, philosophers, warriors, and handicraftsmen; from learned Greece and distant Asia to the barbarous Ultima Thule of Britain. With our own Chaucer he had conversed; and our old national poet worthily upheld the honour of our country. Of the honour of our country, however, Petrarch thought but little when he repaired, in 1360, through France to Paris, to congratulate King John on his liberation from his captivity in England. The country had been devastated by our warlike ancestors, and the inhabitants were so desperate in condition that the King himself was plundered as he passed on his way through Picardy to the capital. The English triumphs of

those days laid the foundation of the national hatred of our race that seems inate in every Frenchman. The Picard prefect, who the other day advocated the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the empire on the ground that he would one day bloodily avenge himself on the English, expressed but a feeling which had descended to him from those French who thought of us with similar desires in their minds when victory sat upon our helms in the fields of France, and success temporarily crowned the most unjust of causes.

Petrarch accounts for the success of the English—"which in my youth were the most cowardly of all the barbarians, inferior even to the vile Scotch"—to their discipline and temperance—qualities which had disappeared from the French armies. On his return from the mission to the French Court, he found that some sacrilegious thief had plundered him of all his books. The guilty parties were his servants and his own son, all of whom he turned out of his house. It was long before he consented to receive his libertine offspring, whose manners showed little gratitude for the act of grace: these were so generally infamous that when he perished of the great plague, in 1360, Petrarch could feel not only resigned but thankful. His resignation was less, and his impatient sorrow unbounded, at losing by the same scourge many an illustrious friend dearer to his heart than the boy born of an illicit love, when he himself professed to be expiring "pour les beaux yeux" of Madame Laura de Sade.

Before the scourges of pestilence and war Petrarch was forced to fly from city to city, until he at last found refuge in the fair city of Venice. To the republic, which there had its head-quarters, he gave all his books as the foundation of a free library to be formed by voluntary contributions. The republic in return assigned him a commodious house and a modest revenue. The house still stands, and was recently occupied as a monastery by the monks of St. Sepulchre. The library was enlarged; but it was ill cared-for in an age when Governments were reluctant to encourage popular learning, and damp and worms destroyed the rich bequest. Petrarch was better cared for than his books; and, in the sight before him of the busy port of Venice, he began to believe in "the Age of Great Cities," and to rejoice therein as enthusiastically as Dr. Vaughan himself, who has written on the subject so wisely and so well.

The irreligion which reigned in the "Sea-Cybele" alone drove him thence. The Venetians, for the most part, believed in no god but Aristotle; and Petrarch—who was wont to rise

ever at midnight to offer up prayer to God at the advent of another day, and who in extreme sickness, rather than miss the services of the Church, had himself carried there bodily—finally quitted the gay and godless city to settle at Padua. His declining health had increased his gravity of thought and deportment; and his death seemed so natural a circumstance that in the very report of its occurrence the Pope nominated the successors to the offices he had held, and eagerly appropriated his benefices. His malady was not a dignified one; and but that Petrarch was of refined habits, one might conclude that it arose from lack of ablution. "He had a sort of complaint which was very troublesome, and occasioned so great an itching that he was unable to write or employ himself in his usual affairs."

In his declining state he found consolation in viewing the happiness of his illegitimate daughter Frances, married to Francis de Brossiano, a citizen of Milan, and the mother of a son short-lived, and of a daughter whom Petrarch loved with all the ardour of which the fervent, human, paternal heart is capable. The mother of this daughter was at once the poet's pride and shame. This is shown by the passage in his will, wherein, after bequests to various friends, he appoints Francis de Brossiano his heir, and enjoins him, in his double condition of heir and "very dear son," to divide in two parts the money he should find—one for himself and "the other for the person he had designated to him." This "person" was the illegitimate daughter whom Petrarch cherished, but whom, as son of the Church and lover of Laura, he was unwilling to specially name in his last solemn testament. One does not know whether to smile or to sigh at such delicacy.

One other exceeding consolation was vouchsafed to Petrarch. Urban V., after his extraordinary election to the Papal chair at Avignon, had re-established the seat of St. Peter once more on the banks of the Tiber. Petrarch saw in such an act a prospect of returning greatness for his beloved Italy, and he congratulated the pontiff with uncontrollable enthusiasm. Urban, in return, invited him to Rome; and Petrarch, after various delays caused by ill-health, at length set out in 1370 to do affectionate homage to the Sovereign Pontiff. His strength, however, would not admit of his proceeding further than Ferrara, where he was seized with a fit which deprived him of sensibility for thirty hours, and left him too weak to proceed and scarcely able to endure being conveyed to Padua, and subsequently to the adjacent village of Arqua, where he languished through a long and oppressive summer. Being

determined on recovery if it were possible, he resolutely forbade the approach of all physicians. Giovanni da Dondi, a *medico*, was indeed ever at his side; but Giovanni was his friend, and even *his* amical advice was not taken where it seemed unreasonable. Giovanni counselled the poet to give up eating fruit and drinking water, and take to a diet more generous and suitable to his age. "Nature (said Petrarch) must have been a very unnatural mother to give us such agreeable food, of such delightful hue and fragrance, only to seduce her children by presenting them with poison covered with honey." "Giovanni—(remarked the poet on another occasion)—you have a genius that would have raised you to heaven if physic had not tied you to the earth."

Petrarch disregarded the physician—heeded nature, and, of course, recovered. If aught could have impeded his recovery, it would have been the intelligence of the return of Pope Urban to Avignon. "If you go to the accursed city (said St. Bridget to the pontiff), you will surely die." Urban went—and died. "It was a great sin (exclaimed Petrarch); but may the Lord forgive him the offence of his old age!" An archdeacon, pronouncing his impeccable and infallible lord as in sin, and asking for pardon for one who was supposed never to stand in need of it, is something that strikes us as amusing; but such anomaly is too frequent in Popery to appear to us as strange. Gregory XI. offered advancement in the Church as an inducement to allure Petrarch to Rome; but the poet adjured him not to offer the cure of souls to one who hardly knew how to save his own. His bodily strength continued to fail, but his mental powers were as great as ever; and, while he despised the popularity which gave his sonnets to be the favourite ware of ballad-mongers in the streets, he wrote a Latin treatise on Government for the use of Francis de Carrara, Lord of Padua, and fancied he was thereby doing something for his own reputation.

But it was the very verse sung by the street vocalists and the spinners in the sun that was to make the immortality of Petrarch. These are still remembered, even if they are not still read; while his Latin productions are wrapped up in well-merited oblivion. In his declining years the affectionate solicitude of nations surrounded him, and Petrarch received it with gratitude, save when it came in the shape of medical advice. One bright summer morning, the 18th of July, 1374, a servant who entered his library observed him in apparent mute contemplation with one arm leaning on his book. But it was *not* Petrarch—only all that was mortal of him. The

mysterious spark that had given life and intellect to that form had suddenly shot away though boundless space to dwell—who shall say where or how? The great fact known was that the beloved of his land had perished upon earth; and the importance of the fact is not inaptly expressed in the popular sentence born of the occasion, but uttered by Socchati, and showing that heaven rejoiced, but that the world lamented, purgatory wept, and hell howled at the death of the incomparable Italian poet. He was buried with great pomp in the parish church of Arqua. He was attired for the grave in a flame-coloured cassock, the habit of the canons of Padua; and sixteen doctors bore him on a bier that was covered with a cloth of gold, lined with crimson. The honours he merited well; but what he might have been spared is the excruciatingly-villainous Latin epitaph, in monkish rhymes, which his son-in-law placed upon his tomb. If spirits can be made uneasy by false quantities, wretched style, and bad grammar, the spirit of Francesco Petrarch is to this day grievously disgusted.

"Incomparable poet" he was not; but he was a great poet—ranking after Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, all of whom did good service in *making* an Italian language; whereas Petrarch's great object was to *restore* the Latin. A good man he may be accounted, if we weigh him by the standard of morality which prevailed in his day; and we have evidences that he would have been a better man had the laws of his Church permitted him. Of ardent temperament, yet of gentle heart and affections, the lover of Laura was a tender parent to his children born in dishonour. The dishonour was not accounted to him as a crime by his Church. Had he been a married man, and had the mother of his children been his wife, then he would have been honoured in the sight of men who love the laws of God and respect purity; though he would have been dishonoured in the eyes of a Church which loves not those laws nor respects the purity which it enjoins.

After all, the world must be content to take him as he was, and must be charitable enough to construe mildly of human frailty generally. Leaving his short-comings to that Mercy that never faileth, there will always remain with Petrarch excellence enough in his life, and intellect to win admiration from his fellow men.

ART. VII.—*Thoughts on our Foreign Relations.* By a Member of the House of Commons. Octavo. London. 1853.

TO the Christian philanthropist, who surveys this world of ours and reflects upon the condition of its varied inhabitants, it at all times presents a sad and melancholy aspect; but there are periods when the feeling of sorrow is experienced with peculiar bitterness, when the course of this world seems as it were to be turned backward; and, saddened and disheartened, we begin to despair of the regeneration of mankind. Such a melancholy period we believe the present to be. Five years ago, and the moral progress of mankind seemed rapid and sure. The cause of constitutional freedom had triumphed in Spain and Portugal. Belgium, under her enlightened King and with a free Government, was enjoying all the blessings of peace, and daily increasing in material prosperity. Germany was training herself for freedom and aspiring to higher destinies: heroic Hungary had won back the ancient privileges which imperial fraud and ingratitude had filched from her noble people. There was even hope for the cause of unhappy Poland. Greece, no longer a Turkish province, had entered into the comity of nations; and, to crown the joy of the scholar, her younger sister—that other classic land to which we owe an equal debt of gratitude—was awakening from the sleep of death, and casting off the fetters in which tyranny and superstition had bound her for ages. The Kings of Sardinia and Naples, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, had conceded free constitutions to their subjects; while even Rome, the most stationary, if not retrograde system of government ever set up among men, no longer able to resist the popular current, was reluctantly obliged to set about the herculean task of reforming its abuses and corruptions, and to promise to its people some share of popular government. Nor were these changes in Italy the result of mob violence or external invasion: they were the legitimate fruit of the increasing intelligence of the age, the spontaneous growth of education, and the dissemination of free opinions. Italy no longer looked to revolutionary France—her people wished to effect their own regeneration without foreign aid. "Italia fara da se" was the ruling principle, as well as the favourite cry, which guided them in that course of radical but peaceful reform which their country needed, and which, before the disastrous days of February,

they had firmly entered upon. Had it not been for these, to them, most untoward events, their reforms would have been gradual and their revolution peaceful. France herself, the great instructress of nations, presented, if an anxious, yet a hopeful and encouraging aspect to the lovers of freedom and progress. Constitutional liberty seemed at length to have taken root under a limited monarchy. True: there was agitation for still further amelioration; but this agitation was conducted in a constitutional manner, and was perhaps the most hopeful evidence of the substantial progress made by the nation. The elective franchise was still too much restricted to express adequately the national will: there was great administrative corruption, and an observable tendency in the Government of July towards a line of policy inconsistent with the spirit if not the letter of the charter. But the French people felt that the means of correcting these abuses was in their own hands; and, in imitation of their English neighbours, determined that they should be reformed in a parliamentary and constitutional manner. They had had enough of revolutionary violence: they sought a reform bill—not a change of government; and, although their centralized system of administration and military organization threw formidable obstacles in their way, still they hoped by peaceful means to obtain those reforms which their country needed, and which France, the second great constitutional power in Europe, was so well entitled to. Notwithstanding their national vanity, the French people were beginning to draw lessons of political wisdom from their neighbours, and to learn the forms of resistance which suit the habits and dignity of a free people. The Chambers rang with the eloquence of the popular orators: the press reasoned and discussed: while reform meetings and banquets, convened and held in spite of the blind and infatuated opposition of the Government, afforded a free and full expression of the wishes of the people. Happy would it have been for France—and not alone for France but for Europe—had the sagacious monarch and his "Doctrinaire" Minister, who then held the helm of the State, shown themselves as skilled in the duties of governing a free people, as the French nation had shown itself docile in following the path of constitutional reform. They would have known that public opinion in a free country is like the electric fluid, which may be guided, but cannot be resisted; and that to understand and direct its vibrations is the happiest instinct which monarch or minister can possess. To have expected France, with its thirty millions of inhabitants,

to remain content with a constituency of two hundred and fifty thousand, and an army of "employés," was a miserable calculation; but to have so long and so obstinately resisted the national will for reform was a political blunder, and such a political blunder as amounts to the greatest of political crimes. Never was the fallibility of human judgment and sagacity more exemplified than in the closing scenes of the monarchy of July. It would have been impossible, out of England, to have selected two men better informed in the theory of representative government than Louis Philippe and his Minister Guizot; and yet, though the throne of the one and the position of the other were involved in the legal exercise of the functions marked out by the Constitution, never did two men show themselves more practically ignorant of the true principles of representative government. Impressed with his own proverbial sagacity and elated with the wonderful success which had invariably crowned it—justly proud of the material prosperity which his government had conferred upon France and the wide-spread reputation which the peaceful grandeur of his reign had acquired—the "Monarch of the Barricades" forgot the origin of his power; and, no longer content to be considered a citizen king, he assumed a direct action and control in his councils, inconsistent with the attributes of a limited monarch, and which had not been equalled since the days of Louis XIV. The King no longer reigned: he governed, while the responsibility of the Minister was lost sight of in the inviolability of the Sovereign, till the most important dogma of constitutional government was endangered. Under such a system, in the language of Junius, "Ministers are no longer the public servants of the State, but the private domestics of the Sovereign." That M. Guizot, so deeply read in English history, should have so long ventured to fill such a position, is surprising. The fate of Stafford should have alarmed him: the hatred which followed North and Bute should have admonished him that the Minister of a free country is responsible to the people as well as to the sovereign. But strong in his "doctrinaire" principles, wedded to a system, and hugging himself in the notion that, while supported by a parliamentary majority, he was not alone safe, but justified in retaining his post and resisting all irregular manifestations of the national will, he alike disregarded warnings and menaces, "set his face like a flint," while the storm was growing blacker and blacker, till at length it burst, and in its fury swept away, not only his master's throne and dynasty,

but plunged all Europe in confusion and ruin. Chaos seemed come again: monarchs no longer "trembled in their capitals," but fled from them in terror and dismay, or returned to them by perfidy to betray, till, after a brief and dismal reign of anarchy and confusion, the nascent liberties of mankind have been extinguished, and military despotism set up on the ruins of constitutional government. Germany again trammelled within the leaden rule of its antiquated forms—Hungary, after a brave struggle, crushed by the combined powers of Austria and Russia—the classic land of Italy again dyed with the blood of her children after a conflict as glorious as it proved vain—and sadly and mournfully as we look over the waste waters, how few are the vestiges of the storm which meet our sorrowing eyes—

"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

The spirit of our times has been changed. We no longer seem to live in an age of civilization and progress: it is the age of reaction and despotism—the age of fraud and perjury—in a word, the age of Louis Napoleon. Yes! there seems a portentous fitness in the appellation. The French Republic overturned with military violence the infant Republic of Rome—by military violence it has itself been overturned. "Now must begin universal death and putrefaction, or the heavings of a new life, but where are its germs?"—despondingly exclaimed the enlightened and benevolent Niebuhr, as he mournfully surveyed in 1809 the subjection of Europe, and the rapid strides of Napoleon to universal dominion. Providence interposed and blasted the power of the tyrant. Now it would seem as if—

"The quarry, which the eagle missed,
Has, by the mousing owl, been hawked and killed."

Napoleon the Great, by his illustrious achievements, soared, Napoleon "the Little," by perjury and treason, and his supposed imbecility, has crawled to power, and shaking hands with the despots of the earth, whatever he may protest, nurtures projects which all the genius and power of his great predecessor failed to accomplish. If now we are not threatened with the dangers of an universal monarchy, yet the balance of power is changed. Despotism makes common cause with despotism and assumes colossal proportions. Three empires now dominate over continental Europe: the smaller states are coerced—the free states are threatened—and gradually every vestige of liberty and constitutional government is in danger of extinction, and is driven

backward to that sea-girt isle where alone it has ever found a home and abiding place. But will it be long suffered to be so; or will the despots of the continent stand rebuked, or allow their miserable subjects to contrast their condition with that of the English people, or their guilty deeds to be commented upon by the free press of this free country? We cannot—we dare not believe it. The constitutional liberties of the people of England are only safe while the English nation has strength and virtue to defend them. The rights, the hopes, of mankind, are involved in their inviolability; and that inviolability cannot be preserved unless her free soil be preserved from hostile invasion. Providence has often cast its shield over this favoured land; nor is the arm of God now "shortened that it cannot save." But England must be true to herself, and the sacred cause of freedom with which her existence as a nation has been identified. The people of Israel were invincible till they began to lean upon Egypt, and learn the idolatry and abominations of the nations around them. Then "victory was in their arms no more, nor glory as of old." While England holds forth to the nations the everlasting Gospel, which, breathing the very spirit of liberty, "raises the oppressed and bids the captive go free"—while she maintains the independence of nations and the civil and religious liberties of mankind—she fulfils her destiny and cannot be moved. The kings of the earth may combine against her. Popes may plot or curse; but "surely there is no enchantment against Jacob: neither is there any divination against Israel."

But when we say that, in this gloomy crisis of the destinies of mankind, the people of this kingdom may in the struggle that seems approaching be animated with a holy confidence, no one will suppose that we are insensible to the necessity of preparing for our defence by all the means in our power. God works by means, and man must not tempt him by either rashness or supineness. But when all has been done that the resolution and wisdom of warriors and statesmen can suggest—when the navy of England is adapted to meet the exigences of naval warfare consequent upon the application of steam—when our improved militia, that "cheap defence of nations" which even Milton loved and lauded, has awakened in our population the military spirit of their ancestors, so becoming in a free people—still we must remember that it is not enough that we fight only for our "happy homes and altars free." "The children of Ephraim were harnessed and carried bows, and yet turned themselves back in

the day of battle;" and, unless we are sustained by higher motives than mere selfish interests, and remember that England guards the sacred fire of human liberty, we are only half-armed for the conflict that seems impending. That contest will be a firm and obstinate struggle between light and darkness—despotism and freedom—true religion and superstition. The evidences of these are abundant on all sides. We have only to take a glance at the mustering forces, to mark the devices on their standards, and know the nature of the future war. In France the most abject despotism is established that modern times has witnessed. The most restless and ungovernable people in Europe, cancelling their liberties, have overturned the Republic they so lately proclaimed, and set up an Empire on its ruins with an abject servility that surpasses all we read of among Oriental nations. The statesmen and soldiers of France are conspicuous in this national degradation; but, more shameful still, the ministers of religion sanction, nay bless, the most daring and flagitious political crime recorded in history, and proclaim it to the besotted people as the most glorious service rendered to their country! The bishops and priests vie with the *prefets* and *maires* in the most profane and fulsome adulation of their new idol. The Lord's Prayer, as well as that most sublime passage in the book of Genesis, is blasphemously parodied to make out an hymn of laudation. The corporation of Toulouse reminds him "that the government of the world by Providence is the most perfect;" that France and Europe style him the "elect of God;" and that "it belongs to no constitution whatever to assign limits to the divine mission with which he has been entrusted." But how has this rise of Louis Napoleon to absolute power been regarded by the other powers of Europe? By the despotic slaves, with evident exultation; although it may be mingled with some selfish mistrust; but, by the constitutional states of Europe, with universal alarm and anxiety. Russia forges new fetters for unhappy Poland, or pushes forward with greater confidence her schemes of aggrandisement in the East. Austria presses her iron heel more ruthlessly upon fallen Hungary and unhappy Italy. Prussia preserves an armed neutrality. Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont negociate and tremble. Nor let England suppose that it will be possible for her to maintain an isolated position: she bears that within her borders only too well calculated to provoke the aggression as well as the hatred of tyrants—a free press and an open Bible bearing their proper fruits—a free constitution. It is, thus, of the utmost importance that at

this crisis the people of England should understand their position; and that her statesmen should pursue that line of policy which is in accordance with the feelings of the age and with the best interests of the country. We say this advisedly; for we are persuaded that the interests of England will be best promoted by a steady adherence in our foreign relations to the maxims and principles which should actuate a free people. It is not only base and selfish, but it is short-sighted, to wish to reserve to ourselves the blessings of civil and religious liberty. The despotic powers of Europe have their hereditary policy; but what has the free people of this free country to do with their sanguinary policy? They make common cause to resist the spread of civil and religious freedom: they combine and arm in defence of their mutual tyranny; and, at each other's call, send forth their armies to crush the independence of nations.

And has England no hereditary policy and shall she no longer pursue it? Yes! ever since the epoch of the Reformation the people of England have felt that not only their best feelings, but their most vital interests, were on the side of those who were struggling for freedom. The last of the Tudors, the great and good Elizabeth, with all her exalted notions of regal power and prerogative, did not scruple to aid the rebel Hugonots. She instinctively appreciated the feelings of her subjects; and felt that when she hurled defiance at Spain, and threw back with scorn the menaces of the Vatican, she consolidated the strength of her Protestant throne in the hearts of her people. The Stuarts succeeded, and the policy of England became vacillating; but the feelings of the people remained the same. Their loyalty had been abused—their strength wasted—and national jealousies were evoked to render them the enemies of those who should have been their best friends and allies. But this was only for a season: the national voice was again heard in the glorious interregnum of Cromwell restraining Spain, and rebuking "the bloody Piedmontese," and assuring the liberty of conscience to the poor oppressed Vaudois. At length the suicidal race of the Stuarts was cast out, and the Dutch war atoned for by the election of a Dutch King, and the desertion of the Bohemian Palatine, by the adoption of his lineal descendants to the throne of Great Britain. In the person of our beloved Sovereign it is now worthily and gloriously occupied, and well does she fill her lofty station as the Defender of the Faith and the first Protestant Sovereign of Europe. The glorious Elizabeth shut her-

self within her palace at the news of the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew; and received in the midst of her court, arrayed in the deepest mourning, the miserable apology of that atrocious act from the mouth of the French Ambassador; and our own illustrious Victoria—our noble Queen, the gentle and loving wife and pious mother—has not only sympathised in the sufferings, but espoused the cause, of the poor and persecuted Madiai—those two humble and lowly confessors and sufferers for that "faith once delivered to the saints." And shall such a Queen and such a people want statesmen, honest and courageous enough to carry out the policy which our age and country require? We will not believe it: we are satisfied that, as soon as the people of this country are thoroughly awakened, as they soon will be, to the character and exigencies of the present crisis, with intuitive sympathy they will select the proper men to direct their counsels and wield their power; and, as long as civil and religious liberty are prized among us, we may hope to find such men. But this is not a time for wavering or uncertain councils: if the sense of common danger leads men of opposite opinions to merge their minor differences and unite for the common good, their coalition must still be based on broad and well-defined principles, so that, when the moment of action arrives, "the trumpet may not give an uncertain sound."

A coalition Government has, while we write, been formed embracing much of the political talent of the country; but still the conflicting tendencies and opinions of its members make its united action a question of much doubt and anxiety. The people of England have always looked with distrust upon sudden coalitions of politicians long opposed to each other, and we regard their distrust as natural and well-founded. Party government is essential in a free country: still there are periods when the great questions of the day which have divided men, being removed or settled, they may properly coalesce. But we will not allow ourselves to be led into reflections which would lead to questions of cabinets or governments. Our object is to consider the policy that should guide them. What, then, is the leading characteristic of the reaction which we have been considering? What are its dangers, and what are the consequent duties it imposes on British statesmen? We say that, throughout Europe, constitutional government is threatened with extinction. Military power is daily extending the bounds of despotism—one after another some free State is overthrown. Nations are converted into garrison cities—into barracks: the state of siege

has put aside the laws—the soldier tramples on the citizen—and slavery the more intolerable from the advanced civilization of our age dominates over continental Europe. But it is not the civil liberties alone of mankind which are menaced and invaded: there is no more striking feature in the hideous despotism now all but triumphant on the continent of Europe than its religious intolerance. The Austrian Emperor, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, have an able and congenial ally in Pius the Ninth. The priests, at his bidding, have been scarcely less effectual than their dragoons and *gens d'armes;* but Rome does not work for nothing. Romanism has again become the ready handmaiden of tyranny—it now demands its reward, and common gratitude cannot withhold it. We are not, then, to be surprised if the freedom of the press has been suspended, liberty of worship surpressed, and the rights of conscience violated. Elated with its triumphant restoration by the combined armies of France, Naples, and Austria, the Papacy again aspires to the restoration of all its ancient power; and cherishes once more those schemes of universal dominion which fired the ambition of Hildebrand or Julius. Never since the epoch of the Reformation has Rome held a bolder or more confident aspect, or uttered forth more arrogant language to the nations. She no longer disguises her designs or condescends to plead with kings or people; but again boldly preaches a crusade and calls upon the Roman Catholic powers of Europe to combine to propagate her faith, and aid her with the secular arm to extirpate what she proclaims as heresy. Nor is this authoritative invitation unheeded: these powers, with servile alacrity, bend themselves to her schemes of aggrandisement; and, in the belief that Rome offers them the easiest means of bringing into subjection their rebellious subjects, they obey her behests, and zealously set themselves to extend her borders and advance her interests. As in the day when Innocent the Eighth preached a crusade against the heroic Albigenses, and declared his intention "to root out and extirpate this abominable and pernicious sect of malignant men," as he scrupled not to call them, "and their execrable errors, that they may not spread further, and that the hearts of believers may not be damnably perverted from the Catholic Church," there were not wanting fit instruments to carry into execution his sanguinary decrees; so to the shame of our enlightened age, be it said, an Italian Prince has been found who, forgetful of his past reputation for lenity and toleration, and yielding blindly to the

instigations of the ecclesiastical bigots who surround him, has put in practice the same persecuting principles, with a zeal which shows that the power only is wanting to carry them out to an equally atrocious and fearful extent. But the case of the poor Madiai is, we grieve to say, not an isolated instance of the reviving spirit of religious persecution which is everywhere apparent. Not alone in Tuscany, but throughout the Italian Peninsula, violent means are adopted to suppress the desire for civil freedom, and the spirit of religious enquiry which tyrants, lay and clerical, equally abhor. We may well believe that King *Bomba*, the perjured Bourbon, who did not hesitate to league with the degraded Lazzaroni of Naples to overturn the parliament and constitution he himself had created—the valorous prince who led with a crusader's ardour his trained Neapolitans against rebellious Rome, till forced to fly before the wild irregulars of Garibaldi—the devout pilgrim to Saint Rosalie, the chosen host of the exiled pontiff—is not behind his neighbour and kinsman, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in holy zeal for the suppression of Protestantism. Mr. Gladstone's letters have enlightened the world as to his treatment of his political prisoners. In the judgment of Italian rulers and inquisitors, the distinctions between religious dissent, and political crime, are not recognised. As they assert their religion is infallible, so their Government is a theocracy: therefore, the extirpation of what they call heresy, as well as all opposition to their rule, is their first and most solemn duty. The bombardment of Rome inaugurated the restoration of Papal tyranny, and it has quickly displayed its increasing activity in Spain, Belgium, and Sardinia. It has set itself to cancel the religious toleration guaranteed by the laws, and to suppress the liberty of the press, as inconsistent with its pretensions; till gaining confidence by impunity, England, which acquiesced in the invasion of Italy and the bombardment of Rome, has been punished for her short-sighted supineness by an aggression as insulting as audacious. Let us hear the *Journal des Debats*, speaking of the present religious aspect of Europe. Grasping at a few vague phrases of Louis Napoleon, which seemed favourable to the rights of conscience, as drowning men catch at straws, it thus significantly or rather ominously speaks of the Madiai persecution:—

"The recent declarations of Prince Louis Napoleon in favour of liberty of conscience are not so superfluous in the present affairs of the world as to some they may seem. In a Christian state, almost at our own doors, we see two peaceable citizens condemned to the

galleys for having read the Bible in the vulgar tongue. The Roman Church has lately spoken loudly in England in favour of liberty. It was by invoking this principle that it lately accomplished the great change in the organization of its hierarchy in England, in spite of the efforts of the Government and Parliament, and the irritation of the great majority of the nation. In the name of liberty of conscience it installed cardinals and Roman Catholic bishops in a Protestant country and in the face of a national Church. We would wish to believe that all those who proclaim liberty of conscience, whether in France or England, were sincere, and had that in their hearts which is heard from their lips. They have now a fine opportunity of raising their voices in vindication of their principles. We say nothing of this or that dogma, but of the right of man to be Catholic or Protestant. There is not a free conscience throughout the world that should not rise against the outrage perpetrated by the *Cour Royale* of Florence."

These are noble sentiments which do honour to the able journal so long the consistent and faithful organ of Louis Philippe's Government; but how has this appeal been met? In shameful silence, if not in more shameful connivance. Neither through her Government, nor by her individual citizens, has France protested against this most shameful violation of the rights of conscience on the part of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. No: the French people felt they were estopped by their bombardment of Rome—by their sanguinary violations of the rights of a people who had the strongest claims on their sympathy—from raising their voice in favour of the rights of conscience. The free only can with propriety and dignity espouse the cause of the oppressed.

But it is not only in France that this outrage has been connived at or approved. No: more shameful to relate, amongst ourselves—nay, in an association which has dared to call itself "An Association of the Friends of Religious Equality," there has been actually found those so hardy and callous to the indignation of a free people as to vindicate and approve it! Mr. Lucas, the editor of the *Tablet*, the organ of the Ultramontane party in these countries, himself an English pervert to Rome, has not hesitated to justify this shameful violation of the rights of conscience; and, though some of the more sagacious members of that association have shown greater deference to the public opinion of Great Britain—and have disclaimed *on British soil* participation in the sentiments of their colleague—yet we have it recorded that when an Italian exile stood up amongst them, and suggested that a solemn protest against this act of the Grand Duke of Tuscany would be highly becoming on their part, they at once manifested the insincerity of their professions,

and not only declined his proposition but refused to hear him any further.

But everywhere throughout Europe we have the same spectacle—a combined movement on the part of Rome and the Roman Catholic powers against the religious as well as the civil liberties of mankind. It is felt that civil and religious liberty produce and develop each other, and therefore they are both equally and systematically persecuted.

Throughout Europe the Ultramontane party is now reactionary and tyrannical. It has lowered the false colours that for a brief season it hoisted when *Pio Nono* mounted the Papal throne. It then seemed as if "the people" were about to be "the stronger;" and, therefore, with its usual astuteness, Rome placed itself (distrustfully and reluctantly indeed) on their side. We were reminded that in the middle ages the Pope was the head of the Guelphic party —that the Papacy had even set itself against the tyranny of kings—but they forgot to tell us that this was only to elevate still higher its own enormous pretensions. All this has, however, passed away: imperial and kingly despotism has now triumphed, and Rome feels itself to be dependent on their power, and therefore takes again its proper place. They are mutually necessary, and therefore they act together. In Piedmont and Belgium the national independence is assailed by Ultramontane factions who attack at once the civil and religious liberties of the people. In Spain an abortive *coup d'etat* to overturn all that remains of the constitution purchased by years of civil war is consistently preceded by an official announcement that liberty of worship can no longer be accorded even to foreigners residing in the country! Everywhere the most intolerant doctrines are preached, parliamentary government decried, and reactionary propagandism proclaimed.

Let us hear M. Montalembert, the French O'Connell, the chosen champion of Ultramontanism, and we shall find that if his views are more extended they are not more tolerant than those of his compeer Mr. Lucas. In a letter to M. Leopold de Guillard, the author of "Political Letters," he puts forward the orthodox view of the non-intervention doctrine, and indirectly gives us a fair idea of his notion of religious toleration. He bewails "the misfortune of Catholic and Conservative Switzerland" in having to yield obedience to the Supreme Diet of the country; and "laments that he and his countrymen are not able to come to their assistance except by the poor alms of words of con-

dolence." Nor are we left in any doubt as to the nature of the assistance which M. Montalembert would afford if it was in his power to put down Radicalism or Protestantism, for in his mind they are synonymous, in Switzerland:—

"I predicted (says he) in the Chamber of Peers in 1848—six weeks before the catastrophe of February—that the defeat of the Sonderbund would be the signal throughout Europe for a new invasion of barbarians. Sooner or later the great European powers will pay the penalty of their cruel indifference to Switzerland. Yes! history will scarcely believe that France and Austria—the two greatest Catholic powers in the world—should have permitted a handful of demagogues to crush religion and property, justice and liberty (!), at their very door..... Still he could understand (he says) why the French Government held back in 1847 in the midst of the dangers and uncertainties of that period, in the presence of an opposition formidable by its numbers and determination, and already intoxicated by the approach of the triumph in which it was to be buried! But in 1852, *when all is silent—when all bend the head*—when experience has proved that it only requires to advance boldly against the danger to dispel it, and to place the hand on the monster in order to annihilate it, nothing can excuse such an abdication of the rights and obligations of a protecting and victorious Government. A man in private life, strong and tranquil at home, who would see from his balcony a child strangled in the street, and who would close his window to avoid going to the assistance of the victim, would be justly the object of general reprobation, and would deserve to be abandoned by all in the moment of danger. And of all the motives which justified the intervention of the French, Austrian, Spanish, and Neapolitan arms to deliver (?) Rome and the Papacy, there is not one which may not be invoked to the advantage of the enslaved population of primitive Switzerland!"

True: most Catholic Count—worthy of fellowship in the league with Philip of Spain and the Duke de Guise; and the same atrocious example may with equal force be brought forward as a precedent for an invasion of England, to effect a repeal of the union, or extinguish the light of Protestantism whenever it is invoked by Doctor Wiseman and the Ultramontanists!

But why dwell upon the declarations of laics, however distinguished or however authoritatively they may speak? We have abundant testimony from the lips and under the hands of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Church of Rome of the jealous intolerance with which the civil and religious liberties enjoyed by the citizens of free states are regarded, and of their exertions to restrict, or, if possible, suppress them. Not to go back even to quote the pastorals

of Paul Cullen, or the mild letters of John of Tuam, within* these few days the *Univers*, the organ of the French Ultramontanists, has published a letter of the Pope himself to the King of Sardinia, in which not only the most intolerant principles are set forth, but the lofty pretensions of superiority to the laws are again claimed in behalf of the Romish clergy.

This letter of Pius IX. is dated the 19th of September, 1852, and is in answer to one from the king, in which he complained that a certain portion of the clergy were preaching disloyalty and insurrection against his government. This letter has been published in all the newspapers; but it is so remarkable a document that we think ourselves called upon to record some extracts from it in this article:—

"A part of the Piedmontese clergy are accused of making war on the Government of your Majesty, and of exciting your subjects to revolt against you and your laws. Such an accusation would have appeared to us improbable if it had not been made by your Majesty, who states that you have before you documents which fully justify it. We regret that we have no knowledge of these documents: this ignorance prevents us from punishing. If, however, by words exciting to revolt is meant such writings as were published by the Piedmontese clergy in order to oppose the Marriage Bill, we will say, setting aside the manner in which some of them may have acted, that in that matter the clergy did its duty.

"It is in the name of Jesus Christ, of whom in spite of our unworthiness we are the vicar, that we tell you in his holy name not to give your sanction to that law!

"We also beg your Majesty that a curb be put on the press, which continually overflows with blasphemy and immorality.

"God in his mercy grant that these sins may not fall back on the head of him who, having the power, does not put an end to the cause that produces them."

These are awful words, when we remember the character accorded by Roman Catholics to him who utters them, nor can we be surprised that the weak spirit of *Leopoldo Secondo* should have quailed before such pretensions; but the King of Sardinia is made of sterner stuff, and, emulous of the glory of his warlike ancestors, he has been alone of Italian princes true to the cause of his country in the field, and in the council faithful to the obligations of the constitution he has sworn to. It is this constitution which, while recognising the Roman Catholic as the religion of the State, concedes to all his subjects the blessings of civil and religious liberty: hinc illæ lacrymæ! It is this constitution which his holiness

* Written in December last.

complains that the King of Sardinia will not put an end to. The *Times'* correspondent at Turin, speaking of the discussion on the Marriage Bill and the difference between the Pope and Sardinia, says:—

"If the king should be obliged to give way, and if Rome should gain an obvious advantage here, it may require stronger measures than manning the channel fleet, or calling out the militia, to withstand the attacks upon England!"

It is certainly a very startling coincidence that the same clergy who have been preaching insurrection against Victor Emmanuel at Turin have been at the same time zealously offering up prayers for the conversion of England!

The Italian Liberals ventured to think that the episcopal character of the Pope would be best preserved by divesting him from the cares of temporal government, and relegating him to his spiritual duties. This was proclaimed heresy, not only *ex cathedra* from the Vatican, but from the mouths of French and Austrian cannon!

Restored to that patrimony of St. Peter, as it is assumed to be, but which Dante calls "the fatal gift of Constantine," *Pio Nono* is consistently employed, we are told, in strengthening that secular arm to which he feels himself indebted for his secular power. The re-organization of his army is a very proper and most important occupation for a temporal prince; but to us, benighted Protestants, it does seem a strange and inconsistent business for him who assumes to be the successor of the Gallilean fisherman!

But it is not viewed in that light by the editor of the *Univers:* he sees a harmony and order in these, to us, repugnant attributes, and glories in relating what fills our mind only with disgust or sorrow.

A letter from Rome, published in that edifying journal of the 20th of December, says:—

"The first foreign regiment in the service of the holy see has just received its flag from *the holy father*. This brave regiment wished that its flag should be blessed on the day of the immaculate conception of the most holy Virgin, in order to place itself under the protection of the celestial militia (!) The Neapolitan journals inform us, on their part, that the army of King Ferdinand renewed, on the same day, after a review, its consecration to the spotless holy Virgin. This is a usage introduced by this *pious (!)* king,* and it gives joy to his really Catholic soldiers."

* "This *pious* king," we need hardly remind our readers, is the foresworn traitor to the constitution he himself decreed—the beloved master of the sanguinary Filangieri, the gaoler of the noble Poerio—the most obsequious sycophant of the Emperor Louis Napoleon!

We could smile at all this furbishing up of the rusty halberds and enrolling of devout recruits in the Papal guards, or look with contempt on the mustering of the gallant legions of King Bomba, who were never known to face a foreign foe —*corpo di leoni cuore di lepre*, as it is said Murat himself described them—did we not see this parade of military dedication imitated in quarters where it is at once more imposing and formidable. We cannot forget the ceremony of the Champ de Mars which inaugurated the triumph of the *Coup de Etât*, where Rome and its clergy lent all the pomp and glory of its ritual to celebrate the triumph of military violence over constitutional rights, and blessed the banners of that army which, yielding to the seduction of a perjured usurper, had ruthlessly turned their arms against the liberties of their country. We cannot forget that his "Eminence" Dr. Wiseman figured conspicuously in some of these military ovations; and that, at this moment, the whole tribe of Ultramontanists amongst us, whether lay or clerical, make no disguise of their sentiments; but mindful that the troops of the new French Emperor not only mount guard round the Vatican, but do the work of the *gens d'armes* and *sbirri* of Rome, they laud all his acts, and with triumphant threats declare him the chosen champion of their faith, ready, if needs be, to invade the shores of heretical England!

Indeed, among the extraordinary coincidences which have marked alike the elevation of Napoleon *le Petit* and *Napoleon le Grand*, there is none more striking and extraordinary than the similarity of the relations which each have sought to establish with Rome. In reading the Roman or Paris news of the day, we could easily imagine we were only perusing the pages of Ranke, so closely does the policy and transactions of Napoleon III. and Pius IX. seem to resemble those of Napoleon I. and Pius VII. It is unnecessary, however, to say that, when we come to examine more closely this policy of Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little, and compare them together, we at once distinguish here, as everywhere else, the bold conceptions of genius, from the studied *role* and well-taught lessons of the successful copyist; and it is only justice to say that the sagacity and courage of Chiaramonti appear to equal advantage when contrasted with the timid and treacherous vacillation of Mastai.

But a consideration of the course pursued by England towards the Papacy under Pius VII. is not more honourable to us, as a Protestant nation, than that which we have adopted towards Pius IX. Our active interference in behalf of the

former was as undignified and inconsistent, if not dishonest, as our passive acquiescence or diplomatic reserve has been during the crusade to which the latter is indebted for his restoration. How is the world to believe in the sincerity of the Protestantism of England? The prince that alleged scruples of conscience against admitting his Roman Catholic subjects into the full enjoyment of the privileges of the constitution, could, nevertheless, exchange fulsome compliments and waste the treasures of his Protestant people in restoring the sovereignty of the Roman pontiff! He could "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel;" while in those days the very Government that officiously joined in a note exposing the evils of the Papal Government have looked quietly on, and seen the Roman people who desired to reform them crushed by foreign invasion.

We could recognise the constitutional rights of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Belgians, to choose their government; and not only treat their revolutions as justifiable, but send our forces to maintain them. They were all *faits accomplis*, even while the forces of Don Carlos threatened Madrid, or old Chasse thundered from the citadel of Antwerp; but when the long oppressed Italians had risen against the most grinding foreign despotism that ever oppressed a people, to the astonishment of Europe, when they had cleared the face of their country from the Austrians, or shut them up within the walls of Mantua and Verona—when the independence of Italy seemed no longer a dream—when the Lion of St. Mark was again planted on the great square of Venice, and the "Buono Stato," published by emancipated Rome, from the towers of the Campedoglio—England, Protestant England, "the hope and home of freedom" had nothing better to offer Italy in her hour of need, and in perhaps the greatest crisis of European liberty which history records, than barren sympathy or treacherous counsel! She looked on unmoved, stammering forth ambiguous phrases about non-intervention; while Austria recovered her prey, and the armies and fleets of France and Spain invaded without a pretext the Italian peninsula, and set up again, in all its old deformity, the temporal government of the Pope of Rome! "We have spared neither sex, age, nor rank, but put all alike to the sword," was the report of the leader of the crusade against the Albigenses under Innocent the Eighth; and the bombarders of Brescia, Ancona, and Rome, if they did not go so far, showed themselves as willing and zealous in doing the work of Pius IX.

And, verily, we have had our reward. If England did not

aid, Pius IX. could not forget that she had sympathised with his rebellious subjects; and in mapping out her soil, and parcelling it amongst his bishops—thereby ignoring at once the existence of her Established Church and setting aside the royal prerogative—he took his revenge, and threw an apple of discord into her councils which has ever since divided and distracted them. Nay, more: as might have been easily foreseen, Pio Nono, restored and sustained by French bayonets, pursues just such a policy as we might suppose would be dictated by that power which has been called, though as we believe most unjustly, "our natural enemy."

Thus, the same intimate and extraordinary alliance is formed between the government of the most revolutionary state in Europe under Napoleon III., and the Papacy under Pius IX., as was effected by Napoleon I., after the battle of Marengo, with Pius VII:—

"Upon the very battle-field (says Ranke), Napoleon deputed the Bishop of Vercelli to enter on negociations with the Pope for the re-establishment of the Catholic Church.

"That which no one but a little before could have expected now actually took place—the restoration of Catholicism in France, and the renewed subjection of that country to the spiritual authority of the Pope" (*Ranke's History of the Popes: English Trans.* p. 329).

But the reconciliation was hollow and insincere. Pius VII., like his predecessor, was soon made to feel his real impotence. "The Constituent Assembly had sought to detach itself from the Pope: the Directory had decreed his destruction. Bonaparte's plan was to sustain him, but at the same time to hold him in subjection and to make him the tool of his own omnipotence."

Perplexed and environed on all sides by the increasing demands of his task-master, who at length intimated to him that he should reside at Avignon or Paris, the Pope is said to have answered "that he had executed in due form his act of abdication and deposited it at Palermo, beyond the reach of the French decrees, having thus guarded against the contingency of his being imprisoned! Nowhere (adds the historian) at that time could the Pope have found protection but under the sway of the British navy!" *(Ranke).*

We have now taken a general view of the present state of Europe, a gloomy and anxious one certainly, but it presents none other. We have shown the increasing danger which threatens the civil and religious liberties of mankind from the new holy alliance which has been formed between Rome and the absolute powers of the Continent, and the undisguised hostility

which that alliance manifests towards England. An Ultramontanist journal, the *Telegraph*,* speaks the sentiments of these allies when it tells us that "the champions of Anglican 'civil and religious liberty' have made themselves well known, as Louis Philippe, Christina, Pedro, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Pepe, Kossuth, Manin, &c." Europe has been outraged—its prosperity prevented—its commercial progress impeded—its people and its armies forced into hostile collision with each other; and *every sovereignty traces to the same country the same cause for all those calamities.*† At such a juncture then, and with such a temper abroad rankling in the breast of our foreign and domestic enemies, can there be a doubt as to the policy which this country is bound to pursue, and the sort of men which we require to direct it? England cannot remain isolated and an indifferent spectator in such a conflict: her "light cannot be hid!" What has been the cause? How has she provoked all this relentless hostility? Throughout the eventful scenes which have followed the revolutionary outbreaks of 1848, when the fortunes of nations hung in the balance, and the hopes and fears of mankind alternately ebbed and flowed, England mingled not in the struggle. If she sympathised, she did not aid: if she mourned, she did not interpose; and should not this have satisfied the holy alliance? Not so! The very tranquillity that she enjoyed amidst all the surrounding violence and confusion was at once the most emphatic eulogium on the excellence of her free constitution, which they hate, and the most signal condemnation of their own misgovernment. And now, amidst all the gloomy uncertainty of these evil days—amidst the growing darkness

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* In the *Weekly Telegraph*, a Dublin journal, and the organ of the Irish Brigade (and said to be the property of Mr. Sadlier, lately appointed a Lord of the Treasury), of the 1st of January, is a most truculent and disloyal article, dwelling with exultation on the power of France and the Roman Catholic powers, and pointing out the weakness of England.

This article has been copied *in extenso* into the *Standard*. It is a precious specimen of Irish liberalism, possibly from the pen of the learned member for Athlone, the newly-appointed Solicitor-General, who is supposed to be "one of their valued correspondents."

We could understand poor deluded Smith O'Brien, looking with enthusiasm and hope to the French Republic that proclaimed "Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité," as its watch-words; but it requires to be familiar with Irish Liberals to account for their admiration of Louis Napoleon.

† Extract of a letter from the *Times* correspondent at Vienna, under date Jan. 5th, 1853:—"Every enlightened man must regard anything like religious persecution with abhorrence; but the plans of the Ultramontane party against England have so often been discussed in my presence that it appears my duty to say that the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion is considered the only effectual remedy against liberal opinions and a bias towards constitutional government."

which seems gathering over the face of Europe ready to extinguish Christian liberty and civilization—her light shines as if "in a dark place," reassuring the hopes of those who mourn, and animating mankind to look "for the perfect day!" England stands amongst the nations holding forth that Gospel which preaches deliverance to the captive, whose very spirit is liberty; and, therefore, those alike who would enslave the soul or manacle the body hate her and the light because their deeds are evil!

If ever Providence, by manifest tokens, marked out the destiny of a nation, it has ordained to this country the mission of guarding the sacred deposit of Christian civilization; and never was there a period in her history when it was more important that she should be reminded of this most solemn duty. We earnestly believe that her own safety as a nation will in the dispensations of the same all-wise and over-ruling Providence be made dependent on the fidelity with which that trust is fulfilled. But while we say this we must not be understood as preaching a propagandist policy even to extend the blessings of civil and religious liberty. These blessings cannot be forced: they can only come to maturity at the proper season; but, while we religiously stand by the obligations of treaties, or observe the doctrine of non-intervention ourselves, we must not see them violated with impunity, or at least without our protest, by the despotic powers of Europe. Let us abstain from all unnecessary interference; and when we do interfere, it must be with dignity and effect. It is not a time for wavering and uncertain councils: the crisis demands the courage and lofty genius of Chatham as well as the far seeing sagacity of Burke. Our policy must be clear and decisive. We must not again see our vessels of war saluting the flag of the revolted Sicilians, or bearing their ambassadors to offer the crown of that beautiful island—(bound to our own by so many ancient ties and obligations)—to the House of Savoy; and the same vessels of war ordered shortly after to suffer the fleets and armies of Naples to invade its shores, and renew the bloody struggle which ended in the reconquest of the island, and the overthrow of the Government which we had so lately recognised!

The principles that should guide our foreign policy are well put in the following extract from that ably written journal the *Spectator*:—

"A sufficient force, and a perfect public confidence at home, are both necessary to restore for our executive Government abroad that

position which it ought never to have lost. Many an equivocal act, either of coquetting with movements which were afterwards abandoned, or of expressing sympathy for usurping powers which have defied every principle of morality and justice, will now be compensated by great and continued sacrifices to restore for England a position of dignity and strength. Backed by public confidence and a sufficient force, England might once more be firm and stedfast before the world. Whatever her conduct in relation to foreign powers is to be, the principles upon which that conduct is to be regulated should be frankly avowed and consistently observed by herself. In such a case she would not be forced either to assail foreign powers or yield her own position—would neither wantonly provoke adversaries nor betray alliances once formed. An English Minister should ever abstain from asserting in the face of Europe that which he is not prepared to maintain in the face of Europe with the whole strength and power of the country. If that rule were adopted, and if a contest should become inevitable, it would be better to take the issue on the first ground of dispute, rather than to defer it; for frequent yielding destroys all moral influence."

We fully subscribe to these sagacious views. Had such principles been steadily followed, in our foreign policy, in the eventful and troubled period which has elapsed since 1847-8, not only would the character of this country stand far higher, and our position as a nation be more secure, but the face of Europe would in all probability present at this moment a far brighter aspect. We should have had no Papal aggression to interrupt our social progress and distract our councils; the balance of power would have been preserved, even though its arrangements might have been modified. Hungary, with all its ancient rights, would be still a kingdom—the bulwark not as of old against the Turks but against as formidable enemies to European civilization and liberty—the barbarous hordes of the Czar of Russia.

Instead of the fanatical reaction which now takes advantage in Italy of its hour of triumph to enact deeds of cold-blooded atrocity which make us shudder while we read them, we should have, in all human probability, free institutions throughout the Peninsula, and a powerful constitutional monarchy in the north of Italy, armed with increased resources to withstand the ambitious designs of France. Nay, if human sagacity can predicate anything of a people so inconstant, we should, perhaps, have had no *Coup d'Etat* in France; that country would probably ere this have abandoned its eccentric course, and resumed its former orbit as a constitutional monarchy under its ancient line of kings; or found in the Republic, which all its parties had accepted and sworn

to, that regulated liberty which it has sought in vain in so many revolutions.

It will be said, perhaps, that we exaggerate the influence that England could have exerted on the course of these affairs; and we shall be probably reminded that, during the entire period of which we have been treating, Lord Palmerston presided over the Foreign-office—a statesman as distinguished for his liberal tendencies as for his great ability. But there are strong reasons for believing that Lord Palmerston's views were overruled by his colleagues. The differences, and consequent weakness, of the Russell Ministry are, indeed, now matter of history; and we are quite willing to attribute to this cause all the uncertainty and inconsistency which characterised our foreign policy from the Minto mission down to Lord Palmerston's retirement. We cannot, therefore, give up the ground we have taken; nor do we think we have exaggerated the influence which England might have exerted on the course of the affairs we have been considering. She was the only great power of Europe that was not torn by intestine commotion: she was entitled to act as an arbitrator, and in a condition to enforce her arbitration; and we cannot believe that, if her moral suasion had mingled in due proportions with the *suaviter in modo* the *fortiter in re*, it would have proved ineffectual.

When England speaks in the name of the oppressed, when she interposes between might and right, her "sic volo" should ever be "sic jubeo," even though the hazard be war —a terrible alternative, no doubt—but in the words of the most sensitive and gentle of our English poets—

> "While men continue what they are—
> Fierce, avaricious, proud—there must be war!"

We have lost a grand opportunity of helping forward the great cause of human progress and civilization, and at the same time of adding largely to the strength and glory of our empire. We believe we could have done our part even without engaging in war. It is, however, vain to recall, only to regret, the past: let us rather, under God, provide for the future. The tide of liberty has ebbed, but the ear of the pilot can already catch the distant murmur of the returning billows. The tempest of revolution may ere long again sweep over Europe—then may "this blessed and blissful land—(to use the eloquent words of the American Minister, Mr. Ingersole)—still continue the home of freedom;" and, to this end, may the councils of England be presided over by such statesmen as are—

"——— Raised to station and command.
When Providence means mercy to a land
He speaks, and they appear, to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with power,
The crisis of a dark decisive hour."

The present is manifestly only a transition period in the political condition of the world. For a season the strong hand of power may keep together the heterogeneous materials of which several of the greatest states of Europe are composed; but the laws of nature are at work: the legislative wisdom and administrative justice that might have fused the discordant elements have been wanting, and ere long they will violently separate into other and most probably hostile combinations. Every reflection upon the present condition of the world leads us to believe that, before the nineteenth century has closed, the map of Europe will have undergone a striking change. "Fifty years hence (said Bonaparte at St. Helena), Europe will be Republican or Cossack!"

There appears to have been much of the prophetic spirit in this declaration of the dethroned emperor, although only dictated by his profound sagacity. For who that has watched the extraordinary events which have occurred within the last few years, and above all during that *annus mirabilis*, 1848, will say that this prediction is not in course of fulfilment? "The Ides of March" are not even come; yet on all sides we "see prodigies and hear voices" that proclaim some great catastrophe, in the destiny of nations. From the period of the Reformation, the human mind has been struggling to free itself from the chain of superstition and tyranny. The French Revolution gave it a new impulse, and placed the nations in antagonism with their rulers wherever their power was opposed to the progress of the people. But now it would seem as if these hostile forces were brought (to use a military phrase) "into presence," ready to meet on some fated Armageddon, and settle by one great and decisive battle the destinies of mankind.

In 1848 we had, in the irresistible triumph of revolutionary violence, the most striking proof of the power of the people. In 1853 we have scarcely less striking proof of the power of repression still possessed by the great military despots of Europe; but these despots derive all their power from Russia: they are in truth only satraps of the Czar: without his aid, we should see them again fleeing from their capitals or yielding with the most abject submission to their rebellious

subjects. It is this obvious truth which gives such a portentous significance to the prediction of Napoleon. How is the balance of power, as settled by the treaty of Vienna, to be preserved when, not to speak of the lesser states, Austria itself has virtually surrendered its independence? She no longer acts as a counterpoise to Russia: forced to invoke the aid of the Czar in her short-sighted struggle with Hungary, she is now obliged to acquiesce to, or join in, the schemes of aggrandisement which that power has so long and steadily pursued in the East.

Prussia has abandoned the high and independent ground which she lately took in opposition to Austria—(that is, to Russia)—in the affairs of Germany. But there is no occasion to accumulate instances: there is no disguising the fact that at this moment Russia practically, directly or indirectly, gives laws to Europe.

In this season of tyrannical reaction her principles are everywhere triumphant: they have at least the merit of simplicity; and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, "alter not." Military government, the institutions of the camp or the barrack, form her political system. This, with inflexible firmness, she not only maintains throughout her vast empire, but promotes with her immense influence in other countries. Wherever there is a despot, the Czar owns a friend: wherever there is a nation aspiring to be free, the Czar sees a rebellious people. We have had many extraordinary proofs of the influence of Russia; but none more striking than the fact that, with the exception of England, scarcely a power in Europe ventured to recognise Louis Napoleon as Emperor of the French till they had received special advices to do so from St. Petersburgh! Not even *Pio Nono*, with the Vatican guarded by French bayonets! The schismatic Greek was more to be feared at the distance of two thousand miles than the eldest son of the Church, with his legions in the very heart of his capital; while Louis Napoleon himself (or Napoleon III. as we suppose we must now call him) was content to receive the Czar's grudging recognition, although the terms in which it was conveyed were regarded as an insult, only the more painful to bear as no one had been more assiduous in cultivating the good graces of the great Autocrat than the ex-President of the French Republic.

But, while the Czar admitted his services and acknowledged his devotion, he proudly denied that they gave "the *parvenu* Emperor" any claim to equality. As Paskeiwitch, or Haynau, he would rank him as among his friends, and

style him "mon ami;" but "mon frere" was out of the question. This interruption of the monstrous "entent cordial," which the *Coup d'Etat* established between the Czar and the President of the French Republic, is however a subject of congratulation. The independent action of France, no matter by whom her government may be directed, is essential to the preservation of the balance of power, and she is less likely to entertain projects against England while acting alone; but it is doubtful whether or how long Louis Napoleon, even as emperor, will be able to act independently or sustain himself against the northern powers. He can only do so by the aid of the democratic or liberal party in Europe; and this party his flagitious usurpation has, it would seem, for ever estranged. Still the necessities of his position will lead him to use every effort, and make the most extraordinary sacrifices, to effect a reconciliation with this party; and, as in politics expediency is the governing principle, these efforts may at length, and for a time at least, be successful. Then we shall see again the legions of France crossing the Rhine or the Alps, or most probably both simultaneously—better alternatives, no doubt, than to have them even attempting to cross the Channel. We hold it, then, to have been good policy to have recognised frankly the accession of Louis Napoleon, even if that course had not been recommended by the legitimate application of the doctrine of non-intervention. Whatever means Louis Napoleon had used to maintain the empire, he was *de facto* emperor; and we were bound to assume, even if we could not rid ourselves of our suspicions to the contrary, that he was so by the will of the French people. In this we only concede to the French nation the sacred right which belongs to every people—the right of disposing its internal affairs without let or hindrance from foreign powers—*chacun chez soi*—a right which France has been the loudest to proclaim from her tribune,* and the first to violate with her armies.

But while commending the policy that dictated our frank recognition of Louis Napoleon as Emperor of the French, it is impossible to approve of the terms in which that recognition was notified to the country by Lord Malmesbury. His

* "Elle respecte les nationalités etrangeres, comme elle entend faire respecter la sienne; n'entreprend aucun guerre dans les vues de conquête et n'emploie jamais ses forces contre la liberté d'aucun peuple."—(*Fifth Article of the Constitution of the French Republic of* 1848.) These principles had been also loudly insisted upon by MM. Thiers and Odillon Barrot in the Chamber of Deputies in the previous year; yet M. Odillon Barrot was the principal member of the French Republican Ministry that directed the expedition against the Republic of Rome!

lordship's eulogium of the ex-President would have been extraordinary as a British peer; but as Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, it was in the highest degree reprehensible.

Lord Palmerston's non-official approval of the *Coup d'Etât* was confessedly grounded on erroneous information—*i. e.*, on a supposed conspiracy which, had it existed, would have called for and justified some extraordinary measure in self-defence; but Lord Malmesbury had no such plea to offer; he had the fullest information and most complete intelligence of the views and proceedings of Louis Napoleon; and, in this condition he, the Foreign Minister of a constitutional country, uncalled for volunteered, to review and panegyrise them; thereby, by implication, seeming to give the sanction of this country to acts that the united voice of Great Britain (as expressed by the entire press) had condemned. If ever there was an occasion when official reserve should have been exercised, this was one; and well did the ill-timed and gratuitous speech of Lord Malmesbury deserve the dignified and statesmanlike rebuke of Lord Canning. There was a peculiar fitness, too, that such a rebuke should have come from the representative of the illustrious Canning—a name that will be for ever associated with all that has reflected the highest honour on the foreign affairs of Great Britain.

The language of some of our statesmen has presented, indeed, a striking but by no means favourable contrast with that of the English press. We are quite sensible of the propriety of statesmen, particularly when clothed with official responsibility, speaking with caution of the internal policy of another country; but, on the other hand, the same caution, as well as deference to the public opinion of their own country, should deter them from eulogising acts that have revolted the innate sense of right of the British people. They should better appreciate their position as the Ministers of a free country. If the English people were not conscious of their strength—if they did not know that their liberties, based on those deep foundations laid by their ancestors, and enlarged and strengthened with every succeeding generation—were now embedded in the very soil, and were in their own keeping, they might well be alarmed at witnessing their statesmen with bated breath fawning for the regard or lauding the acts of a tyrant.

England fulfilled, through its press, its noblest duty: public opinion existed nowhere else in Europe; and, in the pages of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, the future historian will seek for and find its indignant reclamation of the perfidy and treason of the *Coup d'Etât*.

But that duty having been performed, we properly may consign the *Coup d'Etât* to the domain of history to which it henceforth belongs: international relations forbid that we should scan too closely the origin of Governments. Without for a moment allowing the doctrine of passive obedience—a doctrine which we for ever repudiated with the Stuarts—in our relations with foreign countries, we are bound to remember that "the powers that be are ordained of God," and to recognise them accordingly. No good purpose will henceforth be answered by further "railing accusations" against the man whom the French people have chosen to adopt as their emperor. Let us rather give him every encouragement to lead France again into that liberal course of policy which is so essential to the preservation of the balance of power and all the best interests of Europe, and from which she has so disastrously swerved ever since the fatal days of the June insurrection.

It is not for us to deny a *locus penitentiæ* even to Louis Napoleon. To God and the French people he is alone accountable for his government of France—we have only to do with his foreign relations. He has now given "hostages to fortune," or in the happy language of the *Spectator*:—"He has planted a lily of the valley in the palace he has usurped!" And though, in the course of our reflections, we have been compelled to denounce his acts as President of the French Republic, we shall, nevertheless, rejoice if he is permitted by Providence to obliterate them (as far as guilty man may) by his acts as Emperor of the French.

The natural and proper position of France is on the side of constitutional government in Europe. We confess our distrust that she will take it under this imperial *regime;* but her independent action in the present state of the continent is, as we have said, essentially necessary to the preservation of the balance of power. The dangers of a universal monarchy are more remote than those of a French invasion; but, even looming in the far distance, it is an eventuality that statesmen must also provide against. We must be armed against invasion: we must be prepared, as far as human wisdom can prepare, against all contingencies. We must closely watch the political horizon if we would hope to ride out safely the coming storm. There are those, we know, who treat with contempt, as an antiquated notion, the theory of the balance of power. To those persons "history is an old almanac;" or we might bring forward the authority of the Grecian states, as well as of the Italian republics, where political science carried to the highest degree of perfection led the way to politi-

cal greatness. We might point out how much of the civilization and progress of modern Europe is owing to the maintenance of the balance of power—a principle which, ever since the peace of Cambray, has guided the counsels of kings, and, as part of the public law of Europe, has been studied by the wisest statesmen. To those, however, who see in history "philosophy teaching by example," it is unnecessary to say that the maintenance of the balance of power has protected the weak against the strong—that it has united modern Europe into a confederacy—that it has preserved the independence of the minor states against the power of the greater. It has led to some wars it is true, but it has prevented more; and, as it has been justly remarked on this subject, "If nations will be sovereign and independent, they must fight for their sovereignty as men must do for any other possession when it is attacked."

The balance of power has for a season been often disturbed; but to quote from the same writer:—"It is a remarkable circumstance that, from the latter end of the fifteenth century, when this principle began first to influence the European system, down to the partition of Poland in 1772, no independent state, not even the smallest, suffered extinction, or even suffered any great loss of territory; and that notwithstanding all the wars for the purposes of aggrandisement and conquest which had been waged during that long interval" (See "Cyclopædia of Political Knowledge," Tit. "Balance of Power."

But there are those also who conceive that the balance of power is only a continental question; that because we are insular, we should therefore still regard ourselves, as in the days of the Romans, "divided from the world;" or, at least, as separated from all connection with European politics. But at no period of our history, since the invasion of the Romans, has England been able to maintain this isolated position; and the sea is in these days a barrier that, less than ever, we dare rely upon. England, with her vast and splendid colonies and her enormous trade with America—*(were it not for the supplies of corn which she draws from the Mediterranean and Black Sea)*—would, indeed, to a certain extent, be independent of the continent of Europe; but it is this very independence which her foes will assail. From various quarters we have intimation of the plans which the enemies of England contemplate in the event of a war with her: they will attack her at once in a vital and vulnerable part—they will invade her at home!

This conviction is now common to herself as well as her enemies, and forewarned is forearmed: this is the danger against which we must first provide. Yet let us be assured of this, that it would not be possible for England to maintain her independence, if Europe was under the control or influence of a single power. She is therefore deeply interested in preserving the balance of power—a policy which will be found exceedingly arduous in the course of the changes which seem now inevitable. Everything betokens a breaking-up of the old land-marks: the treaty of Vienna cannot much longer remain the diplomatic chart of Europe. It would be idle to point at all the changes which have occurred. England must conform herself to altered circumstances and new interests. "Our ancient allies" are no longer our allies: even Prussia holds aloof, and Austria absolutely refused to send a representative to the funeral of "the great duke," to whose victories she owes the preservation of her empire—thereby reminding us of her treachery and ingratitude to another illustrious English warrior, and showing that there can be no real union in times like these between the free government and people of England and the despotic states of Europe. The position of England is as naturally on the side of freedom and progress as that of Russia and Austria on that of despotism. The next war will be a war of principles; although, as we have already said, it will in all human probability be attended by great territorial changes. If England would preserve the balance of power she must sustain liberal principles, and accept her natural position at the head of the free states of Europe. Belgium, Piedmont, and Switzerland, must be supported: if they succumb, we cannot hope to keep the struggle from our own threshold.

Our alliance with our American brethren must become still more intimate and cordial. We have proclaimed Free-trade —we have invited the close intercourse of nations. The interests of the nations, then, and not the mere dynastic interests of kings, must guide our policy. But let us eschew for ever the subsidising system that only brought us ingratitude and debt. Let us never again pay a nation to fight in defence of its own liberties. The people that deserve freedom will win it for themselves; but let them not be oppressed by a coalition of tyrants. Let us uphold in its legitimate sense the doctrine of non-intervention.

The recent dinner to the American Minister, Mr. Ingersoll, by the American Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool, over which Eyre Evans, Esq., presided, is not only another gratify-

ing proof of the increasing cordiality of our relations with the great Republic, but at this crisis a most auspicious demonstration. At this banquet the Earl of Derby was present, and the occasion was a happy one, which afforded the late Prime Minister of England an opportunity of responding, on the part of this country, to the noble sentiments of the representative of the people of the United States of America. When the military despots of Europe have crushed constitutional liberty, and look with ill-dissembled hostility on "this glorious island"—"this blissful and blessed land," to use the words of this distinguished American, where so many of their banished subjects have found a refuge, it is consoling to find the ambassador of this mighty power, "an Empire"—to use the happy allusion of Lord Derby, "without an Emperor"—reminding us of all our common ties; and encouraging us in this dark hour of doubt and danger with words of brotherhood, bidding us to bear in mind "that the same Anglo-Saxon feelings may one day call us in defence of constitutional liberty to stand shoulder to shoulder in the defence of our common and equal rights;" and offering up the hope "that we shall continue to the end of time, whenever circumstances shall render it necessary, for one to come to the assistance and relief of the other, united in one flesh, one brotherhood, and one friendship, between Great Britain and the United States of America!"

These were noble sentiments, and they were nobly met by Lord Derby. Never was there put forward, in the same brief compass, a more successful vindication of the excellence of our mixed constitution than that which the late Prime Minister had connected with a most enlightened and highly favourable review of that of the great Republic:—"These two great countries (to use his lordship's language), now almost the only homes and refuge of liberty throughout the world—these great countries, under which, with diversities of institutions and habits, there exists at the same time so great a uniformity of principle—so great a similarity of laws and identity of language."

If we would add to our national power moral influence, our policy must be dignified and consistent: while free ourselves, we must not "throw a stumbling-block" in the progress of other nations. Protestant England must not again prop up the Papacy—Christian England must not sustain the Turk. Italy is ripe for the diffusion of the Gospel—England must aid in its dissemination. The Turkish Empire, long in a state of decrepitude, is now hastening to dissolution. Eng-

land must no longer strive to avert its ruin. She must rather provide for a wise disposal of the *disjecta membra* of this unwieldy body when it goes to pieces. Her maritime greatness as well as the possession of the Ionian Islands—at once the key of the Adriatic and Archipelago—place her in a commanding position with respect to the future destinies of this part of the world. The Mediterranean, whose shores have witnessed so many empires rise and fall, will probably again be the theatre of great events. France, following the policy of Louis XIV., seeks to make it a French lake: she already possesses a double line of its coasts, but England is still mistress of the seas; and, as of the Adriatic, so does she in Gibraltar hold the key of the Mediterranean, and may at any time—(and that, too, with the enthusiastic adhesion of its inhabitants)—add to her possessions the Island of Sicily, and thereby counterpoise the possessions of France in Algeria, while completing her line of communications and securing the granary of Malta. But England, with her vast Colonial and Indian Empires, desires neither aggrandisement nor conquest: her power, after her own security, is however a trust for mankind. Nor can she escape from the obligations which her position among the nations imposes. But she desires peace; for peace will assuredly bring to England triumphs greater than ever any nation won in war. She desires peace, because her statesmen must account to a Christian people who hold in their hands an open Bible. She desires peace, but fears not war: when her cause is just and holy, she will go forth as of old, with a strong arm and courageous heart, knowing that "the Lord of hosts is with her, and that the God of Jacob will be her refuge."

ART. VIII.—*The History of English Literature.* By WILLIAM SPALDING, A.M. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THE admirable volume placed at the head of this article suggests a subject of so vast and capacious a nature, and withal of so agreeable and tempting a kind, that we but too willingly surrender ourselves to its claims, and solicit our readers to wander awhile with us in these ample gardens of rich delights, as enchanting as those of the fabled Armida. He who has never lost himself in the delightful labyrinths to which old

books lead him—he who has never been spell-bound by the arch-magicians that age after age have offered themselves as his familiars—he who has never drank of the sweet waters that with an ever-living freshness flow from the undefiled fountain of English literature, can scarcely imagine the pleasure and the luxury which the gathering of knowledge, like the gathering of dewy and odorous roses for the bouquet, fills the mind. It is a labour that demands little more than love after all, and, being a labour of love, we have more faith in that impulse than in any pen-craft we possess.

In tracing the origin of literature we trace our moral, mental, and physical advancement, from the darkness of barbarism to the noonday of civilization. The arts of life, the creative skill, the manipulation of the handicraftsman, the progress of civil and social life, with its comforts, elegancies, and luxuries—gradually supplanting and superseding the bare necessities of existence—all are indissolubly connected. It is the chronology of kings, as it is also the history of the people. Here is comprehended the invention and the improvement, the triumph of painting, the apotheosis of sculpture, and the register of everything useful to mankind: here are wars of aggression and defence, civil and foreign: here are crimes chronicled, as well as the solemn moral enforced by the penalty exacted: here we have the emphasis of the highest intelligence in favour of truth, virtue, and honesty of life; with a condemnation of vice, folly, and crime, in their climacteric degrees, from the same mute lips and the same immortal intelligences.

It was out of old books that good Bishop Hall could, "without offence to necromancy, call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all his doubts." In the solitude of Salisbury Plain as the evening shadows darkened, and the "crow made wing to the rooky wood," and the winds began to waken and moan under the "muffled stars"—here in his little study, beside the blazing hearth and surrounded by his books, Hazlitt, that enthusiastic but acrid and erratic genius, could "shake hands with Signor Orlando Frescobaldo as the oldest acquaintance he had. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster, and Heywood, are there, and are seated there discoursing the silent hours away. Shakespere is there, rich in Cibber's manager's coat. Spencer is hardly returned from a ramble through the woods. Milton lies on the table as on an altar. Lily's Endymion sleeps with the moon that shines in at the window.....Faustus disputes in one corner of the room with fiendish faces.....And old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer." Channing could

devoutly say, "Blessed be God for books, that are the voices of the distant and the dead;" and thus it is that men of large and cordial minds could speak so finely of the lofty companions of their solitude.

Besides the etymological advantages derived from a study of the earlier writers, and the curious phases which our language underwent by the Norman Conquest—when Teuton and Breton words became engrafted upon it; or long after—as Latin scholars, like Milton and Sir Thomas Browne, transferred to it so many valuable and sonorous words—together with the modern Anglicising of French, Italian, and Spanish terms and phrases, which, compared to the rigidly Saxon styles of Swift, Cobbett, and many others—had the effect, by contrast, of an English *beau* dressed in the frills, ruffles, and costume of Louis Quatorze—there is also a vast amount of information to be gained with regard to the true ground-work of the mother-tongue; so that all of really foreign origin stands forth as distinctly as the ivy from the tree; but which, when viewed cursorily or at a distance, seem to be one and indivisible. To him who would become an accomplished English scholar, this earlier study will, therefore, not be without profit.

On observing, however, the sterile compositions of the true Saxon time, we must admit that the primitive simplicity of the tongue suggested but little ornament to poetry, if it rendered the prose forcible and terse; and as the Celt and the Saxon, like most primitive people, expressed their thoughts in the former rather than the latter, and the bulk of early literature is in the poetic form, the adoption of foreign phrases wonderfully enriched and embellished succeeding compositions, as in Chaucer and Spencer, where Latin, Italian, and other words aid in rendering their writings so exquisite and perfect.

While at the time we can go back to with anything like certainty, we had a Cymric and an Erse literature of indefinite value, improved from time to time—the hero of the triads being generally the heroic Arthur—the Latin language, brought by the Romans and forced upon the Anglo-Saxons, concurrent with other circumstances (chiefly the establishment of Christianity and the Popedom) it became the language of the Church; so that, while the ecclesiastical power was dominant and the chief business of rulers and people, monkish chronicles were written in the same tongue, and a devotional legendary lore, doubtless attractive to the people, was greatly prevalent; but these were also rivalled by the bulky legends which the Anglo-Saxon people cherished—all the more, perhaps, because their prejudices were attacked in a very vulnerable part—to

wit, their own language. The name of Caedmon occurs as the representative of the early epic; and, while his muse was of the most ambitious and Miltonic flight, his labours were of a corresponding kind. The Romans having vacated Britain—though Latin had, as it were, become indigenous, and was the language of religion and of the law—still one pressure, that of martial force, was removed from the Anglo-Saxon, which became again strong, nervous, purified, and daily more and more ample in the particles and adjectival words, its verbs, systematically analysed, suggested to philologists. With the name of the illustrious Alfred the period of Anglo-Saxon literature closes; but the translations he gave the world from St. Augustine, Gregory the Great's treatise on the duties of the clergy, the history of Bede the "Venerable," the ancient history of Orosius, and of Boethius on the "Consolation of Philosophy," show the extent of his labours, and the high value which may justly be put upon them.

The Norman conquest, not only completely upset every social fabric, but also changed the whole aspect of affairs; and the language and the literature received that which, while it paralysed both for a time, did so only that with greater strength and richness the language might show its genius for adoption by selecting the most expressive words and giving them the air of being rather "native born" than borrowed; as also in the expanded flight which it permitted the mind to take, no longer crippling it for want of the ample vehicle of embodyment it so often seemed to have desired. For a couple of centuries the translation of the tongues went on with much advantage. The founding of the universities in the thirteenth century decided the course that the language was now to take; and there, as in a mould, its form, proportion, and measured harmony, were jealously watched, and from time to time critically looked into. This portion of our literary history, in which there is considerable intricacy and apparent inversion, like that of the Anglo-Saxon period, is admirably illustrated by Mr. Spalding; and his arrangement, so clear and lucid, will give the reader much more information on the subject than our space permits us to devote to it.

Latin literature, in the shape of theology and of history, boasts of writers who are among the most illustrious, as well as the most numerous (considering the period) of any we have had, even as far down as the last century. The names of Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, William of Malmesbury, Geoffrey of Monmouth—the Livy of his time, to whom Shakespere is so much indebted—Giraldus, Matthew Paris, Henry of Hun-

tingdon, Gervase of Tilbury, Roger de Hoveden, and old Jocelyn the gossiping monk—appear in a rapid and almost uninterrupted succession: not to add that some were also contemporaries; and then, with the Crusades, the importation of Arabic fable and Saracenic lore, together with Algebra and those secrets that belonged to chemistry and the sciences—which laid the foundation for the mystic and the adept of the middle ages—all these conspired to the advancement of literature, besides the creation of several new branches suggested by the Indian romance of "Sindabad" (commonly known as the "Seven Wise Men"); and the renowned "Gesta Romanorum," which contains the elements of that legendary chaos that mingled Roman, Greek, and English history together, in most inextricable but fascinating confusion. English poets, dramatists, and novelists, have drawn largely upon the sources which the marvellous-dealing "Gesta" with a prodigal plenty offered them. Gower, Shakespere, and Parnell, are among the names that owe to that collection some of their masterpieces.

But there was also a Norman-French literature, which supplied us with tales of enchantment, tourneys, and knightly deeds; and became, in fact, the illustrative medium of chivalry and romance. The one out-Quixotted Quixotte; and the other, like the magic horse, plunged into regions where, in extricating itself, the exhaustion consequent on the introductory marvels of enchantment failed at the last, and a few gasping sentences of sesquipedalian grandeur denoted their gigantic weakness, which in a future article we may enter more largely upon. These were our "Romances of Chivalry," and the troubadour "Fableaux." Some of the poems of Chaucer ("Palemon and Arcite," for instance), are fine examples of the latter; though in the former, giants, dwarfs, demons, witches, necromancers, earthquakes, and talismanic weapons, formed the machinery of the quaint phantasmagoria. All this time the "Saxon Chronicle" was carried onwards uninterruptedly either in one monastery or another.

"The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (says our author) are the picturesque periods in English history;" and while, in the contemporary chronicles of the garrulous and quaintly Froissart, "the reign of Edward the Third shines like a long array of knightly pageants," a loftier cast of "imaginative adornment" is imparted by the historical tragedies of Shakespere, "to the troubled rule of the house of Lancaster, the savage wars of the Roses, and the crimes and fall of the short-lived dynasty of York." This was the era of Occam, the last and the most illustrious of the scholastic philosophers; of

Chaucer, the poet of the gentle and the beautiful, and the father of true poetical English literature; of Gower, his didactic contemporary; and of Wycliffe, the forerunner of that great event, the Protestant Reformation—which event he has heralded with that version of the Scriptures that bears his name, and from which consequences so vast and important in the department of intellect were to accrue. It is in Chaucer especially that we find so many of the results of foreign importation from Biondello, Boiardo, Boccaccio, and others; while John Lydgate, who succeeded him, added to the Italian sources tales from Statius and the Greek poets, then but little known. At this time, too, as the poetical romance was dying away with Stephen Hawes's "Pastime of Pleasure," a weary poetical allegory, and the "Mort Arthur" of Sir Thomas Mallory, the ballad form began to succeed; and the "Chevy Chase," with its tedious weakness, so singularly overprized by Sir Phillip Sidney, may be taken as the type and specimen. To this may be added "Robin Hood," which is probably a collection of fragments composed by various singers from time to time, and strung together in one whole, as the poems of Homer were said to have been. The name of William Dunbar, a distinguished Scottish poet, should not be omitted among those which closed the fifteenth century. The invention of printing, brought into England by William Caxton in 1470, assisted to give emphasis to an era which, combined with the Reformation, flooded the universe with light.

There was yet another and potent agency which had contributed to literature more than all, but has scarcely received, in the volume under consideration, the notice its importance claims. We refer to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks some twenty years before printing was introduced among us, and the subsequent dissemination of Greek, Latin, and other authors throughout Germany, and by consequence the whole of Europe. From these sources fresh oil was poured into the lamps of learning; and while theology, history, scholastic philosophy, and law, found their exponents in the Latin language, poetry and popular literature clothed themselves in the majestical tongue in which Shakespere and Milton were afterwards to speak, and the land was illuminated with the serene lights thus sunlike flooding the whole nation.

Before passing on to those periods when English literature culminated and rivalled that of any period in antique time in originality and extent, we should briefly state that the second part of the volume (divided into four chapters) is entirely devoted to an enquiry into the origin and growth of the English

language. The first of these chapters on the Anglo-Saxon period comprehends the introduction of the constituent elements of the language, and embodies the whole family of European tongues illustrated by examples of obsolete Saxon. The second treats of the semi-Saxon period, or the transition of the Saxon tongue into the English simply. The third, or old English period, shows the formation of the structure (grammatically speaking) of the English tongue; while the fourth is devoted to the sources of the modern English tongue, and their comparative importance. These illustrated in their etymology by analogies, examples, and so on, must not be lightly passed over, as they are an admirable commentary and elucidation of the literature already sketched out.

All this is rich, luminous, and clear—learned without pedantry—conveying information without wearying the scholar: it is so large and apt in its suggestions that, while the reader is interested and amused, he really is unconscious for the moment that he has added a considerable amount of valuable matter to his stock of knowledge. It is the resting-place for a while between the infancy and the manhood—between the origin and the consummation—of literary excellence. From this point of view we can look backward, and again forward, since we have here the key that unlocks the mysteries of both; and, if what followed was so superior in its amount and quality, we may pause and be grateful to those who had struggled through the difficulties of a language in its infancy, and had done so much for those that were to follow.

We have, therefore, three great events—the whole taking place within a century which converged the entire of the new impulses—the fresh genesis of thought, the storied treasures of the dead of old, the grasp and grandeur of the classic authors; together with larger phases of imagination. No longer crippled and bound down by the narrowness of the old dialectics, or the hair-splitting logicians of the Aristotelian school and the Sorbonne, all were thrown into a channel broadening to a sea, down which many a stately barque floated, in which many a mighty poet sang, where grave men spoke in plain language of a philosophy wondrous to hear, and history, divested of fable, became a lesson to mankind.

The Reformation which began in 1360, the taking of Constantinople in 1450, and the enterprise of Caxton about 1470, very naturally begin a new century of time and events; and from this downwards the course of intelligence, learning, and mental gifts, has been a steady and rapid stream, irrigating the arid and desert soil that would else have remained fruit-

less as before, and thrusting its meandering waters wherever it could around the *dais* of the king, and into the hut of the cowherd; who, like the occult Assyrian, might be versed in the lore of the stars, yet ignorant of his own nature and aspirations.

The influence of the former of these causes of good was the most potential and universal, doubtless. Religion, in which every human creature has a share, either by instinct or education, was a popular fact; and the interest that men took in the events of this momentous time was of the deepest and most earnest kind. The very pressure of these events concentrated the individual thought; and thought, without scientifically strict culture, we know to be a Pegasus which defies bit and spur. Consequently, among many *bizarre* opinions, there were those of a more comprehensive and better arranged nature, and from them emanated those productions that time, instead of obscuring, has only tended to make more largely known.

The products of the Reformation were of the grandest and the most majestic kind. Theology and philosophy united clothed themselves in sublime allegories; and the undefinable union of Christ with his Church, together with that mystical poetry that gives through the Revelation solemn glimpses of a judgment day, and of an eternity centering in the Godhead and extending its emanation to the outer darkness of wailing and gnashing of teeth—this produced a wondrous system of Scripture mythology—(abused by monkish legends and the apocryphal relics of saints)—which absorbed into itself the wonder, the awe, and the devotion of those who taught and those who heard.

"Then (says Barham finely in his 'Life of Reuchlin')—then arose once more, like a giant Prometheus who had broken the chains of his captivity, and fastened them proudly around him, the system of initiations. Theology and philosophy joined their inseparable hands in the mystic cells of the Theosophists, the Rosicrucians, and their sworn fraternities throughout Europe. Here whatever remained of cabbalistic oriental mythology, every relic of astrology, alchemy, and the occult or physical sciences, was cultivated with a most intense self-devotion. The profound wonders of hieroglyphical mathematics, and all the gorgeous symbolizations of classic fable and rhapsody, were elaborated with astounding rapidity. The spirit of resuscitation and discovery was alive in every bosom, and the hearts of men grew tremulous with anxious expectations of marvels and miracles too big for utterance."

It was a combination of these sentiments that gave to the English theologians of this period so much of that grave and quaint fascination which makes them welcome to the reader to

the present hour. Ashmole, Hales, Jeremy Taylor, Bisho Hall, and others, are names which illustrate the force of ou proposition, with us at home. There was truly a difference but only in the degree, that Protestantism was removed fro Roman Catholicism. The principle of energy, of lofty discourse of awful self-communings, of religious poetry in prose, wa identical. The musings, that became rhapsodical and spiritual were alike those of the soul struggling in its depths to behol in symbol that which it could not find in clear utterance.

By consequence, we are approaching an era rich in menta treasures. The real *El Dorado* of learning is now discovered and while, so far as literature is concerned, local causes im pelled or retarded its progress, though only to permit it to flo with an accelerated vigour, the appreciative value that eac succeeding generation gained became an exhaustless motiv power; so that, in spite of hindrances, by the transmuting an innate powers of the energies at work, encouraged, patronised, and fostered by kings and nobles, left little more than leisur to be desired in order to arrive at its acme of perfection. A this perfection was attained—as the intellect mastered its meta physical alphabet and dealt with abstractions as men deal with recognised facts—so did, little by little, the obscurity and th hesitation of the old writers vanish. They learned to tell th loftiest truths in the plainest manner—a victory this—while history found exponents who began to sift fact from falsehood, and were convinced that in representing the truth they could have no worthier employment, and could use no fallacious means. The age of the Reformation, extending over the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary (a period of fifty years), is abundant in theological works; and the names of Tyndale, Coverdale, and Latimer as writers; and o Ridley and Cranmer—(the one for his fame as a preacher rathe than for his compositions, and the latter for his patronage o learning)—are among the most eminent; while, as the me morialist of the Protestant cause, we may mention the name of John Fox, whose "Book of Martyrs" continues to be to this hour the most emphatic commentary on Romish persecution (however its facts may be denied) that any Protestant country produced.

Still more numerous are the names of those who shone in miscellaneous literature. Sir Philip Sidney led the way in prose, and dilated deliciously upon man in an ideal state of polity in his "Arcadia." Lord Bacon, the father of modern philosophy, in his discursive works, taught us the art of true reasoning; by means of which, arguing from the known and the

familiar to the more distant and complex, "going from particular things to those which are one step more general—from those to others of still greater extent—and so on to such as are universal"— we arrive at last to a positive value of conjecture and theory. This is contrary to the mode of deducing consequences by a vague chain of results from final causes, because the data are begged and hypothetically uncertain. His "Novum Organon," or "new method," is therefore the only key to knowledge, by the practice of which philosophical principles are now tested, and accepted or rejected. He was followed, as a disciple, by the vigorous and robust mind of Hobbes, whose "Leviathan" displays an acuteness rarely matched. The prose of Sir Walter Raleigh is eminently beautiful, and the solemn grandeur of his "History of the World" will always render it impressively attractive; nor must the name of Camden be passed over without a due tribute.

The name of Burton, whose stores of undigested learning still please the student that pores over the "Anatomy of Melancholy"—of Selden, Heylin, Chillingworth, Hales, and many more, Scottish as well as English—are suggestive in themselves of vast erudition, great original powers, and a larger variety of subjects than we can spare room to enumerate. Among them, too, is that of Sir William Temple. Sir Thomas Browne —dear to dreamers among old books—is, perhaps, next to Raleigh, the one whose rhapsodical thoughts and fancies give us the deepest delight. Who has not followed the fascinating pedant among the dusty tombs of dead and buried Egypt, and sought to know from the lips of the mute Memnon *what* immortality was, in opposition to that impression the antique despots of the earth had formed of it? Who has not followed him in his abstractions into that region where the palpable gives place to imagination, and that, too, of a sublime and noble kind? From the altitude on which the philosopher stands, with his strong sense and his large credulity, he looks around with an eye as large as the world, and with an amplitude of glance that embraces all the divisions of time. With the antique we are as familiar, through the way in which he lays out his subject, as with men and events of the present day. The Platonic year displaces the Gregorian calendar, and Plato sits at the board to the annihilation of ages. He loved "dark sayings," and generalized upon impossibilities, like one that would convert chaos into a world of light. His "Cabbala" is the finest of dream-lands, and his devotion the while is as simple and sincere as that of a child. The gravity with which he disabuses us of "Vulgar Errors" makes us imagine his belief

in them to an indefinite extent; but in his "Religio Medici" he has left one of the finest didactic sermons that man ever read. He is the only author we should be anxious to save from the destruction of another Omar. Peace be to him!—for he has given us many an hour of delight, and we love him as the dearest friend of our confidence and counsel.

Of Milton—whose epic, had it been the first, would have been the grandest ever written—ample testimony is borne to the power and the vigorous sense of his diction. His several essays are treasures to the student, and his strong adherence to his convictions merit respect. Cowley was a vivid but an obscure writer—obscure in the poetical conceits which he created, like paradoxes, to unravel again like an Œdipus. Harrington's "Oceana" was one of those political romances, based on the "Republic" of Plato, which in an ideal polity sought the unattainable. Fuller's writings are rich, warm, and devotional, and his educational hints are still worth listening to. Sherlock is too well known to need comment; and the works of Barrow, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Dr. South, Doddridge, &c., are yet taken down from the dusty nooks of libraries by the theological scholar and by the pious reader, while Baxter and Flavel are also unforgotten. Bunyan, quaint and original, will live as long as the language, and the perennial life of the "Pilgrim's Progress" renews itself with every generation; and even here we have the mystical-devotional school perpetuated, and the sublimities of religious musings clothed in a garb so plain and of such homespun texture that only by its appeal to the subtler ethics, to the largely dreaming mind of the young and the imaginative, can its undying attractions be accounted for.

The theological writers of the latter half of the eighteenth century are admitted to have possessed great acuteness, controversial ability, and learning; but it is asserted they were deficient in originality, though it may be admitted that Abraham Tucker's "Light of Nature" was an exception, and Paley was not sparing in his praise of that eccentric work. Considering, however, that such men as we have already mentioned had monopolised, and said in an original manner, almost all that could be said, this alleged want of originality (somewhat reproachfully urged) could scarcely be otherwise. Butler's "Analogy of Religion" is a work distinguished by much sagacity. Bishop Warburton's "Divine Legation" is founded upon a paradox boldly admitted; but the one he never completed, and the latter he never unravelled: it is, nevertheless, a great work—an admirable account of ancient paganism, and contains an infinity of classical lore. George Whitfield and John Wes-

ley demand notice, less for literary excellence than for their powerful preaching, which raised them to be heads and leaders of a sect counting itself by millions. The name of Paley is suggestive of works, still the classics of elementary logic, that, with their Socratic force of argument, compel a self-conviction, and are often quoted with effect. Scientific, close in his reasonings, strict in analogy, and keeping a perpetual eye for the smallest corroborative proofs, his writings are full of a masculine vigour that cannot easily be weakened. Another eminent writer was William Whiston, whose fanciful "Theory of the Earth," written in support of the Mosaic cosmogony, might, if necessary, be added as a pendant to the "Divine Legation of Moses." Lastly, as a philosophical and religious writer, is Dean Prideaux, whose "Connection of the Old and the New Testament" cannot be over-rated. In controversy and scholarship—the Colossi of classical learning—appear the names of Drs. Parr, Bentley, and Porson.

In history, after Burnet, Clarendon, Strype, Ockley, and a few of far less note, appears the Roman history of Hooke. To him succeeded David Hume, whose fame as a metaphysical writer was, perhaps, eclipsed by him as an historian; for in this department his excellences are universally admitted. Clear, perspicuous, and even minute, while accompanied by a remarkable terseness, no man wrote with an air of greater reality, and no man, in the recapitulation of minor events, ever crowded so much important matter in so small a compass. If his chapters were the histories of kings, his episodes and summaries were the history of the people and chronicles of progress; and his "History of England," regarded as a whole, has yet to be surpassed in more points than one before its superior shall be found. One can lay hold of facts, with him, with greater ease and a firmer knowledge of the principle of action—with a larger sense of the source, be it ever so abstract, that caused events and changes—than in almost any other.

Robertson we value more for the activity and extent of his labours than we admire for his style or the manner of relation, pleasing as is the one and romantic the other. He is diffuse and wandering where condensation and point are most required. His first work on "Mary Queen of Scots," is undoubtedly his best; but there are those who bestow upon Robertson the praise ofexecution, and of ornate beauty at the cost of Hume, whom they call contracted. His style—sometimes constructively French and sometimes familiarly colloquial—has thus more inequalities than his admirers choose to admit.

Gibbon—largely read and soundly learned, but at the same

time pompously erudite—has an elephantine tramp in the stately march of his narrative, full of consular dignity and patrician haughtiness. In the days of Cæsar he would have been Rome's annalist, and have identified himself with her spoils, her Capitol, her conquests, her cohorts, and prætorian guards. There is a perpetual sound of trumpets ringing in his pages. War-horses paw and clarions sound triumphantly, and the purple tunic floats from the spear among the eagles in the van of the glittering array. His measured cadences are more like a battle-march than aught else. Despite of all this real grandiloquence of style, the leaven of his scepticism and his leaning to the Capitoline Deities pervade and embitter all. He seems to be the panegyrist of the soldier, and has little appreciation for the heroism of the martyr. There is actual hero-worship in his chapters on Atilla, Ghengis Kan, and Mahomet: still his writings are grand and luminous, and history in his hands undergoes an apotheosis. Here, with fitting respect, let us add the "History of the Roman Republic" by Ferguson as a work still holding ground, and scarcely (for general uses) supplanted by the laborious Niebuhr.

Of the historians that close the eighteenth century, it will be sufficient to name those whose works still hold possession of the ground their merits entitled them to. William Mitford, the historian of Greece; Sharon Turner, of the Anglo-Saxons; Roscoe, the panegyrist of Leo the Tenth; and Charles James Fox—the man of the stormy revolution, the immitigable foe of kingly despotism, and the annalist of the first part of the reign of James the Second.

Among the long list of miscellaneous writers who adorned the close of the last century, it will be sufficient to indicate the value and amount of their labours by the selection of a few. Dr. Johnson, as moralist, critic, and scholar; Edmund Burke, renowned for his oratory, no less than being the oracle, or rather the hierophant, of the "Sublime and the Beautiful;" De Lolme, author of the "English Constitution;" Harris, the philologist and author of "Hermes;" the Earl of Chesterfield, who, under a courtly cloak, taught the most pernicious doctrines that ever a Macchiavel taught to a Borgia—the propounder of a corrupt and demoralising theory, which the well-bred ease of his style cannot hide; Walpole, the gossip; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, ditto; Isaac D'Israeli, the illustrious gatherer of the memorials of the past, compiler of the "Curiosities of Literature," and the "Amenities of Authors," two of the most entertaining books in the language; Sir Egerton Bridges, author of the "Censura Literaria;" Pen-

nant; Gilpin; Cobbett; and Gilbert White, the writer of the most attractive little work on natural history, perhaps, in any language.

The last century in particular has witnessed a remarkable development of adventure and travel and the enterprise of men of a restless nature, gifted with endurance and insatiable curiosity, and with powers of observation of a more than ordinary nature, aided by the encouragement they received on every hand, tended to enlarge our geographical knowledge, while extending the boundaries of our commercial and trading relations; and works of travel became a novel and important feature in our literature. The voyages of Davis in search of the north-west passage—that dreamy and inutile impossibility to which so many useful lives have been sacrificed—the intelligence and taste of James Howell, of Peter Heylin, Bruce, Mungo Park, Captain Clapperton, the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, added to those of Dampier, Captain Cook, Commodore Anson, and numerous others, are sufficient to indicate the extent and importance of this limitless field of instruction and enquiry.

For a little while only we must diverge and retrace our steps. Philosophy, beginning to release itself from theology, proceeded to study matter, mind, and final causes, as totally independent of the mere reasonless will of a Supreme Being; but as being governed by laws comprehensible and appreciable as height, length, breadth, &c. The natural philosophy of Newton and his illustration of the laws of gravity—the discoveries which his profoundly mathematical mind converted into immutable laws—the depths which the plummet of his genius was able to sound, rendered perfect that which had been already established by Bacon, as the method and principle of a new philosophy. Rejecting all the abstractions of Plato, Aristotle, and the schoolmen—finding in the fanciful speculations that began in the infinite, and which were sought to be applied to the finite, no rest for the sole of his foot—this remarkable man reversed the whole system that had for ages been going on, till, in "wandering mazes lost," a fanciful jargon, that totally escaped the comprehension of common sense, had grafted upon itself subtler elements of a religious tendency that by no means conduced to clear up the clouds surrounding them.

Men now lived in the light and warmth of a sun that had dispelled the clouds of elementary ignorance; and, if they had not arrived at the perfection of physics, and the true art of reasoning correctly, they thought and debated and propounded their theories to the world, undeterred by the old menacing

shapes which had suspended over them torture and death, wielded by the pitiless and indiscriminating hands of superstition, ignorance, and fear.

Theology, philosophy, history—all those writings whence came the springs of mental action and the arts of civilized life—were now converging, by means of their contributory streams, into a broad sea, where all found their proper sailing trim or were wrecked for lack of proper ballast. The Mystic, the Rosicrucian, and the Monk, had ended what they had to do. It was the time for practical application, and where the severest test was to be applied to every hypothesis thus tried in the balance. Men had gone before who had impressed the influence of their peculiar genius upon the stream of time; and, as they flowed to the lips of the student, he had acquired that knowledge of truth from error which detects the sweet from the bitter waters. The dreams of the sages were no longer laughed at: the republics of the speculative philosophers continued to be repeated, and the problem became less and less difficult of solution. Scepticism, that sheltered itself behind the mask of argument and reason, surrendered with the danger of running to the other extreme. Legislative ferocity had mitigated its rigours, monarchs listened to the teachings of the scholar and placed him on their right hands, if not always with advantage, rarely or ever to the injury of prince or people. Thought was better than force, and the pen more trenchant than the sword, while its effects lasted longer and the results were greater and more imminent.

Bacon's "Novum Organon," rejecting the dialectic mode of appealing to the understanding, brought men back to the simpler elements of thought by the observation of what was close to and around them. Founding no fact, he taught no philosophy but the most primitive. Observation and experience, he insisted, were the only true guides, and to these we have added the more capable agency of ratiocinative induction.

Hobbes, the friend of Bacon, and an advocate of despotism, had something of Berkeley in his system, which made the thought the representative of the qualities of bodies, by which alone we know them. Reasoning became the simplest arithmetic, and hence the result was that all belief is imaginary.

Amidst the alarm and hubbub which the bold doctrine of the latter created, there rose up to confute, with a very decisive and remarkable effect, Dr. Ralph Cudworth, in whose "True Intellectual System of the World" is to be found perhaps more learning, research, vast powers of analysis, and mastery of the whole intricate systems of Pagan philosophy, than was possessed

by any individual man before his time or since. His prodigious erudition is something wonderful to contemplate; while his candour in admitting the arguments that tell against himself led Dryden to say that he "raised such strong objections (on the side of his opponents in order to confute them), against the being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answered them." He fought fiercely against the theories of Hobbes, and in his vast volume created a whole pantheon, where every system of antiquity is arranged with the amplitude of a cyclopædia.

Locke, who followed, began his career of philosophy by studying himself the mechanism of his own mind and the sources of his own actions, practically putting into effect the old philosophic precept of "know thyself." His writings are subtle, sensible, and easy of perception; but, by limiting his observations to himself solely, the *will* became to him a dominant power, and thus converted mind into matter, which ended in his theory of Materialism, supported by a consummate skill, but ill satisfying the aspirations of the soul, which he must have confounded with the unsatisfied cravings of a capacious mind alone; and his conclusion that "God can make by his omnipotence matter capable of thinking" has been generally condemned. But his "Conduct of the Understanding" is a work of the very highest order, and one that will ever be recommended to the youthful student in the outset of his abstract studies.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, an elegant and learned writer, fond of antiquity, erected a system of polished morals, which more by cultivation than innate principle, were to guide mankind. He was a clever casuist, and his sentences, so full of extrinsic matter, will be found to have but a superficial value. Leibnitz, however, received the theories in his "Characteristics" with enthusiasm.

If Locke was a Materialist, Berkeley, the Bishop of Cloyne, took the opposite side unhesitatingly, and, in a brilliantly written treatise, attempted to prove that there was no real external world—that matter existed only in the idea—and, consequently, where the idea was not, matter ceased to be. Certain *ad hominem* arguments, however, would speedily destroy his profoundly elaborated theses; and his "Theory of Vision" is alone reckoned his most valuable contribution to our literature. Hume, next on our list, started forth with his "Treatise of Human Nature," intending to controvert Locke and his followers. In this he attacks the principles of knowledge and belief; but with all his great talents he is held to quibble with his question, and in this

branch of literary ethics he is rather admired for the genius and logical powers displayed than reverenced as a master or quoted as an authority. Of the Hartleian theory—to which Priestley, Darwin, and Horne Tooke gave their allegiance—it is only necessary to say, that his *medullary* medium is not unlike (in its conclusions) the *pineal gland* of Des Cartes—that he advocated the doctrine of necessity—and that he has written with as much taste as ability.

These theories, propounded by masters and perpetuated by disciples—these speculations of a looser texture which nevertheless lack not for talent to recommend them—were succeeded by the sounder metaphysics of the Scotch school, which originated with Dr. Francis Hutchinson and Dr. Thomas Reid, and were supported with greater brilliancy and consummate art by the European names of Dr. Thomas Browne and Dugald Stewart. To these we may add that of Adam Smith (author of the "Wealth of Nations"), whose "Theory of Moral Sentiments" is a work replete with high intelligence and held in great repute.

Finally, another school of metaphysics was begun by Dr. George Coombe (a disciple of Gall and Spurzheim) known as the phrenological school, which, within the last few years, has obtained a vast number of adherents, and through its development a new and additional light has been thrown upon mental science with various and undecided results.

It is not our intention to enter into any detail of the principles of these latter writers: suffice it to say that they are characterised by great subtlety and skill, profound and solid thinking, and based generally upon the "admitting of certain" principles as the foundation of all reasoning, "and as being the indispensable condition of thought itself." The conclusions drawn from these data were those most consonant with truth and plain sense, however complex and elaborate they were in the illustration of their principles and their application.

Poetry next demands our attention. In the department of Poetry, next to Dryden, the name of Pope stands pre-eminent, and we will briefly notice those who succeeded him as sons of the Orphic muse; but none of whom were able to bear the weight of the regal "singing robes" which his puny form bore with such a stateliness and polished grace. His name so eminent, his writings so well and largely known, render it unnecessary to enter into their merits, since they are alike the delight and the study of those who cultivate or love the lofty art.

Poetry—(and for the present we except all mention of its

dramatic division)—branched into numerous channels. Didactic poetry became both descriptive and satirical, and there were not wanting those who were masters of the former—as Cowper, Thompson, and the gloomy Young; nor of the latter—as Butler and Wolcot. It was also Lyric and Pindaric, and the odes of Collins and Gray are among the finest specimens of their kind. According to Sir Phillip Sidney, the poet could create to himself, as it were, another nature, and people it with beings of his own fancy, which we refuse not to accept as real if we will; and the immortal works of Spencer are a familiar example. "Nature never set forth the earth in tapestries so rich as diverse poets have done.....Her world is brazen—the poets only deliver a golden."

The names belonging to the latter half of the past century and the commencement of the present, though numerous and notable, are not so significant of the vast intellectual wealth and orientality of their predecessors of the Elizabethan period; though the "Fables" of Gay are ever the delight of the young and the "Hermit" of Parnell is like a "household word." Yet we should linger a little longer, perhaps, though not unquestioned, on the name of Prior, were time and space allowed, because we fancy he meets with unmerited neglect; and that his polished verse, his lofty lines, his fine scholarship, and the undoubted genius teeming throughout his works, rendered him eminently great. Following with our list, to the close of the eighteenth century, appears Savage, ungovernable in his temper and hapless in his fate. The muse of Gray was of a grand though sombre cast; but it was relieved by the spring air and summer wind one seems to feel in Goldsmith's verse; for his exquisite poem of "Sweet Auburn," once read, can scarcely be forgotten in its charm. Shenstone, in his pastoral and elegiac strains, created a little rural paradise around him, till dark days closed over him and the tomb spared him further pain and trouble. Akenside contributed much to our gratification in his "Pleasures of the Imagination;" while Beattie, in his "Minstrel," traced the growth of the poetic fancy from its first dawn to a rich maturity. Chatterton—

> "——That marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride"—

gave indications of a genius that his sadly deplorable end destroyed while his ripening powers were in the bud. Of all the melancholy considerations which the vicissitudes of a literary life compels upon us, an unhallowed end like his gives the most violent shock to the feelings. Were his, indeed, the only

one to mourn for, the isolation of the fact might add to the horror of the catastrophe; but since to the names of Otway, Savage, and Chatterton, we might add those of men gifted and greatly beloved in our time, the contingent heritage of genius takes an aspect at once appalling and repulsive. The neglect of the world, that does not know of their condition, cannot be looked upon with a condemnatory eye, for we know the large charities, the warm amenities, and the ready helps of life; but when it arises from individual apathy and contempt—such as Chatterton experienced from Walpole—the brightest reputation becomes tarnished, and the man who pretends to sympathy is but a hypocrite after all. But we must not dwell too long on this saddening topic.

Among these men was Falconer, who sang "the dangers of the sea;" while Glover buckled on the Greek helm, and in his "Leonidas" made the spear and shield flash once more. To these must be added the finely figurative "Ossian" of Macpherson; nor must we forget several Scottish poets of this century who added much to the literary wealth of their country.

The stern pictures of Crabbe, so unhappily true to the life, were not so favourably conveyed; for the subject to be sung should have a grandeur and a loftiness befitting the medium. The "poet of the poor" merits our respect for the courage which prompted him to dare criticism; yet that which would have been effective, and have been of infinite social use in prose, appeared sordid and mean under the pomp and the trappings with which it was related. Rogers, a fine descriptive poet, rendered the old glories of Italy still more attractive; while Campbell, in his majestic lyrics, struck a chord that was as resonant as that of any singer of the antique time. His "Battle of the Baltic" is like a battle hymn.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, the "Lakers," have achieved each in their way an immortality. Coleridge is wild and wierd; and over the sea of terror on which the "Ancient Mariner" floated, while we assimilate ourselves with strange ease to the imagery that darkens menacingly over us, we sail away with him many a league, till at last, locked up in the unbreaking breathless calm, the skeleton-ribbed craft stops—

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean"—

—remains still in some ghastly region where the unutterable fear is only relieved by a "Mystery" which veiled features—those features of the "Life-in-Death"—one could never hope to gaze upon and sleep more.

Southey, imaginative too, but straining after the intense, was both gorgeous and sublime; but he does not sustain himself with the same power as his great rivals, and possibly the sources of his more important poems, chiefly Eastern, have less of attraction than his, who wrote the story of "Cambuscan Old." As a prose writer, he was voluminous, excellent, and always master of his subject.

Shelley and Keats, as poets of the imagination, we may name together: the one was a perfect and mighty master in the melody of words; but, in attempting to embody the dumb inspirations of a soul that gazed as it were upon some sublime goddess shrouded beneath the veil, he became doubtful, incoherent, at times utterly incomprehensible. But where he is himself, he is voluptuously grand; and nature, which he deifies, stands a sublime transfiguration, with a glory on her brow that we dare scarcely look upon. In his spirituality he is rapt and enthusiastic, and his opulence of imagery is only equalled by a plenteous wealth of language that became plastic and melodious in his hands. What translations are his? What an incarnate horror is his awful "Cenci?" What a *threnos* is his mournful "Adonais?" His "Prometheus," with all its blemishes, must be regarded as the masterpiece of dramatic mysteries. Shelley's mind had a consumption, and in its unearthly pangs we see the source of his occasionally unearthly images. We can, however, participate largely in the beauties of life and nature with him, and drink greedily of the flashing waters of the Choaspes, in which he laves his fevered brows. With "Alaston," we wander into regions where are primeval forests, mighty rivers, and broadening solitudes—where the stillness of death reminds one of an exhausted universe about to yield its last sigh. Gloomy lakes—shadowed by trees whose ages count by centuries—mighty mountains, or darkling seas, are sailed over with lurid skies above, and winds sweeping in mysterious harpings beneath the canopy. Such are the visions, such the scenes, we tread over with the lone poet, while contemplating the buried past, and the approaching future, with its breathless weight of mystery to unfold. If we see now and then pictures that are leprous and have a hue of the plague of Ashdod about them, we can pass down the ballustrades of the poet's enchanted garden, and walk among flowers, while the sound of falling waters soothes the perturbed spirit.

Under the calm, vast, and serene moon that climbs loftily in the poetical sky of Keats, we can wander deep into the green shades of antique woods, and hear the wierd music of dulcimers, while unconquered Titans, in all the majestic propor-

tions of their supernal beauty, lie slumbering in groups like sculptures warming into life. Anon we plunge into the sun-streaked glades of Arcady, and listen to Pan, laying on his oaten pipe; while Syrinx is hiding in the reeds. "Hyperion" is a grand torso, a mighty fragment of a structure that would have been as stupendous as sublime; the whole chastened by a beauty that has the serenity of a warm spring morning. "In its sonorous words and iron language, it has an attrition as if two mountains were rubbing in contact;" but the benignity of nature, with her silver voices and her gentle gales, chastens the struggles of the giant into an infantine repose.

Of Moore, whose masterly "Melodies" leave nothing in that respect to be done, we must say that his over-gilding and painful redundancy of painting cloys the very sense. To the odour of the flower is added that of the perfumer—to the hues of the rose is added powder and carmine. He exhausts his own beauty by heaping on too much; and, having decked an object with everything that is gorgeous, adds one mantle more of woven tissues and tinsel, and the first effect is for ever destroyed.

From a little "Essay" we have just stumbled on we extract the following description of Byron:—

"Byron is a grand, wild, and erratic star. At times he revels in a scrofulous glory. In a moment he pollutes beauty, and converts love into something to be loathed..... He has everlastingingly condemned himself by endeavouring to embody in the libidinous 'Don Juan' a scepticism as to female chastity, in harmoniously striving to refine vice, and giving it a modest look with a rakish air; but, through the glowing rouge, we see the leprosy beneath; and, under the gay glory of the selfish libertine, we behold a heart rotted to the very core with its own pernicious tendencies."

And all this, if harsh, is nevertheless substantially true.

We are disposed here to speak of a department in English literature which collectively, and in its true might and majesty, surpassed anything of the same nature in later or early times; and to which the most robust, vigorous, matured, and brilliant scholarship, genius, and intellectual pre-eminence, were devoted during the latter half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. We refer to the English drama, beginning with the names of John Heywood and Marlowe, and ending with those of Thomas Heywood and Shirley.

This literature, being distinguished by comprehensible and definable characteristics—governed by certain laws whose very exceptions proved their existence, though they disdained the

Aristotelian definitions, as also the laws which the French and continental drama was subjected to—besides that it comprehends all of passion or poetic sublimity, pathetic, grotesque, and witty by turns—because it is the delight of the student, the scholar, the philosopher, and the man of the world—because it combines the stupendous grandeur of Æschylus, with the smooth elegance of Sophocles, and the constructive skill of Euripides—because it is at times as full of wit and emphatic sarcasm as the writings of Aristophanes—because it unites the pastoral beauty of the Italian poets with whatever is stately in Racine or Corneille—because it is in fine an essence, condensed yet ample, of the subtlest wit, imagination, and force—because it is unique, ever the same results under the same conditions, varied only in the form, as the Kaleidescope with its one frame, and with the same materials changes without end into new shapes more or less beautiful—because, of all this, we will devote a few paragraphs to the subject even at the risk of violating the chronological and successive order of literature in general, which we intended should guide us on first setting out.

The rise of the old mysteries, moralities, and miracle-plays (of doubtful origin), intended for the amusement of the people, but intended also to accustom them to the inseparable union of daily life (whether in duty or in recreation) with the religion then dominant in the land—crude, unpolished, and uncouth as they were—became by degrees, and as they abandoned the sources of their subjects, more polished and perfected, until they took a regularly understood form, which with little change is perpetuated to the present day. The force of dramatic poetry was always in proportion as it was earnest; and expressed with a natural vigour, but a loftier diction, the emotions and the feelings men would naturally show under the same circumstances. When in these monkish lucubrations sacred subjects were succeeded by the impersonation of abstract sentiments and passions, there was necessitated a greater ingenuity in the story or plot, since the *deus ex machina* of the mysteries was totally wanting. The earliest regular dramatic works, therefore, were "Gammer Gurton's Needle"—a grotesque melange of doggrel, in which a missing needle, afterwards found in the nether garments of the complainant, is the subject; the still more laughably absurd gasconade of "Ralph Royster Doyster;" the tragedy of "Ferrex and Porrex," the cold sterility of which is drearily felt by the reader; the comedy of "Damon and Pythias"—a triumph of weakness; and "Cambises, King of Persia," which is ridiculed, though

not maliciously, by Shakespere. If we add to these the "Spanish Tragedy" of Kyd, in which some startling sublimities (asserted to be interpolations by Ben Jonson) mingle with the frothiest nonsense ever uttered out of Bedlam, the perpetual butt of the dramatists with their quoted "Go bye Jeronimo,"—we shall arrive on ground somewhat safer than the tumid syrtis over which we have ventured; and Marlowe, with the appalling intensity of his "mighty line," comes first.

With a genius that allied him to Shakespere, and with a furious and headlong impetuosity that made him in his extravagance rival the mad Nat Lee, there are passages by no means few in number of such surpassing strength, grandeur, and beauty, as have not for their orientality, as well as originality of imagery, been since surpassed. It is strange, and even mournful to contemplate, how a man whose life was depraved, and whose death was terrible, could have penned his "Faustus" where the cries of a sinner standing on the awful verge, with the spirit of evil waiting for his prey, are uttered with an agony so intense and with a sense of reality that makes men shudder. The lost creature appears actually to weep tears of blood! This climax of horror stands by itself alone, unequalled, and unapproachable; but it is a horror where fear, and not disgust, is felt.

Then rose the sun among the morning stars, and surrounded by his satellites receiving and reflecting lustre, orbit within orbit, acquiring warmth and strength from the genial centre, lo! Shakespere appears—the man that "was not for an age, but for all time."

"He, indeed (observes one of his finest critics, Hazlitt), overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity, but he does it from the table-land of the age in which he lived. He towered above his fellows 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent.' But he was one of a race of giants—the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; but it was a common and a noble brood. He was not something sacred and aloof from the vulgar herd of men, but shook hands with the circumstances of the time, and is distinguished from his immediate contemporaries, not in kind, but in degree and greater variety of excellence. He did not form a class or species by himself, but belonged to a class or species. His age was necessary to him; nor could he have been wrenched from his place, in the edifice of which he was so conspicuous a part, without equal injury to himself and to it."

To this fine summary and just appreciation, not another word could be added save the concluding expression, making the climax complete:—

'Mr. Words worth said of Milton that 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' This cannot be said with any propriety of Shakspere, who certainly moved in a constellation of bright luminaries, and 'drew after him the third part of the heavens.'"

Truly, there were giants on the earth in those days—calm, ample-browed Titans, scaling the azure steeps of *their* Olympus in numbers sweet as ever was Apollo's fabled lute. The names of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, &c., form a goodly zodiac, and bright are the constellations set therein. It would be difficult to account for the growth and unparalleled luxuriance of this poetic talent, so high, so perfect, so redolent of "sweet airs," so superb in its stately beauty, when it is considered how sudden the whole growth and fruition were. We must refer to the three causes already spoken of as primary agents; also to the discovery of the "New World," the importation of Italian and Spanish romance; but especially a happy conjunction of events that fitted the men to the time, the time itself being favourable in many respects, bitter and stern as was the opposition to which they were exposed.

Ben Jonson was not only a more finished classical scholar than most of his contemporaries, but he also perfected his pieces, and turned them out in a more complete and satisfactory manner than even Shakespere himself did; for the genius of the latter must not render us blind to occasional faults in construction. It was "rare" Ben's boast that he "borrowed like a king to repay like a monarch;" and whoever compares the stately oratory of Cicero in the tragedy of "Catiline" with Tullius' original will not be disposed to question the assertion. Saturnine, proud, sometimes envious, generally magnanimous, this kindred spirit, who had struggled through hardships and vicissitudes in his youth, found himself sharing with its greatest ruler the empire of intellect, and was (as Fuller quaintly observes) "a great Spanish galleon," beside his friend Shakespere (who is likened to an "English man-of-war"), and "built far higher in learning."

In Ben Jonson there is little tenderness, but much truth. He may be and often is pedantic, but his humour is genuine and perfect. He was free from the reproach of that licentious grossness which defiles the otherwise noble compositions of Beaumont and Fletcher; but he is also coarse, though when it is remembered how rarely so, and the personages by whom this coarseness receives its illustration, the licence of "Bartholomew Fair" will not be urged against him. He is literal and strict in his classicality: his characters are striking, vigorous, and

original; and the finest sentiments, as well as the noblest lessons are spoken and taught by them. With "mountain belly, and a rocky face," as he draws himself, he is as tender, as melodious, and as exquisite as ever shepherd piping in Arcadian vale in his "Cynthia," his "Sad Shepherd," and some of his masques—(which latter he rendered unrivalled)—as Milton in his "Comus." He was essentially the "humorist" of the time; and bestowed, perhaps, more pains than the subject might be worth, in delineating the foibles, the eccentricities, and the follies of the time in which he lived.

Beaumont and Fletcher, with all their rich wealth of poetry and mental splendours, are sadly marred by numerous passages which render them sealed books to all youthful readers. Beaumont brought the grave strength of tragedy to ally with the comic humour of his friend; but the latter also possessed, in no slight degree, the keenest sense of beauty, and a deep appreciation of human purity: strange, therefore, that there should be such black spots to blurr the fair faces of these suns. The "Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher is, perhaps, the most charming thing of its kind in any language; while the play of "Philaster" contains royal pearls well worth the stringing.

Massinger has a smooth, equal style, and has few flights of grandeur or of terror. In "Sforza" he, perhaps, had built the loftiest edifice his genius permitted him, and he must be allowed to have done so admirably. In the pathetic and the tender, in those gentle pictures which remind one of Cicero's discourse on old age, we have more than one realization of the humanizing picture; but with him, too, so serious and calm, we have the most antagonistic and opposite elements blended together; for, while in the "Virgin Martyr" piety and devotion can hardly rise higher in words, we have scenes that for their moral foulness a lost angel might have penned. These are contrasts that confound the critic and startle the reader.

Middleton, Marston, Decker, Ford, Shirley, with a few others of lesser note, possess all the faults with fewer of the many excellencies of their statelier peers. The first was imaginative, indeed, and dealt in those "witches" which it is conjectured Shakespere did not disdain to embody in "Macbeth." Marston, as a cynic, could whip folly till it howled again, and as a satirist made his biting tooth keenly felt. His "Malcontent" is full of a rough, mordacious talent; and in "Eastward ho!" his pictures of city life have the value of a treatise on manners. Decker was a wit and a humourist, and long held a wordy war with Jonson: and was, sad to say, one of "the old dramatists who lived in a world of passion, revelry, want, and

despair." John Ford, pensive, tender, and pathetic, had a softness and a melody in his lines which compensate in some degree for the outrageous nature of his plots; but he, for this reason, is for the most part unfit for the more youthful reader. While the vilest scenes contain some of the finest imagery and the richest poetry, carried on by the untoward and fiery genius of their muse, these old poets had little regard for the decencies of life; but it would be unjust to say that these violations could carry any infectious pruriency into any justly-balanced mind. Their language is often ulcerous, but they do not parade the sore, nor is there a pollution that can harm. It is rather spoken *of* than exposed *in* the hues which make vice fascinating, and the good immeasurably prevails over the bad. After all, this is but to say that they should be approached with caution by any impressionable reader. To the same category Shirley belongs—not unlike to Ford, but deficient in his genius. Chapman, who, in the order of his coming, ought to have been named before, is rather known for his translation of "Homer" than as a dramatist. In his latter capacity he was stately, pedantic (because scholarly), and full of a sonorous strength. His "Bussy d'Ambois" is a hero upon the Homeric scale.

Webster, with whom we close the list of the dramatic poets that strictly belong to the Elizabethan era, was of a different stamp to any of his predecessors, or contemporaries, or successors. He wanders among yew trees in the churchyard, shrieks with the mandrake beneath the tombstone, and the smell of the blood and of poison floats in the air: midnight and "murther" are associated by a tissue of terrors that make one breathless, while the mocking sardony of his villains (like Bossola), with occasional touches of pity, only show the inflexibility of the dread purpose. Despair hovers around, and with a wintry breath chills all living hopes. More akin to him also was Cyril Tourneur; and, in his "Revenger," and "Atheists" tragedy, he developed a genius to the full as gloomy as Webster's, with some few touches of the tenebrous and lurid grandeur of the former.

Now came a torpor over the English drama, and during the Protectorate the fire was almost wholly extinguished; for not only were the prevailing tastes set against stage amusements (though this is not the ground on which we avow a legitimate love for the poetry of these old masters of song); but numerous and powerful writers arose and attacked the drama, acted or unacted, with a strength and vindictiveness it could scarcely stand against. After the Restoration it was revived in an

entirely new form, characterised by witty licentiousness, and with a total sacrifice of poetic inspiration for the artificial, in all its form of feathers, *rouge*, and powder.

Dryden, the first and greatest name of this period, setting totally aside the style and manner of his forerunners, established the French style—the vile rhyming terminations of which completely emasculates, to our thinking, the true grandeur of tragic poetry. It was Dryden that stole half of one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and turned it out as the "Spanish Fryar," which, for reasons polemical, found favour with the public, and which first set the example of combining tragedy with comedy alternately, but in such wise that both plots could be separated without injury, and, while one would form a drama, the other would prove a farce. It was Dryden, too, that converted the matchless play of the "Tempest" into a ludicrous abortion, whose pen polluted the pure "Miranda," and added to the plot female characters that might have been picked up in the stews. Dryden, therefore, did little for the drama, and it is certainly not for *this* that his name is held up to veneration and respect: his dramatic muse was a fallen angel, unclean and undignified; and his pieces are now neglected and forgotten. His fame, therefore, rests more legitimately on better grounds—on his translations and his poetical works. In refining the language and rendering it more plastic in the hands of his successors, he did what Petrarch did for the Italian. Dr. Johnson terms him, and justly, the father of English criticism—a branch of literature then scarcely comprehended, but one held as of the greatest importance; and his canons were necessary for the giving of arrangement and form to the amorphous crudities that had appeared and continued to appear in his time. For the mastery he displayed in verse, the harmony of his lines, the strength, variety, and beauty of his imagery, he won from Pope the subjoined splendid praise, that—

> "————Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine."

After him appeared Otway and Nathaniel Lee—the former as remarkable for his deplorable fate as for the dramatic *nerve* displayed in "Venice Preserved; but, while every one admires *Pierre*, with the exception, perhaps, that he is a little too energetic, the perpetual whine of *Jaffier* is simply contemptible. Lee was mastered by his passion, which rose into rant; and by his intensity, that converted fine sentences into

fustian. His exuberant fancy broke bounds, and he is said to have written a tragedy in Bedlam of a fabulous number of acts.

The names of Shadwell, Etherege, Wycherly, and Aphra Behn, are the next in succession; and, though their comedies contain some sparkle, it is on the whole the sparkle of paste overwhelming genuine excellencies. Mrs. Aphra Behn, in licentiousness, out-heroded all that was committed before or after her. Even in the depraved times in which she lived, one can scarcely comprehend the dreary depth of moral pollution which the audiences tolerated on the stage, and which fashion introduced into the drawing-room and boudoir.

Southern, Rowe, Home, Dr. Johnson, Congreve, Addison, and one or two others of lesser note, wrote heavy ponderous tragedies, which are barely read or even known at the present day. The "Isabella" of the first is weakly correct. Rowe's "Fair Penitent" has given us in *Lothario* the type of stage seducers; but we are far more grateful to him for his "Life of Shakespere," and his edition of the poet's works. Home's "Douglas," but rarely performed, is only done to get over the intervening time before a pantomime at Christmas. Dr. Johnson's "Irene" adds nothing to his reputation; while Addison's "Cato" is a cold piece of declamation admirably dissected by Dennis, the trenchant critic of the day, who, if he was merciless, was not quite unjust. Congreve's "Mourning Bride" is solemn and slow.

Moore and Lillo were the depicters of the tragedy of domestic life, and they introduced the "Gamester" and the "Assassin for Hire" before the public, which had no other result than that of striking terror without producing a moral, and of disgusting without imprinting any salutary lesson. A gamester poisons himself after his losses. The lust of money makes a parent kill a traveller who turns out to be his child. A London 'prentice is inveigled by a designing woman, who robs his master, murders his uncle, and is betrayed by his paramour. There is too much, as has been truly said, of the "Newgate Calendar," or "the Coroner's Inquest," about these things to please. Lillo was a powerful writer, but his subject weakened and vulgarised his muse. These are matters for the romancist to deal with, not the poet.

Farquhar, Vanbrugh, good-tempered, amusing, and witty writers, with much less of coarseness, were followed by Colman, Murphy, Cumberland, Foote, Bickerstaff, &c., and a marked change was beginning to take place in the poetic drama. It now descended into the region of romantic prose and its flight was low—its soarings few and far between.

Goldsmith, who impressed everything he did with his own genial kindness, drew a portrait not much unlike himself in his "Good-Natured Man;" but his "She Stoops to Conquer" still holds occasional possession of the stage. Neither can be spoken of with any very high degree of praise or detraction; and of the brilliant Sheridan it must be said that he was witty without licentiousness, but he was also lax without being quite immoral.

The tragedies of Johanna Baillie, of Coleridge, and we may add the gloomy muse of Maturin, more than completed the cycle, and entered into the nineteenth century. Of those that succeeded, and of those that are the exponents of dramatic poetry at this present day, we do not intend here to speak. It is now asserted that the drama is dead. Certainly, having seen the drama of the gallows, the Satanic and the demoniac drama, thriving so well under the titles of "Jack Sheppard," the "Corsican Brothers," and the "Vampire," the less that is said of them the better; and if Knowles, Bulwer, and Talfourd, have ended their labours, and are resting on their laurels, let us add of the drama, "Requiescat in pace."

A series of compositions whose value and importance which men of every class have been enabled to appreciate and admire —to whose utility and lofty moral character, genius, and scholarship, have borne ample testimony, and upon which talent has exhausted itself in eulogy; while human nature, by the adoption of the precepts and the principles embodied in them—(to its credit, be it said, and at a time when human nature was warped, vitiated, and most prone to err)—has confirmed and perpetuated the opinion. These are the writings of the essayists, headed by Steele, Addison, Swift, Dr. Johnson, and a host of others.

The licentious morals of the days of the Second Charles had been handed down by the dramatists of the following age till they became the code of the fashionable world in the "Augustan" era of Queen Anne. The loose and lax lessons of the stage were in effect but a transcript of the every day world. Their profanity, gaming, and debauchery, were qualities on which men piqued themselves as being eccentricities of spirit and youth—exponents of wealth and fashion on which fair women smiled, and to whose pernicious gaity they willingly surrendered. It was an age of false sentiments and vicious tastes in every department. The very language was incorrectly spoken, vilely spelt, and worse written. The high-sounding precept only provoked a laugh by the ill-grace on which it sat in company with a "laced-coat, a bob-wig, or a feather;"

and the only thing that could *not* be laughed out of countenance was the coarse tendency of the after-dinner conversation. The bottle circulated amid a fire of obscene jests; and, while the men sat over their wine in the dining-room, the women engaged themselves in scandal, frivolity, and intrigue. The sensual in act and word had obtained a dangerous pre-eminence, and the idea of rustic innocence or of ingenuous modesty was the *butt* on which the shafts of ridicule fell thickly, and with Parthian sharpness. There was no lack of learning, of intelligence, and of men of true and lofty aspirations; but by a perversity the more to be deplored, since it converted the budding good into a black and polluted ruin, men were compelled to pander to the times, and prostitute their high intelligences to the fashion of the day. It required a Hercules to cleanse this Augean stable—one that should be witty, accomplished, imperturbable, and of a "thorough" nature. It was necessary that the reformer of manners should be a man of the world too—should know its whole structure within and without—should mingle in the coffee-house with the wits—visit the theatres with the critics—and hold a place in the drawing-room, where the sneer of the insolent should fall upon him with as much effect as a missile upon a coat of proof. It was requisite that he should know the extent of the iniquity in order to regenerate—to be acquainted with the moral foulness for the proper use of the detergent—to know the depth of the wound that the means of cure might be infallible. It was, above all, necessary, in order to make the means effectual, to create a taste where it was deficient—to make those read who loathed the sight of books—to make virtue lovely, vice hateful, goodness gracious and benign, and evil vulgar and beneath a man's adoption, the amenities of life desirable, and its rudenesses disgusting. It was requisite that he should show the beauty of chastity, and elevate the character of women, encrusted over with one leprosy of vicious tendencies; so that it was hard to tell the lofty *Lucretia* from the wanton *Lesbia*. So long as men have a low idea of the character of woman—(the sure sign of their moral degradation in its most inveterate form)—so long will the nature of man be low and debased. It was necessary for the writer, who was to work this conversion, to have a large and philanthropic heart, to speak with an intuitive conviction of the innate good latent in our nature, and discourse of the outward world with the eye of a poet and a painter, and of the world generally with a charm of wisdom that should make his words listened to and dwelt long and deeply upon. He was to have a keen perception of the beautiful—to talk of life with a quiet

smiling that should cause a corresponding pleasure—and to preach of death in a tone grave, grand, and contemplative, without arousing terror or parading with harrowing effect the secrets of the grave or placing the coffin and the skull perpetually before the eyes—to hold it up rather as the termination of a journey beginning in the morning and ending on a drear and distant shore, as the shadows of evening came, and night fell upon the world of life left behind.

Men like these (through their books in our hands) we were to welcome in summer walks, or by the winter fire-side. If they taught us by revivifying the past, and sought to awaken a retrospect of a tender and subduing kind, by placing once again before our vision the pleasant time of childhood, when life itself was in its wonder and its aspirations more than half a religion, it was that if years had gone by and our dreams had fled, and the world had shown itself a stern hard fact, an incontestable reality, in which no poetry was left, and every string of the Æolian harp broken, that we might draw from those remembrances the sources of emotion which would soften us to tears and make us better, wiser, even if sadder men than before. What pictures in the sighing autumn woods have they drawn! What suggestive contrasts have they made between the decay of life, with its failing faculties and its exhausted powers, and the "sear and yellow leaf!" Who can resist the impression forced upon the mind by this eternal law of decay and reproduction! How serene the delineations of Addison in their simplicity, their beauty, their infinite force of truth, when he embodies the lesson he teaches in the matchless pages of his "Sir Roger de Coverley!" Who can resist the wit and the polished irony of Steele? What an unctuous gravity does Goldsmith wear when, without acrimony or bitterness, he dashes off some grotesque phase of human nature, with the irresistible strength he possessed; and how mournfully pathetic, yet making the reader smile, is his desponding caricature of the literary drudge! In invective and sarcasm that could burn its way like a caustic to the bone, Swift was unsurpassed—Swift, the mordacious and the savage, whose hand was ready to aid, and whose tears were unrestrained at the sight of misery, as his ears were open to sorrow, and his sympathies to help the struggling! It was left for the essayist to do what neither poem nor sermon, history nor philosophy, could perform—to spare no foible—to paint with a half-mournful cynicism the faults so rife around him—to strip well-clothed "convention" to its starveling ribs, and show the unclean linen and the moral poverty which are always the shame of the pretence—and all this, a

healthy medicine to the mind, pleasant to peruse, good to digest, and wisdom to retain.

If their pictures, their sketches, their impersonations, were not all true in a literal sense, they were not all false: it is not that they detail scenes that may not be facts, and give conversations which never take place; but are they possible, probable, and like human nature? Who has not taken them all for granted, and inwardly acknowledged their consistence with the world of nature and of man? These are among our best and greatest teachers. It is a perusal of these that refines and elevates. These strip off the rags and the sordes from the form of Lazarus, and show us God's image in a shape not affected by his state, and convince us of an equality as sons of one common family, honourable to all and derogatory to none. It is a difference between good and evil—not between rich and poor. The means they took were incontestably the best which could be taken:—

"He—(says Nathan Drake, to whose charming volumes the reader may be referred for an extended criticism, and a fuller knowledge of the essayists)—he who would have trembled at the idea of commencing a volume, mustered courage however to peruse a single sheet, which, terminating the subject discussed, and occupying no greater portion of time than could conveniently be spared during the intervals of business or dissipation, offered attractions which no publication in the general walk of literature had hitherto displayed."

That these papers fully answered the purposes intended, there remains no longer a doubt. The coarse tastes, the gross pleasures, the intrigue, the drunkenness, the dog-fight, cock-main, bull and badger-baits, and the profanity of the day gradually decreased, one by one were all but abolished, till finally there remained but a remnant; and that remnant it would scarcely be too much to say was only to be found where these essays could by no chance reach. "Every sex, every rank, and every stage of society have been alike benefitted and amused by these compositions." To us they are the mirrors of a by-gone age: we see life in its multifarious forms as vividly as though we dwelt among the generations of the day. They are lessons which we place in the hands of our children with satisfaction and security: they are models of the purest composition by the masters of the language, and the classics of the nation. They are not likely to be surpassed, in their aggregate qualities, by the production of any age to come; and what they tended to amend then, they will correct now, superior in morals, on the whole, as

our age is to what has gone before, for no period can be clear of petty vice and its concomitant crop of levity and folly.

The "Tatler," begun in Ireland by Steele (aided at first by Swift and afterwards by Addison), was continued three times a week from April 1709 to January 1711. The "Spectator," in which Addison speedily took the lead, commenced March 1711, and was stopped after having gone on every week-day till December 1712. The "Guardian," becoming political, only lived through a part of the next year; and, in the last six months of 1714, papers published three times a-week made up the eighth and last volume of the "Spectator."

Anything like these papers had never appeared with purposes so decided, and with consequences so palpable, rapid, and satisfactory. The essays of Bacon, Temple, and Collier, in former times, were the nearest in approximation that we can find, and these were rather educational and of a nature to be studied, than to be read off-hand and digested at once; and to the assistance of these two great leaders was collected the varied talent and aptitude of some thirty men, scholars all, and for the most part public writers; but out of the contributions gathered, the papers of Steele and Addison, far out-numbering all the others put together, shine forth with much of the same brilliancy that the diamond sparkles among imitations.

After these speedily sprang up a host of periodical papers. In 1750, the "Rambler" (on the old model) was begun by Dr. Johnson. This was followed by the "Adventurer" of Hawkesworth, "Johnson's best imitator," and that no small praise to say; to which was added the less effective "World," edited by Moore, the dramatist; the "Connoisseur," containing papers by the poet Cowper; finally closing the whole by the "Idler" of Dr. Johnson in 1758; and it is easy to behold here how much of talent was evoked in addition to the good done, by the labours of the great originators.

The impetus thus perpetuated became accelerated, and the periodical paper became now an indispensable part of literature. Among the most important established works were the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Monthly Review," and the "Critical Review," until the dynasties of the Quarterlies approached, and the monthly magazine in every variety and form introduced the weekly sheet and the daily page; and thus founded the now widely-spread school of periodical writing, which is likely to continue until causes beyond the reach of present foresight shall supersede that in another form.

Who would have imagined that Steele—the witty, the thoughtless, the improvident "Corporal Dick," the tavern-

haunter—the kind, the noble, the man whose letters to his wife breathe the tenderest affection, mingled with the deepest respect, though written beside his bottle, but having no odour of the inspiration—whose delicacy and refinement, considering his early scape-grace career, speak more for the genuineness of his heart than any asceticism could—who would have dreamed of beholding in *him* the preacher of good manners, the teacher of fashion, the *censor morum*, the practical man of his age! Fertile in invention, all his papers having an "air of common speech," yet wonderfully elegant and full of vivacity—a master of fable and a clever constructor of little dramatic scenes—he is only inferior in grace and polish to his unapproachable rival, Addison.

The sharpest wit, the keenest dissection of the follies of fashionable life, with the finest grace of diction, characterize the writings of Addison. To these may be added a profound religious tendency—a power of philosophic argument of an absorbing yet convincing nature. He was, in effect, the Theophrastus of his time. In the words of the great lexicographer, he "sounded the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation;" and the same writer, who was possibly the soundest because the most unimpassioned critic we can boast of, added that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

Swift—shrewd, caustic, with a gigantic grasp of talent for every subject which, if he cast rough-hewn from his nervous hands, possesses the beauties of a granite god, with none of the supple lines of the Phidian sculpture of his compeers—has fastened himself on the English language with a force that neither time nor place can obliterate. He is mentioned here in his capacity of essayist and prose writer, though his "Gulliver's Travels" are among the marvels of marvellous books. Coarse, acrid, vigorous, and even defiant, we have this to add from his "Journal to Stella" in proof of what we have before asserted:—

"I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I give him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed theo ther sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison ..... he is extremely ill.....I took Parnell this morning. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door—*my mind misgave me.* I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. *Think what grief this is to me!*"

So Swift, the scoffer, the mocker, the red-hot politician, the

courtier with the polished Harley and the insinuating St. John —Swift. by turns servile and scornful—(and it may be justly concluded that, in proportion as he was compelled to servility, his scorn was the more intense, burning, and withering)—Swift could feel, could weep, could go to bed with a heart full of keen anguish, because death had robbed him of a poor scribbler whose wants he was about to relieve! This was the man whose life was a fever—who made *Stella* as celebrated as *Laura*, but only by piling an unbearable weight of misery on her luckless head. This man, so contradictory, died sad—mad, if anguish be madness—a wild, sad, melancholy death, that expiated all his eccentricities, and left but his great works and his great reputation behind him. We like him not the least among the goodly conclave, numerous as were his faults.

Of Dr. Johnson, so much more read, and so universally known, there may be much to say, but little that is new, and less that can increase our admiration of his independence, our appreciation of his talents and industry, or our respect for the singleness and guileless simplicity of his heart. (With his name, as that of the monarch of biographers, let Boswell also be mentioned). His life was a lesson to men of letters: his career beginning in privation and suffering, and concluding amidst the love and respect of men, with a reputation scarcely ever equalled by that of any author in his life-time. There is here an admirable illustration of the triumph of innate greatness, moral honour, and the true majesty of manliness over the most formidable difficulties. His prose style is unequal and pompous, we admit; but his critical acumen is of the most anatomical kind, and "many of his sentences roll in on the ear, like the sound of the distant sea." To his memory we instantly bare the head, and *think*—we cannot think too highly of him. He is the last of the essayists: the "*Ultimus Romanorum.*"

What can be a more delicious picture of country life—of the agreeable simplicity of homely but ingenuous manners—polished rather by an innate grace and genuine kindliness of manner than by scholarship in contact with the world—than "Sir Roger de Coverley?" What profounder or more mysteriously solemn than the "Vision of Mirza?" What grander than the speculations on the Creation, on Nature, or Religion? What more cutting in their irony than the papers ridiculing the story-telling "bore," the "dreaming politician," and those on topics suggested by the general foibles of the day! Not an *item* in the large round of characteristic humanity escaped the watchful eyes of those who had made themselves masters of all that was great and little in the past, and the satires of the antique are not more piquant and full of ex-

emplification. What grander than Dr. Johnson's "Apologues," though encumbered with all the ponderous weight of his wisdom? We at times forget that he is a magnifier of trifles; for to the trifler alone can the minute and the infinitessimal (that make so great a sum in human affairs) look little or unimportant? What more touching than Goldsmith's occasional pictures, drawn by his Chinese philosopher, for his "Citizen of the World," belonging to the same class? What more delightfully sad than "Beau Tibbs?" What more suggestive than being bullied by his landlady for debt, or his burly mentor coming between his desperation and the bottle of bad claret on the table? They have found no successors! One by one, they took off their mantles and left them; but none have worn them since so worthily. Those who have attempted failed in the very outset. Possibly, the work was done and required no farther touch of art. The American names of Irving and Hawthorne are alone indicative of a like ability and of kindred tastes. We part with the essayists regretfully. We linger as if about to bid reluctantly farewell to old friends. Like children quitting the meadows and the water-brooks as the night comes on, we know that we must leave them, for they must homeward and we forward.

The drama in its decline, but to speak more particularly in its deterioration, gave birth to a branch of literature which has increased with such strength and rapidity as to menace the total extinction of the former: we refer to the novel—to the department of fiction. Long before this time, French romances of an absurd, an impure, or insipid kind, had inundated us; and, for lack of proper nutriment at home, we were like to perish. From the "Grand Cyrus" and the "Roman Comique" of Scarron the English novel sprung into life—vigorous, hardy, and original. A John Behu, whose industrious pen had written so many vile comedies, wrote tales of gallantry quite as vile. These were followed by the equally licentious writings of Mrs. Mauley; and then De Foe, with his master-hand, rendered the whole obsolete by danguerrotypes of life, whose corroborative episodes had all the effect of circumstantial evidence, and thus emphazised all he wrote with the air of truth. The three greatest names, however, were those of Richardson, Smollett, and Fielding. Though the works of the two latter are exceedingly gross in their language, and the former weakened the cause of virtue by painting vice in colours so literal and plain—notwithstanding this, their fictions are inimitable, full of personal descriptions of manners, dramatic action, and a perpetual succession of events which never permit the

reader a moment's rest. "Robinson Crusoe" is one of the indispensable books for the young, and in many a boyish bosom has fostered the embryo traveller and adventurer in strange lands. The walks of Ranelagh and Vauxhall were thronged with ladies who used to carry the volumes of "Pamela" in their hands with as much constancy as their fans, and hold them up to each other in triumph. "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" followed: the first Richardson's greatest work—the latter his ideal of a Christian gentleman, though it is by no means equal to the "Fool of Quality." If Richardson's heroes, however, are anomalies of prudery and virtue, he has his villains; but for unmitigated licentiousness, mingled with many negative good qualities, they are outdone by the heroes of Fielding. It is with him, as if *Falstaff* and *Prince Hal* were conversing with their mates, surrounded by the whole of their amusing crew of "barren rascals." His admiration of Cervantes led him to attempt the same mock-heroic style, and with questionable success, as in "Joseph Andrews;" and but for the immorality of "Tom Jones," it might be considered as a masterpiece of fiction. In delineating character he was to a book what Hogarth was to the canvass. In the character of Amelia he depicted the fine and admirable qualities of his own wife whom he passionately loved, and for whose loss he wept and mourned bitterly, refusing to be consoled. His fame is world-wide, and his skill in constructing a story was only excelled in the telling of it. It is to be regretted for this reason that he deformed his writings so extensively.

Smollett was a disciple of Le Sage, and his knowledge of life and character is indelibly stamped in the lax pages of "Roderick Random," whose inveterate and unpalliated meanness of conduct towards the humbler sub-hero, *Strap*, seems to be a libel upon the alleged selfishness of his own countrymen. In his naval sketches and characters we have had nothing to compare with him. The latter are all so real, and smell of tar and bilge-water with so vigorous and undeniable a strength that the reek of Wapping fills the drawing-room. His pictures of storms are like those of Vandervelde; and for breadth of humour, impulsiveness, rapidity of scene, and low comedy of incidents, he holds a pre-eminent position. Fielding has an inherent respect for the purity of the female character, whether innate, or whether impressed upon him by the angelic nature of his wife; but Smollett's are mostly a loose trustless lot, in whose keeping no man would place his honour for a moment: yet he possessed in a high degree the powers of quiet picture-painting which his rival could not reach. "Sir Launcelot

Greaves," a parody upon Cervantes, with all its improbabilities, pleases with a relief that smacks of Rabelais; and "Humphrey Clinker" contains much that may be compared, without fear of failure, with his older models.

Sterne—rambling, discursive, eccentric, with touches of pathos, gleams of humour, and lumbered piles of quaint learning—succeeds next with "Tristram Shandy," which is much less known for many reasons than his "Sentimental Journey," though there are charms in the former of no mean order, and many exquisite beauties amidst occasional coarseness—the only fault, but the fashion, of the day. The "Rasselas" of Dr. Johnson, which every one knows if only in connection with the event that created it—the defraying the expenses of his mother's funeral, a touching association and one worthy of his great mind—is of a fine imaginative cast; but not in general dwelt upon with any great delight. Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," the model of the ghostly Gothic romance with its magic and its mystery, gave a turn to the style of the novel, in which path Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Clara Reeve (in the "Old English Baron") followed; and which, with more or less effect, has been improved and amplified upon since.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" stands by itself as being deficient in the vivid and the great, the imaginative and the ostentatious; but also in the coarseness, the licentiousness, and the general gross tendencies of his predecessors. The simple, trusting, courageous, tender-hearted old vicar is a man among men, whose very simplicity mocked at becomes dignity, and whose very trust abused on every side converts the rogue by its lofty transmuting powers into a kindred sentiment. True to nature and true to himself, Goldsmith can take his stand upon this work as one that will perpetuate his fame though all his other writings (which we could ill spare) were to perish at a word.

Mackenzie, now but little read, is held up in sentiment, pathos, and style, as being the most successful imitator of Sterne, his superior in taste and delicacy, but inferior in originality, force, and humour—an admission, or rather a comparison, by which nothing seems to be gained, and to be for that reason alone erroneous. His "Man of Feeling," "Man of the World," and "Julia de Roubigne"—(a domestic tragedy, a wintry noon with no blink of sunshine)—are clever, but lack power: skilful in details, yet wanting a lively interest for the reader; but, with a taste and natural humour, he, in a forced

affectedly sentimental style, approaches nearer to the French models (of virtuous insipidity) than any other; and it is unfortunate that the novelists of the time, who desired to write furiously on the side of virtue, give it an air so abashed and puerile that people are ashamed of being seen in its company —that is to say, men laughed, not at the conviction, but the pompous attempt and the stately walk which betrayed the borrowed garb. There was the patch on the cheek, the carmine, and the false ringlets—it was immodesty playing a part and failing.

We are approaching the time now when novelists increased and multiplied, and the names are fast becoming *Legion*; for which reason we must act with oriental despotism and omit many whom we should desire to mention, though there was little improvement save in the better tone upon what had been already known.

Miss Burney, a talented and agreeable writer, has much attractive town-gossip in her "Evelina." Beckford's "Vatheck" stands aloof as being a work of unimpeachable majesty, and dealing with the "vast" as Martin does in his pictures. The scene in the halls of Eblis, where the mute spectres go to and fro with the unconsuming fire for ever burning in the bosom, was an image approaching to the sublimity of terror. The "Canterbury Tales" of the sisters Sophia and Harriett Lee acquired a deserved popularity; while the "Zelucco" of Moore gave a repulsive but perhaps true picture of a polished scoundrel. The lady-writers appear now in a brilliant and successive as well as a successful cluster. Mrs. Opie, the Misses Porter, Misses Edgeworth and Austen, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Hamilton, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Shelley, carry us down to Maturin—he whose wild and appalling romances *gleam* with such "demon lustre," and where we must stop, saying first a few words of one we have not yet named, though a master in his art—William Godwin, whose "Caleb Williams," as a romance of mystery in common life, and of an infusion of nameless terror without the supernatural, is one that has no superior—perhaps never had an equal. To hold suspended over one's head the shadow of a vague and undefined terror—to give one the impression of unseen enemies hovering around without a knowledge of their kind or nature—to urge a man onwards darkly —blindly stumbling as if on the verge of a yawning chasm where a false step may precipitate him—to make one struggle as if in a dream—hopelessly but desperately "to precipitate the catastrophe, sudden as sudden death"—but also fully com-

mensurate with the anxiety, the suspense, the breathless awe already awakened—this is to write in Godwin's style, "and this is the style of "Caleb Williams." To simplicity of plot—(save that there is a plot within a plot)—may be added simplicity of narrative, and also a marvellous succession of events in which the dread is heightened, and the muffled shadow of fate still following on, with feet as though clothed in wool. Noiseless and yet *felt* to be there, it realises the image used by Coleridge with such power—

"Like one that on a lonesome road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close upon him tread."

Such is the effect, without any undue exaggeration, that the first reading of this remarkable story produces; and to do this, without such appliances as Maturin and his followers used, argues a commensurate power; for it is, after all, neither so much the fear of consequences or the fear of death that simply creates the awe. It is in not knowing the true nature of what is dreaded, to which the sense of having, to an extent, merited this punishment, adds an additional burthen.

In other respects Godwin was a remarkable man. His theories on the imperfectibility of his kind, and on the moral and physical regeneration of man, commanded attention and were treated with much severity; but his writings, taken altogether, are as valuable as extensive. "Fleetwood" is a romance of the same consummate kind; and "Mandeville" is an energetic and nervous fiction, succeeded by an attack upon Malthus. "Cloudesley" and a "History of Necromancers" close the last of a long series.

To the St. Leon school of Godwin undoubtedly belongs the "Zanoni" of Bulwer, and the same may be said of many writers of the last half century who have adopted the older novelists as models; but, as we have already trenched upon the limits left, to which the latter allusion more particularly belongs and which is continued but in a condensed form in the volume under notice, it can scarcely come within the compass of the present article; and we must await an early opportunity of doing ampler justice to a subject so grave, and to the full as important, as that which we now close.

ART. IX.—*Isis: An Egyptian Pilgrimage.* By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Longmans, 1853.

WHEN it becomes our duty to review a work treating of the East, we confess that the first feeling is not exactly that of Christian charity, since so many literary charlatans have sought this mode of paying the expenses of their trips to the sunny East, from which no ultimate good results to themselves, and from whose false and superficial description error is inculcated and literature encumbered with a useless farago of nonsense.

Without, therefore, having suffered from either dyspepsia or gout, or the effects of the east wind of a March day or other incidents common to reviewers, we have felt in duty bound, from time to time, to shew up those book-makers who, profiting by the well-earned reputation of real travellers, have plagiarized their titles and traded upon their talent and research. What has not the learned and energetic discoverer of Nineveh had to bear from these parasites who hang about the skirts of literature, who lie till they believe it truth, and have vanity enough to believe that they have established a reputation because an active publisher has pushed them into notice when a *furore publico* leads the easy masses to purchase books by their title as countrymen go to see giants on the faith of the picture on the outside of a caravan! "*Est genus hominum, qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt, nec sunt,*" says the inimitable parasite of Terence. Against such small fry of scribblers, such *pediculi humani*, who parasitically feed on public credulity, we declare a war which we will wage to the knife—yea, as a Montenegrin attacks the soldier of Islam with the fatal cry of "*Cesser ye cesse!*"

It is a vulgar saying, and one not to be borne in decent society, that same bastard Latin proverb, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:" let us say, "*nihil nisi verum,*" and let even the dead rise up and defend themselves against the "black truth." Were we to detail these wretched imitators of the "Arabian Nights," as far as veracity is concerned, we should never have done, though we had—

"Δεκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δεκα δὲ στόρατ' εἶεν
Φωνὴ δ' ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δε (μοί) ἦτορ ἐνείη"

Witness your authors of "Five Minutes in Constantinople"—of "The City of the Syllabub"—of the "Journey to Jericho," of the "Half Moon and the Cross"—but their name is *Legion*,

He who is forewarned is forearmed, and we will admit Mr. St. John into the magic circle, not of travellers strictly so-called —men like Burchardt, Rich, Layard, Wilkinson, and their like, who were the learned pioneers of discovery and the explorers of learning—but into that second class of men who pretend to nothing, but who are something the reverse of Gnatho's victims. Let a man travel, and note that which he sees with his eyes and understands with his ears, and we will rank him as a traveller; but his ears *must* understand. Nor does it suffice that he say so, for, if he do not prove it, we will convict him of a false pretence. But we forget Isis and her mysteries. Isis is simply a title by which our author designates the whole of Egypt, and probably this name is as good for the purpose as any other: it is not clap-trap or presumptuous, but modest and appropriate, if not confused with old Father Thames, whose connexion with this lady we have never been able to explain, as we do not find that venerable Nereid patriarch among the Egyptian Theogony, or the Roman Theocracy, or the Greek Theology.

There is, however, more in the word *Isis* than people imagine—perhaps more connected with the Christian religion than many dream of in their philosophy. Our author adopts the same fiction in entering upon his narrative as Volney in that acute sarcasm, *Les Ruines et Révolutions des Empires.* We do not attribute to him a plagiarism, but only a happy coincidence of ideas; he rescues himself, too, from the charge of piracy and imitation by a timely waking from his dream to follow the path of actual narrative, and remarks—

"Who was Isis? And why should thoughts of her haunt me perpetually? Some among the learned maintain that she is the personification of the land of Egypt, and that Osiris is the mighty flood which impregnates and renders her prolific. My conception of her is very different."

Our author abstains, perhaps properly, in a work like that he was engaged upon, in diving into the conception of Isis. Isis, according to the well-digested view of Mr. Osborne, was in Egypt that which Vishnu is in India: the form under which the Egyptians conveyed the great doctrine of regeneration; the spirits of the dead must be absorbed and pass through Isis to become regenerate; and, doubtless, our author was not unaware of this theory when describing Osiris as the deity presiding in judgment, and Isis sitting by, the genius of benevolence, mingling with mercy the severe though just decrees of her omnipotent partner. In a later portion of his work, he gives his view of the Egyptian theology while looking upon the yellow Nile:—

"Before me, the mystic basis of Egyptian theology lay now completely unveiled—the theogamia, the marriage of the gods. Isis lay there happy in the arms of Osiris, who, coming down rushing upon her from heaven, gave birth to all the wonders of the valley—men, animals, with the moisture and vegetation by which they are sustained. But there, too, was Typhon, enveloping the married pair in his huge and destructive embrace, threatening perpetually to swallow them up with their offspring.

"No one can behold these three mighty agents—the earth, the river, and the desert—without detecting in them the constituent elements of Egyptian mythology. All the other gods, whether preceding or following the Isiac trinity, may, in the same way, be rendered palpable to the understanding. Phthah, the original fire-pervading chaos, and preceding the birth of the sun and moon: Phre, the enlightening and generative principle diffused through nature; and with the aid of Athor, beauty, desire, developing the germs of all living things: in this system, intelligence, mind, thrown far into the background, scarcely appears. In the vast procession of phenomena all is seemingly material, though the idea of intellect must necessarily lie at the root of the most unequivocal Pantheism. God, according to the Egyptian theology, is a double principle—active and passive, spiritual and material, from the union of which all things arise, not as new existences, but as emanations. Hence the idea that all we see is God, which, projecting itself into all forms, is equally divine in everything—hence the worship of the stars and planets, of the sun and moon, and men and animals.

"If all be divine, or of divine origin, there can be in nature nothing common or unclean; and hence the worship of Isis and Osiris, of Athor and her symbols, typified by the pyramids, and confounded frequently with the eternal fire.

"Many philosophers, not perceiving the root of the idea, have imagined these vast structures to represent material flame, that, broad at its basis, rushes fiercely towards heaven, diminishing as it mounts and terminating in a lambent point. The thing signified was flame truly; but it was the flame of life, invisible in its essence, and therefore symbolized by the material system which connects the visible with the invisible; the universal with the individual; time past with the present and the future, on which are based the happiness and the hopes of man. It was one peculiarity of the Egyptians, that in deifying childhood, which they did under the name of Horus, they likewise deified the agencies by which it is called into being; Isis, Osiris, with all the forms which vitality assumes in its descent from Phthah."

Herodotus tells us that the Isis of the Egyptians is represented under the same form as the Greeks paint Io—(Euterpe, § 41)—that of a cow with horns on her head; and that for this reason cows never form the subjects of sacrifice, but are sacred to Isis. In substance, however, Isis corresponds with Ceres or

Demeter; nor is it extraordinary that the principal goddess should be held to preside over the staple produce of the granary of the East, which is said to have supplied eighty millions of inhabitants with sustenance, exclusive of Italy and the neighbouring provinces. To what has not the rapacious rule of Mahommedan ignorance and of Mohummed Aalee's tyranny reduced the most fruitful country of the globe?

The Egyptian trinity, according to Plutarch, consisted in Osiris, the active principle of production and synonymous with Reason; Isis, the passive principle of production, and synonymous with Good; who, together, created the son *Horus* or World. The bad principle, or the devil, was represented by Typhon, brother of Osiris. Thus we find that the recognition of a trinity was an ingredient in the ancient schools of philosophy and in the religion of almost all nations: hence, Bishop Horsley observes that "the worship of a trinity is traced to an earlier age than that of Plato or Pythagoras, or even of Moses"—who repudiated this principle of the ancient Egyptian theology as leading to polytheism and idolatry, and promulgated a reformed religion under the form of Monotheism, which was adopted by Mohammed in the Koran more than twenty centuries later.

We may, however, arrive still nearer to our own theology in following out the Egyptian myth. Nephti, the wife of Typhon, having fallen in love with her brother-in-law Osiris, and passing for Isis, becomes the mother of Anubis. Typhon, enraged, destroys both Osiris and his son Horus who then reigned, and threw the bodies into the tanitic branch of the Nile, which suggests the idea of the deluge. The body of Osiris, however, communicated to that branch of the Nile its fecundating influence. Osiris, on his resurrection from the dead, received the name of Serapis: he resuscitated Horus, and gave him arms with which he combatted and vanquished Typhon, the now fallen angel, who was only saved by Isis, she having procured him a retreat, he still lies concealed in the universe, the order of which he ceases not to disturb with all sorts of evil machinations. The Egyptian priests could not do without a devil, whom the Puritans describe as "cheaper than the sword." No subject is, probably, more interesting than the examination of the pure Egyptian theology; and, apart from some misconceptions, the spirit of the above passage is that in which such an examination ought to be pursued.

None but one who could have freely conversed with the people of the country in which he travelled has yet promulgated the opinion of the natives of Eastern climes adopted by

our author. Mr. St. John was evidently determined to be pleased and was not disappointed. This conception of the Eastern character is very different from that which we find in the works of the superficial impostors to whom we have already alluded; and who judge of the population by the sorry specimens of mongrel Maltese, Jewish, or Armenian interpreters, the only persons with which their ignorance enables them to communicate.

The natural elegance of Eastern nations appears to have struck him *et non sine injuria.* Indeed, we have found in the lowest ranks of Eastern society a bearing which would not disgrace the most refined saloons of Western Europe. This fact materially diminishes our astonishment at the mode in which a person of low degree in the East conducts himself when raised by his *kismet* or good star to an elevated position. Speaking of a Bedouin girl collecting coins in the desert, our author says:—

"Her form was vigorous and robust, and she was plump and extremely pretty, though her good looks were not much set off by her costume, as she wore nothing but the ordinary shift, and a small square handkerchief of the same colour thrown carelessly over her head."

Our traveller invites this girl to enter the pyramid with him, but she declines on account of the Effrits supposed to inhabit there, and she eventually stays outside.

"Very well (she replied); you can go in, and I will stay out here and take care of your clothes; for the interior of the pyramids being so extremely hot it is necessary to undress partly before entering. Vere's garments were thrown in one pile on the sand and mine in another. While we were in the pyramid a heavy shower of rain came on by which Vere's coat, &c., were thoroughly drenched; but Ayesha had sat on mine and spread her chemise over them, and got completely wet in keeping my clothes dry and comfortable for me to put on when I came out. We have often a very false way of viewing little proceedings of this sort. I did not exactly imagine that she had done this expressly for gain, but I still thought it would be pleasant to her to receive a few piastres for her pains. I, therefore, took out my purse and offered to reward her; but she told me she had done it for her own pleasure and would take nothing.

"'At least, Ayesha (said I), you must breakfast with us;' to which she very readily consented. When Abou Zaid had prepared the coffee and spread our table-cloth on the sand, she presided over our breakfast as if she had been doing the honours of a house in England or of her father's tent in the desert. Let no reader imagine that in acting thus Ayesha departed in

the least degree from the respect due to herself as a modest girl. Though breakfasting with us and forming a portion of our circle, she sat in some sort apart, and caused it to be distinctly understood by her whole manner that she required to be treated as the daughter of a Bedouin.

"There was not the slightest tincture of impudence in her conversation or behaviour: her language was in the highest degree decorous, and, as far as my knowledge would enable me to judge, elegant. It would have been impossible for an Egyptian woman to conduct herself with so much propriety, since, without being conscious of it, she would inevitably have made use of coarse expressions utterly unfit for female lips."

The conception of the Arab character by Mr. St. John corresponds exactly with that of Dr. Layard, than whom we can have no better authority in this respect. He advances his opinion with a modesty which has nothing of the oracular style of the superficial travellers to whom we have alluded:—

"It is mere luck, I suppose; but in all my travels I have fallen in with light-hearted and honest fellows. A few, no doubt, have turned up now and then, but only just enough to make me observe the difference between good and bad. Among the Arabs, for example—whom it is the fashion to anathematise as thieves, cheats, robbers, murderers, and heaven knows what—I scarcely met with anything but generosity, probity, and kindness. If I had been a rich man, the reader might possibly have attributed my belief to one of two things—either that I was sufficiently regardless of money to let people take whatever they liked without noticing it, or that I was too obtuse of perception to know when I was cheated."

"In my case, however, a supposition of this kind would be absurd. Nothing makes a man so completely wide awake in the matter of paras and piastres as being obliged now and then to count them, to see whether your stock is likely to hold out to your journey's end. I was not, I confess, much addicted to this operation; but still mammon and I were constrained to enter into calculations occasionally, that I might be able, as the phrase is, to make both ends meet. In this—I say it with entire deference to those quick-sighted travellers who think differently—I was greatly assisted by the honesty and friendship of the Arabs. They, I verily believe, would in many instances have served me for nothing, could they have existed under such circumstances, and had I been willing to permit them. Of course, men's experience in these matters will often differ, but I deeply commiserate those persons who, the moment they leave their own country, imagine they must necessarily be moving among rogues; and, therefore, spend the greater part of their time in watching like dragons over their purses. I took it for granted that I should be cheated a little now and then, and was prepared to submit with extreme

resignation to my destiny. The gold I carried out was not meant to be hoarded up, but to be distributed right and left among the sons and daughters of poverty who might be kindly disposed to assist me on my way. I did not grudge them their share of it, God knows; and always wished for their sakes it had been ten times more, especially among the Arabs, who, Moslems as they were, and therefore no doubt booked for the devil, invariably treated me with kindness and consideration."

The Arabs, like all barbarous nations, are given to pilfering; but this they do not hold to be dishonesty. An Arab considers himself justified in levying a small contribution even on money entrusted to him; this certainly violating the sacredness of a deposit, but he seems to consider it a lawful per centage and his just due, and is somewhat astonished at being called a thief in consequence. But we must remember that, like the ancient Highlander, his is a life of pillage; that this pillage is reciprocal and accompanied with boldness and daring: it does not, however, exactly chime in with the abstract principle of morality. Of the merry light-heartedness of the Arab our readers will remember that it is most amusingly described by Dr. Layard, when he was compelled to join in a barbaric dance on the occasion of find the great bull.

Were it not too long for quotation, we should be tempted to extract an episode at page 26, c. xiv., in which the death of two travellers by starvation in the catacomb, where they were abandoned by the Arabs, is described with painful vividness. We believe this story, and cannot help thinking that the "strong man" who escaped the living tomb was no other than Belzoni: indeed, the reader will, perchance, remember some anecdote of this sort in the travels of that pioneer of Egyptian discoveries. A somewhat like incident happened to ourselves in the great pyramid, which could not, however, have been followed by such fatal consequences. The Arabs who accompanied us hinted that their companions outside would not allow us to emerge without the payment of a considerable sum. Our answer to this was summary: we seized the accomplice, and applying to his tawny carcase, covered by a mere shirt, a few vigorous stripes with our kurbatach, soon made terms with the party. Had we, however, allowed our hostage to escape, it is possible that much inconvenience might have arisen. We recommend this *ratio ultima Scytharum* to all travellers in Egyp, and, indeed, in the East generally: we have found it more effective than fire-arms or edged tools. The story of the Persian, introduced at page 149, vol. i. c. xiv., is worthy of the "Arabian Nights," and of a far less painful nature than that last alluded to.

Our author, in speaking of the language of ancient Egypt, thinks that learning will never succeed in infusing vitality into their hieroglyphics, and in this he is doubtless correct: nevertheless, the pertinacity of the followers of Dr. Young have revealed much that is interesting to the philologist, and illustrative of a history which had otherwise ever been lost to us. It is true the people are dead in one sense of the word—nay, worse than dead, if we are to recognise, as we must, in the present degraded Copt, the remnants of that once great nation; and in her tongue the language which we find stamped on the public monuments of Egyptian magnificence. Without Rosselini, Champolion, Birch, and Osborne, these had remained dead letters. What obligations do we then not owe to these persevering scholars whose only reward is in reputation, and whose labours are hardly known out of the circle of the learned class in which they move!

Passing from a dead language to none at all, our traveller meets in his journeyings a man without a language. The story which this man relates of a fugitive Pole is certainly not calculated to enhance the opinion of the nation to which he belonged; but it is not with that view that Mr. St. John recounts it, but rather with a design of showing the class of foreigners who have made the East their abode from the impossibility of finding one elsewhere. The East may certainly be denominated the *Refugium Peccatorum*, and we must necessarily mistrust every Frank we find there who is not clothed with an official character or engaged in legitimate commerce. The story of Ladaritz is, nevertheless, told in so light and pleasant a way as to render the history of his villanies as little repulsive as possible to the reader. We regret to bear witness to the truth of his being a type of the Franks in the East; and can readily magine, with such specimens of Western Europe, that the inhabitants of the towns upon whom the presence of these vagabonds is imposed, protected *à l'outrance* by the representatives of the nations to which they belong, are justified in forming a most unfavourable conception of the nations from which they emanate and upon which they confer everlasting disgrace. Egypt has now become a still more favourite resort than heretofore of these vagabonds, to swell whose ranks Great Britain most largely contributes. Maltese, too bad for Malta, are banished the island. Ionian subjects, for whom the seven islands have become too warm an abode, volunteer a convenient exile; and, like most rogues, are men whose natural talents, often of no mean order, have taken a perverted direction. Our funny friend, Goldoni, describes one of this class

with his usual humour. The actors *en scène* speak of a third absent party, whom they term a *galantuomo*, and add that *disgraziamente aveva il cattivo costume di rubare;* he had unfortunately acquired the bad habit of stealing, which they observe is *brutto defetto per un galantuom*—an ugly defect in a gentleman. Great Britain may be said to be the great protector of vice in the Levant; for these rascals arrive as spotless men, and are treated as such until they commit some new villany gross enough to bring them under the notice of the local authorities. The British Consul then defends injured innocence to his utmost, and if convinced at last of their guilt, should the crime be a very slight one, he may inflict some small punishment; but if it be a felony, or a capital offence, he is constrained to let them go free upon society, having no sufficient jurisdiction to punish under the prevailing impracticable system of Acts of Parliament and Orders in Council. Now the Easterns look upon these men as Englishmen, because British subjects protected by British authorities. So this is the category in which we are placed in the Levant. The French and other foreigners, on the contrary, have better people to deal with, because they have neither Maltese nor Ionians, and, what is still better, their consuls have a perfect power of efficiently punishing these evil-doers. To be a British protected subject is equivalent to having an immunity from crime—to be the scourge of your fellow men—and to be at once detested and feared.

How long will the British home authorities encourage this state of things, and stand upon their undoubted right of exemption in favour of such miscreants from the *lex loci*? When will they attach a competent judicial officer to their embassy and clothe him with requisite power by an Act of the Legislature? Everything in relation to ancient Egypt has certainly a mortuary cast—the language, the people, the monuments; and it is to such sepulchral sources alone that we can apply for information. Actuated by such curiosity—not perhaps entirely idle—our author makes a visit to the mummy pits near Maufalous, and after one abortive effort to discover the entrance he returns to the charge and succeeds, with the assistance of the villagers, in penetrating these endless catacombs:—

"Their leader, an old man with an extremely white beard, then taking up a lamp, passed round a projection in the rock, followed by his two sons, now entered a narrow passage (which we ourselves had failed to discover on our visit). . . . . After proceeding for some time the cavern suddenly expanded, and presented to the eye

a prospect of infernal magnificence. The roof, rising like that of some vast cathedral, was black as night, while innumerable gloomy aisles, apparently interminable, stretched away on all sides. The walls, the pillars, the niches, the tabernacles—in one word, all we saw appeared to be cased with black crystal, which, sparkling and glittering as the light passed on, suggested forcibly to the mind the idea of hell towering and dilating before one in satanic grandeur. Everything around wore a fuliginous aspect. In the floor were chasms of unknown depth, descending between black rocks, moist and slippery; while the most loathsome effluvia, pestiferous as those of Avernus, filled the atmosphere and inspired me with a feeling like that of sea-sickness. Had we taken in with us two or three hundred Fellahs, and disposed them in long lines down the aisles with torches in their hands, we might possibly have formed a tolerable conception of those stupendous hypogœa. As it was, our few small lights suggested the idea of glow-worms moving in darkness through infinite space.

"What inspired the Egyptians with a fondness for such localities, it is hard to say. There was certainly something sublime in their habit of mind; but then it is equally clear that, when they visited these subterranean tombs, the air could not have been so offensive or pestiferous as it is at present. The change was evidently brought about by some accidental conflagration, which might at any moment be repeated; for in all the vaults and chambers of the interior, linen, cotton, palm-leaves dry as tinder, are profusely scattered on all sides, ready to be ignited by the first chance spark that may fall among them. In this case, the whole would instantaneously be in a blaze, and the effluvia issuing from such a mass, with innumerable mummies of men, women, and crocodiles—broiling, seething, and frying in a confined space—may, perhaps, be more easily imagined than described. Escape would be impossible. Every soul in the cavern would be overtaken by immediate death, and it would then, perhaps, be centuries before the people of Maabde would again presume to act as guides.

"Here and there the bodies of those who had fallen in the attempt to explore the place present themselves as startling mementoes to future travellers. Vere, as we crawled along, put his hand on the the face of one of these victims. The bats were innumerable, and, striking against us in their flight, attempted to crawl down our breasts or up under our Fez caps. I once or twice put the point of my thumb or finger into the mouths of those that had fallen to the earth; for, I should observe, that the passage at length contracted and became so low that we were forced to creep along on our hands and knees.

"While I was pleasing myself with the idea that I should soon be in the adyton, where, in the midst of crocodiles, red-haired girls were sacrificed to Typhon, I felt suddenly a strange swelling of the heart, like that which in some circumstances is said to precede death; my breathing became obstructed, and darkness came over my eyes, so that I could not clearly distinguish the candle I held in

my hand. Vere, to whom I mentioned this, entreated me to retire and to take along with me one of the Arabs as a guide. In conformity with this advice, I suffered him and Suliman to pass, and after sitting down for a moment crawled back rapidly till I gained the perpendicular."

This description is both forcible and just: it may, however, be a matter of speculation how such effluvia should escape from the pits, except, indeed, they should have caught fire from time to time, as Mr. St. John supposes; yet how, may it be asked, would the linen bandages continue to burn in so close a place, where the want of hydrogen must soon have extinguished flame? If this theory be true, there must be ventilation-holes at different distances sunk as shafts into the hypogæa, for the purpose of rendering it possible to enter them even two or three thousand years back when these pits were in constant use, and when the accident of a few imperfect specimens must have pestiferated the place. The process of embalming is supposed to render the body perfectly inodorous, and there is every reason for believing this to be the fact from the condition in which we find mummies at the present age. Nothing remains but a dark brown mass, the place of flesh and muscles being represented by a substance more resembling pitch than aught else, and which would burn like that material. Nevertheless, the form of the body, for instance of the back and shoulders, is perfectly preserved. In the less fleshy parts, skin and bone are all of which these remnants of mortality can boast, and a dreadful sight the best of them are.

We are informed by the father of history that there were three classes of embalmments: the first used only by the rich; the second by those in a humbler class of life; and the third by the poor. The three appear to have been identical, except in the care with which the operation was performed. In the first, the brain and bowels appear to have been removed, and the latter washed and covered with aromatics; in the second, they are destroyed by what would appear to be oil of turpentine; and in the third a corrosive liquid is passed through the body for the purpose of absorbing the intestines. The last stage applies to all alike—viz., the laying the body in a solution of nitre for seventy days, which was doubtless the only preservation used and the really effective part of the operation. It is a question rather for chymists than for travellers to discover what this nitre was. Common nitre might have this effect, or indeed any salt; but these bodies were not merely pickled—there is a resinous deposit incorporated in the flesh, which bespeaks an-

other agency, and which is attributed to a fixed alkaline salt. The embalmers then wrapped them in byssus and returned them to their relations.

Upon the whole, the process was as coarse as it has proved effective: the materials were at hand and very cheap; so that, all things considered, it may be supposed that the last-mentioned style of preservation was relatively not more expensive than a common parish funeral with us.

Diodorus Siculus mentions a mode of embalming used in Egypt superior to these three mentioned by Herodotus, whereby the features were perfectly preserved. During that period at which the arts flourished at Rome in their highest state, embalming is said to have attained to a greater pitch of perfection than in Egypt; but then the expense was doubtless comparatively extravagant. The Italian invention of this century is exceedingly curious; but we can form no opinion of its durability in comparison with the Egpytian mode, even were it as much used here as in Egypt. This discovery is more simple than any hitherto made, and consists in the mere arterial and venous injection of wax and sublimate of mercury into the body, previously placed in a warm bath. This is supposed to have all the effect of the plan mentioned by Diodorus, combined with the durability of that of ancient Egypt.

Surely the cheapness and efficiency of this method ought to recommend it to the attention of the sanitary commissioners, who appear resolved to respect vulgar prejudices to the destruction of the living. This induces us to ask whence our barbarous custom of burying in church-yards arose? The clergy ought to know—and to that class we fervently appeal for co-operation in the remedy of this abuse—that, in the first place, intramural sepulture or burning was forbidden by the laws of the twelve tables; and thus the notion that the twelve martyrs were buried in twelve churches built for that purpose in Rome is erroneous. The ancient practice was to inter in the waste lands by the roadside. One of the Popes, however, decreed, that it was desirable this should be on the way to the church, that the necessity of praying for the deceased might be suggested to the survivors on the road to their devotions. Hence the custom of burying round the church, and even in the church itself, arose; but, as we do not pray for the dead, there is no reason for the continuance of this objectionable custom, now abandoned in all continental countries both Protestant and Roman Catholic, on sanitary grounds. By the Roman law, the place where a dead body

was laid was termed a *locus religiosus*, and was therefore no longer capable of sale.

Two causes are assumable for the custom of embalming in ancient Egypt: the first, that the dryness of the climate was unfavourable to the decay of animal matter, which cannot be urged here; secondly, the paucity of fuel prevented the process of cremation being adopted. We do not, therefore, subscribe to the theory that refers the practice of embalming the body to a religious prejudice, which contemplated its preservation until the revolution of the great year. The Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul, in the Pythagorean sense, that of a metempsychosis; the preservation of the body was, therefore, not necessary, nay, even antagonistic to this theory, and must rather be attributed to hygeian motives. Still one question remains to be solved. Considering the immense population of ancient Egypt, we are at a loss to conceive how it could have been possible to stow away the remains of all the dead in this manner, and this must still remain a *vexata questio*. If we consider the extent of the mummy-pits, and the undoubted fact that immense numbers of these catacombs remain still undiscovered, we may imagine the embalming of all indiscriminately to be just possible, though we confess it is scarcely credible.

We will conclude this unpleasant subject with a quotation from our author respecting the red-haired mummy:—

"The Arabs now volunteered to enter a second time to bring out other mummies, among which was one of a red-haired girl, unquestionably the most hideous relic of mortality I ever beheld. It was naked to the waist, the stomach and abdomen were pitted in the skin, the skin was black; and the head, loosened by time, shook in the socket, and turned round, trembling and grinning at the least motion. My disgust and horror combined to inspire me with regret for having thus rifled the tomb. I could not take the fearful mummy along with me into my boat; the Arabs refused to restore it to its resting-place; and therefore, not knowing what better to do, I laid it gently on the sand of the desert, where, if the thing were practicable, it was devoured by the half-famished hyænas, to which nothing that can possibly be eaten comes amiss.

"I have often since then been haunted by the image of that girl, who had slumbered quietly in her tomb for two thousand years, till disturbed by my Frankish curiosity. How I came to yield to this morbid sentiment is more than I can explain, since, on all other occasions, I had resisted its influence. Possibly the wish to possess a red-haired mummy, remembering, as I did, the tradition

that such were habitually sacrificed to the principle of evil, overcame my better feelings."

Let us now pass to a more inviting subject—one of those pleasant anecdotes with which this book is filled, and which renders it, from a continual change of subject, one of the most readable we have met with.

This was one of the great discoveries of the father of poetry. Perfectly aware that his hearers would get tired of a series of battles and wounds, however surgically described, our author varies his subject by frequent digressions, all characteristic, all agreeable, all well told and ever void of similarity. A young Mussulman seeks an asylum in the author's boat, and is received. He, in consequence, tells him his story and how he got into the terrible scrape in which he now found himself:—

"My supplicant, if I might rely on the account he gave of himself, was the son of an Osmanli of distinction by a Greek mother, which was the circumstance, he observed, that had led him to claim protection from me. Adopting, at an early age, the military profession, he came to Egypt, where he gained the friendship of a Pasha in whose house he resided. But in the East, as in the West, all ties, all restraint, all considerations of honour, probity, nd prudence, sometimes give way before the force of passion. This young man, whose name was Mustapha, furnished a striking example of this.

"I had risen so much (he said) in the favour of my lord, the Pasha, that he at length promised me one of his daughters in marriage, as soon as she should become nubile. Meanwhile he treated me as his son. I was master of my own time, and, except his harem, everything he possessed I might certainly have called mine. In this way the foundation seemed to be laid for a life of gratitude and happiness. But who can control his destiny? It was written that I should commit a great crime—that one offence should follow another—that I should become a fugitive and an exile, and owe my life to the generosity of a stranger. * * *

"At the hour fixed, we both repaired faithfully to the place appointed, where, in a low voice, we reiterated our vows of fidelity to each other, and reviewed our plan of flight. The lady had taken care to have about her many jewels, which it would, she said, be easy to sell as we went along, so that in this way we might provide for our subsistence till we reached Mekka. In the midst of our conference I was startled by a rustling in the bushes, of which I sought to discover the cause, but without success. No person seemed to be near. There was not a footstep on the path, and not a branch or even a leaf again stirred. I had two loaded pistols at my girdle, together with a keen dagger, which would render me a match for any adversary. As he uttered these words his eye glanced down over his athletic frame, and he said, it could not be doubted that in an hand to hand contest few men would be likely

to have the advantage over him. He smiled a grim smile and resumed his narrative.

"As soon as the night had fairly set in, and when all the inmates of the palace seemed, in conformity with custom, to have retired to rest, we left our hiding-place, and, through dark and winding pathways, went towards the small doorway which we opened, and passed out into the wood, where we began to congratulate each other on our good fortune. 'But (says the Arab proverb) let not the bucket rejoice before it has escaped from the well.' We had not advanced many steps ere we both became sensible that there were other persons in the wood. I now drew my pistols, and, desiring my companion to hold firmly by my skirts, advanced resolutely to face whatever might be there to oppose our passage. My heart, however, I confess, beat violently. I longed fiercely to grapple with some one, and, had I possessed the power, would have trampled out the lives of thousands to protect and bear off that woman."

He is here attacked by his pursuers: his mistress shot in his arms; and in his escape, he stabs the Pasha's nephew, who falls, exclaiming:—

"'Miscreant! you have slain me!' and from the voice I knew him to be the Pasha's nephew. No further obstruction being offered, I effected my escape, covered, as you now see me, with dust and blood. I travelled all night, and towards morning crept into one of those chambers which the ancient Kafirs had hollowed out in the rock, where I remained until return of darkness, when I ventured into an Arab village in order to allay my hunger. Not knowing what course to take, and rendered desperate by misfortune, I described my situation to the Fellah, who informed me that two English gentlemen were proceeding up the river in their boats, in which they might, perhaps, afford me an asylum. He added there was one of them in the dress of the children of the prophet, who had come from Greece, and was said to be a great friend to the people of that country. 'But, (said he) they are now distant more than a day's journey, so that it would be extremely difficult for you to overtake them.' I was, however, escaping for my life, and possessed an energy unknown to the Fellah. I therefore pressed forward with desperate speed, and, as you know, reached your boat soon after daylight."

In the East, fear and bribery are the two mainsprings. Our traveller now resolves to assist this man to escape by riding rough-shod over the authorities, which he graphically describes as follows:—

"Immediately on landing, I proceeded to the house of this worthy functionary, and my friend, Mustapha, had no choice but to accompany me, though every step we took he ran the risk of being apprehended, in which case he would probably have been impaled alive. The force of mind, however, he displayed was won-

derful. He walked boldly by my side, entered with me the house of the governor, and sat unabashed in his presence. Imitating the example of Odysseus, I informed his honor that this was a friend of mine desirous of proceeding on pilgrimage to Mekka, and that I should consider myself under great obligations if he would give him the necessary passport. To my dismay, as well as that of Mustapha, he related, briefly, the circumstances which the latter had recounted to me in full, and said he hoped this was not the person who had broken into the harem of Hassan Pasha, and murdered his nephew in effecting his escape. I replied to the worthy Moslem that, of course, he only said this by way of jest, since he could not possibly entertain such an idea of a person so respectable as my friend. He answered he did not; but that it was, nevertheless, very remarkable that the description which had been sent to him should suit my companion so exactly. I observed his experience must, long ago, have taught him that such coincidences were not uncommon. I then added that, if what I asked was too great a favour to be granted, my friend would change his route, and proceed with me to the Black Countries; but that, of course, I should complain to Mahommed Ali, on my return, of the extreme want of civility shown me by the governor of Gheneh. We then rose to leave the room; but the Turk, in a somewhat coaxing tone, desired us to be seated, observing that the passport should be made out immediately.

"I contrived, during this dialogue, to steal a glance at Mustapha's face, which, in spite of his courage and self-command, was growing every moment visibly paler. To recal him to himself, I observed to him that all would be right; and then added aloud, that I envied him greatly his journey to Mekka, as it would have delighted me also to see the Holy City. Upon this, the governor offered to give me a passport too, which I declined, with many expressions of thanks."

Nothing is more common in the East than for persons persecuted, justly or unjustly, by the authorities, to claim the asylum of a Frank house. By the capitulations and treaties with the Porte, a foreign domicile is inviolable; and it requires an application to the representative of the nation to which the inhabitant of such house belongs to enable the removal of a person concealed there. No sooner has the formality been fulfilled than the refugee takes up his residence in the house of some other European of another nation, whereupon the whole process has to be gone through again.

Among other circumstances our author discovers a Greek MS. at Thebes, of which he gives a translation, and a specimen of the original Milesian tale. That manuscripts of a far greater value than this light and pleasant production are to be discovered among the dead of Egypt has been lately demonstrated by the discovery of the Harrisian and Ardenian MSS. at Thebes, and

which have been published and restored by the care of that assiduous and erudite scholar, Mr. Babington, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. They have appeared under the patronage of the Royal Society of Literature, and are nothing less than the lost orations of Hyperides against Demosthenes; and, their antiquity and genuineness having been demonstrated, a greater classical treasure can hardly be imagined. We were, on inspection of them, not disappointed, as our author suggests we might be, on discovering "the Politeiai of Aristotle; or the lost plays of Menander and Philemon, or even the history of Theopompus."

In contemplating the stupendous monuments of Egypt, we are apt to pause for the purpose of asking ourselves what it is that made that narrow strip of land which, as it were, separates Asia from Africa, the country that it was in bygone ages? What made Egypt the cradle of astronomy, of religion, of art, and of wealth? To these grave questions there is but one answer—"the Nile!" Is it, then, true, that we owe so much to that wonderful river? The fact cannot be denied, and supplies the moral that the gifts of nature become then first valuable when elaborated by that most wonderful of God's creation—man!

In the present age it may be remarked that labour and industry are seldom found in countries which nature has favoured: where God has done everything, man appears little inclined to aid His work; and, where nature has been parsimonious, man seems roused to superhuman efforts. Yet this was not ever so, otherwise we had found no palaces in Egypt, either of the living or of the dead. Nevertheless, the same principle forms, doubtless, the basis of the wonders we there behold. While Egypt was a thinly-populated country, it is probable that there were neither monuments nor arts; but, as the population became superabundant, labour was induced by stern necessity. The natural gifts of situation and climate no longer sufficed for the requirements of man, and man began to labour, not from will, but from necessity. Yet this would have been all in vain but for that long strip of water without tributaries which runs between Asia and Africa. Our traveller did not proceed up the Nile for the purpose of discovering the source of that wonderful river: it was not for this that we find him invoking human aid to pass the foaming whirlpool of the second cataract. He was in search of other objects than the Mountains of the Moon —namely, the examination of what was and what had been the aim of his travels.

Our author now approaches that part of the river that has

given the modern appellation to the Nile which, in the plain country between Vazuelo and Senaar, signifies *blue*, from the colour of its waters as distinguished from that which it assumes lower down. The Arabs interpret the word by *Azerque;* but the Azow, a barbarous nation, term it *Gizer*, *Geezer*, and *Seir;* or God, and also *Abba*, father; which is, however, a mere metaphorical epithet. In Gogam, it therefore bears the name of *Abay*. By Gongas, on the south of the mountains Dyne and Togla, it is called Dahli; and, on the north of the same mountain, Kowass—words synonymous with the *Anubis* of the ancient population. Pliny tells us that, before and after it came to Beza, it was termed *Siris*. The fathers of the Church term it Geon; but the most ancient name of all, supposed to proceed from Ethiopia, is *Ægyptus;* and this is the name given it by Homer. Hence we find that the whole country was emphatically called Egypt from the river which was the origin of its unparalleled fertility.

As the population of ancient Egypt increased it first began to follow the course of the river towards the West; but, as the strip of land watered by its stream became too narrow for its inhabitants, they gradually extended on either side and increased the width of their country. Egypt was capable of this extension without limit; for, so far as the waters of the inundation could be made to reach, so far was the land capable of cultivation and susceptible of fertility. A single inundation sufficed to produce this effect: hence the remains of the immense works for the purpose of irrigation, the neglect of which has reduced the country to its present, probably its original, limit. In ancient times there was neither inclination nor means for emigration: the population had, therefore, but the one resource of spreading itself out on either side as it increased. Indeed, we never find this modern mode resorted to but where war—probably, however, resulting from a plethora of inhabitants—drove the weaker party from its homestead, whence it wandered conquered, to become in its turn a conqueror by necessity. Thus the Israelites, driven from Egypt, subdue the Philistines, or Phœnicians, who in their turn pass to the sea-shore from the neighbourhood of the lake of Genesereth; and thence, we are told by Justin, ultimately to Carthage.

A curious estimate of the decrease in the level of the Nile has been made by our countryman, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, from observations made principally on the walls of fortresses or temples, whence he comes to the conclusion that the level of

the country continued gradually to increase until some great natural phenomenon, which he reckons took place as much as 3,500 years back, broke away the impediment which embanked the river, and must at that early period have brought desolation on the eastern parts of Egypt or Nubia. It was to this circumstance that the emigration of the population to the West may be partly attributed: that this was so there can be no doubt, nor that it took place in very remote ages, from the fact of some temples being found above the second cataract, where our author now is, built on the alluvial deposit. This paper, to be found in the fourth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature," is worthy the attention of the curious. The greatest inundation known in modern times is that of 1848, and forty feet above this the Nile is computed to have risen in those remote times. The alluvial deposits are found at these different heights—forty, thirty-six, twenty-eight, eighteen, and eight feet—from which fact it would appear that the removal of the obstruction which kept up the level of the river was gradual. Herodotus seems to imply that the Lower Nile was regulated by the Lake Mœris, or rather the Lake, since the Egyptian name for a lake was Mœris, not a king's name as Herodotus supposes. This wonderful reservoir of water measured, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty, and according to Pomponius Mela, five hundred miles in circumference; and, though its present measurement does not exceed one hundred and fifty, its depth is said to have been three hundred feet; and in it stood, three hundred feet above the surface of the lake, two pyramids, surmounted by colossal statues of marble in a sitting posture, probably of Isis and Osiris, of which no remnant was extant in the age of Strabo. This lake was connected with the Nile by a canal, termed at the present day *Bakr 'el Yussef*, or Joseph's Canal, one hundred and twenty miles in length, furnished doubtless with sluices in order to regulate the inundation of the Nile; for Herodotus remarks that, during six months, the water flowed out of this huge reservoir, and during the other six regulated the inundation of the Nile. He supposes it to have been a work of art: that the canal was so cannot be doubted; but of the lake this can hardly be imagined, not only on account of its immense extent, but for the very question he himself asks—viz., What did they do with the earth dug out? This was, therefore, doubtless an inland sea, by which the Egyptians profited on the fall of the river, from the causes above-mentioned, to increase the extent of habitable country in Lower Egypt.

By means of this reservoir, it was possible to irrigate the country to an extent of two hundred miles from the Nile, which would otherwise have been impossible.

The late discoveries of Dr. Layard and Colonel Rawlinson in Mesopotamia have demonstrated the capacity of the ancients to conduct hydraulic works; and a paper read by the latter before the Royal Geographical Society shows the care and labour which were bestowed by the government of that country in directing the irrigation to the desired spots.

Before quitting the question of irrigation we must bestow a passing notice on the canal, the existence of which was, nevertheless, for a long time doubted, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. Herodotus tells us it was commenced by Necos, son of Psammetichus, and continued by Darius: that it was four days' voyage in length, and admitted of two triremes abreast. Necos, having lost 120,000 men, then desisted from the enterprise. Diodorus tells us that it extended from the Pelusian mouth of the Nile to the Arabian Gulf and the Red Sea; but that Darius did not even finish it, since it was represented to him by the engineers that, on account of the higher level of the Red Sea, Egypt would be deluged. Ptolemy the Second, however, finished the canal and provided it with sluices for the passage of shipping, and the regulation of the water. Almost all traces of this canal have vanished; and, had it not been from the mention of this fact in history, we should probably never have thought of seeking for it.

Captain Vetch has however, in a most able pamphlet, demonstrated not only the possibility, but the facility, with which this canal could be reconstructed, not in its former direction, through the nitre lakes, but in a direct line of about seventy miles. He estimates the expense at about two millions sterling for a canal capable of accommodating the largest East Indiaman, and states the difference of level at thirty feet, which he holds to be necessary to create a scouring stream at the rate of two miles an hour. We do not, however, live in the age of canals, if, indeed, we except the Darien scheme; and in Egpyt the ocean may be superseded by the hissing of a locomotive.

Our traveller is now descending the Nile, and we must turn the prow of our vessel with him and also steer West; but in doing so we will make one more extract from this work, which we recommend to the special attention of the Peace Society and the other Quakerian and semi-Quakerian Agapemonians of Manchester, who trust in that "holy love" lately enlarged upon by Mr. Thomas in his attempts to convert the Lords Justices to a *Princeism*.

"Let it be our glory (say the philosophers of this school) to cultivate exclusively the arts of peace, which beautify the face of society and soften the manners of mankind. And who will deny the charms of peace? Who can undervalue her gentle triumphs? Who can mistake the happiness of beholding throughout a whole land every man sitting under his vine or under his friend's fig-tree, eating bread and drinking wine, and overflowing with kindly feelings towards his neighbours? But if history teach emphatically any lesson, it is the danger of being led astray by visions like these. It seems to be incompatible with man's nature to nourish and give development to great thoughts in the lap of ease and luxury. He must encounter occasionally that storm of war, calamity, and blood, which, raised by destiny, blows incessantly about our globe—now beating fiercely upon one spot as it advances, and now upon another. From some regions it is kept aloof by a circumvallation of political ideas; but as in the physical world there is a tempestuous in-rushing of the colder air, where heat has produced a comparative vacuum, so in the political world the effect of what we denominate civilization is to produce enervation and effeminacy, which dissolve and attenuate the manhood of populations, and produce an artificial vacuum, only to be filled up by the manhood of the neighbouring states. No one, meanwhile, can doubt that much talent and ingenuity may be displayed in defence of these Utopian illusions, and that in proportion as they are generally received the men will be regarded as antiquated who advocate any other theory. Besides, it seems barbarous, in an age of morbid civilization, to stand up as the advocate of war, which all must acknowledge to be in itself a stupendous evil: but, like every other form of adversity, it may be said to carry healing on its wings. Such is our nature that we require to be chastened—that calamity is necessary to us—that we are the better for suffering, without which we grow corrupt, selfish, degraded, forget our dependent condition, and attempt to repel the idea of God from the obscured and polluted temple of our minds.

"I do not undertake to solve the enigma of the universe; but I feel assured that, as perpetual calm and sunshine are apt to accumulate the seeds of disease in the physical atmosphere, so unbroken prosperity and peace generate profligacy and impiety in the social atmosphere, and degrade man from his position at the summit of God's works to a vile and loathsome level, on which, with inconceivable ingratitude, he forgets or denies his Maker!"

Who will controvert the truth of this passage, and what manly spirit will not acknowledge its justness? Let those, then, join the Peace Society, whom craven fear, disguised under a false pretence, forbids to protect themselves! Let Mr. Cobden libel if he pleases, and invoke the privilege of saying in the House of Commons what he dare not say out of it—let him call upon the police because he pays police-rates—in short, let *him* and his party do whatever they please: so long as the same

population exist in England, until England is peopled by Fellahs instead of its present inhabitants, the cravenites will have few votaries—few disposed to surrender their right of self-defence, and submit to be spurned, as the promulgators of such doctrines deserve to be, from society, without the pale of which they have placed themselves by gross and gratuitous abuse, for which they deny that they can be held accountable.

Let us, in conclusion, be allowed one word in general praise of Mr. St. John's book. Its style is easy, current, and scholarlike. While it contains much useful information, it admixes so much pleasant anecdote as to render it readable and generally acceptable: it is without pretension and full of kindly feeling, and just the book to be put into the hands of young persons, or those who, relaxing from arduous daily occupations, wish to combine with amusement a certain amount of instruction, without entering upon the fatigue of controversy. We trust the book will be as successful as it deserves, in that it conveys the most lively pictures of the country of which it treats, and is full of high feeling and acute observation.

Notices of Books.

The Gross Abuses of Public Charities Pointed Out, and the Necessity for the Interference of the Legislature Demonstrated. Second Edition. By Standish Grove Grady, Barrister-at-Law, Recorder of Gravesend. London: Stevens and Norton. 1853.

The public charities of England are at once her glory and her shame. In no country in the world are there so many and such noble institutions for the relief of human suffering in all its forms, and for the supply of sound and Christian education. But around many of these institutions, especially of the latter description, abuses have clustered so thick—in so many cases has the real object of the foundation been entirely lost sight of—and so many instances have occurred of perversion and misappropriation of funds devoted by charitable persons to specific benevolent purposes, that our admiration of the noble spirit of the founders is well nigh lost in our sense of the corruptions and abuses to which their benevolent intentions have given rise. One thing is quite clear: the question can no longer be ignored, and it becomes therefore the special duty of

Churchmen to enter heartily into any reasonable scheme which may have the effect of restoring these institutions to their original wise and benevolent purposes.

But convinced as we are of the great abuses that exist, and of the necessity of applying a speedy and efficacious remedy, we are on the whole inclined to judge charitably of those under whose management these abuses have been introduced; nor would we wish the subject to be entered on in any spirit unfriendly towards those in whose hands these charitable trusts now are. It is perfectly conceivable and must doubtless have occurred in many cases, that, as the value of the property gradually increased, the surplus was at first too small to admit of any material extention of the charitable objects, or any attempt to carry out on a wider field the intentions of the founder. This fund might be, therefore, applied in good faith to other objects, wisely or unwisely; and by the time it became considerable a new generation of trustees might be content to take things as they found them, and never feel called upon to make any changes in a system which had been transmitted to them by their predecessors. In this way a sort of *prescription* might be introduced, and give a colour of legality to some of the grossest abuses. To those who have the present management of these funds we are willing to give the fullest benefit of such considerations, although we are perfectly convinced that they afford no answer to the demand for a restoration of the funds to their primary purposes. Another explanation of the abuses to which we have referred arises from the well-known principle that men, in their corporate capacity, scruple not to do acts which as individuals no consideration would induce them to perpetrate. It is more than a legal fiction that a corporation has no soul, and rests on the strongest historical evidence. The concurrence of others in any act—the want of individual responsibility—the easy pretence of public utility which will deceive the most honourable—and the activity of those who are the least scrupulous, along with many other circumstances, tend to disguise from the best of men, acting in a corporate capacity, the real nature of proceedings to which they lend their sanction. This is a view which it is of the greatest importance to have continually before our eyes in considering such a subject as the present; because, while it will lead us to judge with leniency of the authors and upholders of the evils, it will render us sharp and suspicious in enquiring into abuses in which there is, to say the least, a strong antecedent probability. Wherever a corporation exists, there may abuses be

expected to be found as certainly as the eagles around the carcase.

Most of our readers are no doubt aware of the gigantic labours of the commission which was appointed in 1818 to examine into charitable trusts in England. If any one who has looked into their voluminous reports, extending to thirty-five folios, was at first startled by the colossal mass of evidence which they present, a little further enquiry must have shown him that the corruptions and abuses disclosed fully demanded such portentous dimensions. A more wholesale system of misappropriation—a more fearful array of evils—it would be almost impossible to imagine. Those who are unacquainted with the reports of the commissioners can form no idea of the magnitude and extent of the abuses which they reveal. Take the case of educational charities. It appears that many ancient schools, amply endowed and in localities where they might have been of the highest value, have become extinct; that others, although still existing, are in the most inefficient state; and "everything neglected (as the late Lord Kenyon once said), but the receipt of the salaries and emoluments!"—that a greater number, adhering to the letter of their foundation deeds, teach only Greek and Latin, and have not increased the number of scholars in proportion to the vast increase in the value of their property; and that, in no instances have any of their institutions been modified so as to suit the wants of modern times, or so extended as to make their usefulness at all commensurate with their present funds. In many cases schools which were founded for the benefit of the poor have been entirely perverted from this object. Most of these institutions were founded either before or shortly after the Reformation; and from the increased value of property their original objects bear no proportion to their present means. To give our readers some idea of the large amount of property which has been devoted by pious founders to educational purposes, we may mention that the annual income of these schools has been estimated at over half-a-million.

It must be obvious to every one that the country generally has the deepest interest in the matter of the educational charities; and that to Churchmen especially it is an object of the highest importance that these enormous funds should be restored to their legitimate uses. The great majority of the institutions to which we have referred are in connection with the Established Church; and, if their funds are to be devoted to wider and more beneficial purposes than they now embrace, the Church will reap the benefit of the change, because she

will still be entitled to have the funds applied so as to secure an education according to her standards. She has in no respect forfeited her claim to restore this immense mass of property to its destined ends, although not without blame for having allowed such a system of spoliation to endure so long. Let increased activity now, however, make up for the supineness of the past; and let Churchmen give every support to a cause which has for its objects the best interests of the Church and the highest welfare of the nation.

Strange as it may seem, although the labours of the commission were brought to a close about sixteen years ago, no remedy has yet been applied to the evils which their reports laid open. Public interest was considerably excited at the time the commission was appointed, but before their reports were completed the minds of men were occupied with new objects; and even amidst the excitement which has prevailed on the subject of national education for the last fifteen years, local institutions of the highest value have been allowed to remain with all the abuses which had been accumulated during centuries. The attention of the public has now, however, been drawn to the subject, and we trust the time is not far distant when an adequate remedy will be applied to this formidable and widely-ramified evil.

The first attempt at grappling with the subject was made in 1846 by Lord Lyndhurst, then Lord Chancellor. Mr. Grady's pamphlet appeared originally at that time, and contains a powerful and able defence of the leading principles of his lordship's bill; and which, we think, must be the leading principles of any measure that will deal properly with the subject. He shows most satisfactorily that the ordinary mode of correcting mismanagement or breach of trust is utterly inadequate in the case of charitable trusts, and has brought forward evidence from the commissioners' reports to prove that the Court of Chancery has completely swallowed up many of the charities that sought relief from it. He maintains the necessity of appointing commissioners armed with summary powers to deal with public charities, as was proposed in Lord Lyndhurst's bill; and, by numerous cases which he has quoted from the commissioners's reports, he has shown at once the advantages of such a system, and the deeply-seated nature of the abuses to which charitable trusts are now subject. To those who have not access to the voluminous reports of the commissioners we would strongly recommend the pamphlet of Mr. Grady, as affording a sample, at least, of the enormous evils which are rife in the public charities of this country. The subject is treated by him

with great acuteness and great good sense; and we rejoice that he has sent forth a second edition of his valuable work at this time, when, as appears from the announcement of the Lord Chancellor, the Ministry propose to introduce a measure on this most important subject; and when the public at last seem to be fully convinced that something must be done to extirpate abuses that have been too long suffered to endure.

Mr. Grady has in this edition given an account of the attempts at legislation on the subject which have been made since 1846. Lord Lyndhurst's Bill, we may observe, dropped in consequence of the resignation of the Ministry to which he belonged. His successor on the woolsack introduced in 1847 a bill into the House of Lords to provide for the succession of charitable trustees, and for keeping accounts of charitable funds. This bill, however, was a mere palliative, and left the great question connected with public charities almost untouched. What the case demanded was the appointment of some tribunal which should have power to enquire into and regulate the charities of this country—especially those of an educational character—and the mere provision for the succession of trustees and keeping accounts left the great point of the readjustment and reorganization of charitable institutions still unprovided for. The measure, however, such as it was, was not proceeded with, and the matter remained in abeyance until the beginning of 1852, when a bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir A. Cockburn, the Attorney-General, for facilitating and better securing the due administration of charities in England and Wales. The Ministry of Lord John Russell shortly afterwards going out of office, this measure also fell to the ground. The provisions of the bill have been ably reviewed by Mr. Grady; and he has shown that the limited powers with which the bill proposed to invest the commissioners would render the measure quite inadequate to the exigencies of the case. He contends that the commissioners should be invested with full authority to decide any questions with reference to charitable trusts, and that, if a difficulty should arise, they might state a case for the decision of the Court of Chancery. He is strongly of opinion that the commissioners should have the power of setting themselves in motion, and that to require any other parties to take the initiative would be detrimental to the working of any measure on the subject. Of course it is easy to raise objections against such a tribunal, armed with summary and extensive powers, and entitled to take proceedings in any case *ex proprio motû*. But the question is what better scheme can be proposed where

such great abuses as unquestionably exist have to be dealt with? So far as we can judge any adequate measure must be based on the principle so ably and forcibly advocated by Mr. Grady; and we have much pleasure in recommending his pamphlet to our readers, both on account of the important facts it contains relative to charitable trusts, and the valuable suggestions it offers with regard to the remedies for the abuses to which they are subject.

A Summary of the Roman Civil Law, illustrated by Commentaries on and Parallels from the Mosiac Canon, Mohammedan, English and Foreign Law. By PATRICK COLQUHOUN, LLD., St. John's College, Cambridge, Barrister at Law, &c. Part IV. London: Benning. 1852.

The last published part, completing the second volume of Dr. Colquhoun's most recondite performance on the *Roman Civil Law*, is now before us; and, when we take into account the immense research it involves, we are astonished at the rapidity with which the author has arrived at this stage of his work. Nor is the scholarship, manifested in every page, a matter of less marvel than the industry which even to the unprofessional, nay, to the unlearned reader, is every where apparent in this singular production. Our chief surprise, however, is that a man should have had the courage to undertake a book in which not one reader in a thousand would feel the slightest interest; and the reputation of which, be it ever so successful, can never extend beyond that particular branch of his profession which it is intended to illustrate. But it is evidently a labour of love, and the author warms with his subject as he proceeds—a fact which we can only attribute to the spontaneous combustion of his materials from sheer dryness. But, joking apart, the perseverance which can carry a man through such a work as this is wonderful. The scientific writer is cheered in his investigations by the discovery of a new fact, and there is probably no sensation of pleasure equal to that which results from such a discovery. The path of the poet is made bright by the flashes of his own genius: the novelist achieves in three volumes of meagre letter-press—not fame it may be—but popularity, which, as far as pounds, shillings, and pence are concerned, is an infinitely better thing; and neither the poet nor the novelist have occasion to stir from his seat to verify a fact; for they don't deal in the article, nor to search for an authority, of which both are independent. A precedent would damage, if it did not destroy, the reputation of either. But the writer on civil law plods his way through the dullest of all possible paths; the very languages whence his

authorities are derived are dead, and must and mildew are on everything he handles. We hope—and indeed doubt not—that Dr. Colquhoun's work, when complete, will become a class book at our universities, as it well deserves to be, for there is nothing like it in our legal literature.

Last Glimpses of Convocation, showing the Latest Incidents and Results of Synodical Action in the Church of England. By A. J. Joyce. Bosworth. 1853.

THE movement party in the Church, which, if not the most numerous and influential, is confessedly the most noisy section, has been straining every nerve of late to procure a revival of convocational action; proclaiming this to be the only effectual remedy for heresies and neglect of discipline within the Church, or for want of consideration, respect, and efficiency in the estimation of those who at present lie without her pale. The mere revival of Convocation, they say, is to effect wonderful things; but they do not tell us what these things are: still less are we informed of the likelihood there is of any good thing whatever resulting from allowing the Convocation to meet for the despatch of business. We form our opinion from past experience of its action, which was so pernicious that for the safety of the Church, no less than for that of the State, it was necessary to stop its proceedings: and from the spirit which has been already manifested by those who would now have it restored to activity, we have no doubt that the same evils would be the result.

Instead of the despatch of business, the history of the last Convocation exhibits nothing but party squabbles among themselves; and the most disrespectful and disgraceful conduct towards their bishops, on the part of the Lower House; and contemptuous if not disloyal behaviour towards the State. And this it was which absolutely necessitated the suspension of synodical action, since it became manifest not only that the Convocation, as a whole, could not be brought to co-operate with the State in any useful measure; but that the two houses could not be brought to an agreement with each other, and that the Church itself was perilled by the continuance of their dissensions.

We have no expectation that the case would be otherwise now. The parties who are most loud in demanding the revival would probably be members of Convocation, and we have no reason to believe that their temper or language would undergo any amelioration, but rather the reverse.

They have not shown much meekness of spirit, or great deference to their spiritual and temporal superiors, or very measured and temperate language or deportment out of Convocation; and we do not think that they would evince more of these amiable and necessary qualifications when admitted as members of Convocation, and all restraint upon their actions should be removed.

And let us suppose it to be otherwise: let us forget past experience of Convocation and let us ignore recent facts and the words we have heard spoken by this party; and let us suppose they would set themselves to work for the despatch of business, and for the clearer definition of doctrine, or for the better enforcement of discipline, or for the reform of abuses in the Church—and what then? A Convocation may resolve whatever it pleases, but where is the power to carry out its resolutions? This power resides not in the Convocation—it rests with the Parliament and the State. Archbishop Wake, a century and a half ago, wrote as follows:

"A Convocation may sit and draw up what creeds and confessions it will; but if they expect that those who despise the ancient and glorious councils of the Church should be concluded by their definitions, it will, I doubt, appear that they have but flattered themselves with vain hopes. And they will find, too late, that those who are not to be restrained by what has been already determined will much less regard any new decision that may be made against them. In this case it is the civil power, or nothing, that must restrain their presumptions. The law may oblige them to be silent; but I doubt whether that or anything else will be able to cure them of their infidelity." (*Introduction* x).

Before the Reformation the Convocation had a very different constitution and very different duties from those which devolved upon it after that epoch. A full moiety consisted of the superiors and representatives of monasteries and religious houses, which were dissolved at the Reformation; and their business was not to meddle with doctrine at all, as that was held to be already fixed and determined by an infallible authority: their chief business was to tax the clergy in such a manner as not to betray the secret of their inordinate wealth.

After the Reformation all these things were changed: the headship of the Church was transferred from the Pope to the King: the Convocation became a different body, and it had other duties to perform: for now it became necessary to frame new articles, canons, and offices; and to frame a new liturgy in correspondence therewith; all of which, as well as

the Scriptures themselves, with which they were to be brought into conformity, had to be translated into the English language. This involved the revision of all the rites and ceremonies practised in the Church, and of the dresses and attitudes of the officiating ministers, and of the decorations and furniture of the churches. And, as both in the king and in the people, there were old habits to be borne with and gradually overcome, so the Reformation, in all these particulars, could not be effected at once, but had to be done by degrees; and often it happened that changes introduced at one Convocation were superseded at the next. There were, then, as there are now, three parties to be conciliated—the Romanizing, the Reformed, and the Puritan parties; and there was the Papal party ever on the watch, ready to foment discord, that it might take advantage of it; and through all these breakers the Church of England had to steer its perilous course; and that she should have so well kept the even tenor of her way is to be ascribed to the grace of God, who maketh the wrath of man to praise him:—

"Looking back on those times, through a distance of ten generations, we can perceive to how much good the troubles that afflicted them have worked under the guiding hand of Providence. The Church has grown strong in the storm, and in suffering become rooted in the affections and adapted to the condition of the flocks she has undertaken to lead. Far otherwise might it have been, if she had never been shaken by the fierce vacillation of Henry's tyranny, or assailed by the yet fiercer Marian persecutions. Even if the Establishment had grown up as it promised to do in the days of Edward VI., unchecked and unopposed, evils well nigh incalculable would have followed. Short as that reign was, alarming tendencies were developed in the Church, which promised to spring up rapidly into rank and weak luxuriance. If the process had gone on, no long time could have elapsed before the Anglican hierarchy would have erected itself into a dominancy little less arrogant and injurious than that of Rome itself. A new and strange Reformation must have followed, leading to one of two conclusions almost equally deplorable. Either the Church, wielding the weapons of the civil power, would have withstood the Reformers, when a vast schism must have taken place, leaving the Establishment powerful but isolated—the hated Church of a minority; or else she must have succumbed before an English 'League and Covenant,' surrendering, after bitter struggles, her episcopal constitution, her venerable endowments, her connexion with the State. From these dangers was the Church preserved by the vicissitudes which, while they appeared to afflict and cripple, served in reality to strengthen and settle her; giving her repeated opportunities to revise her institutions, and consolidate her elements; while they checked her too exuberant growth, retrenching many things that were superfluous, and pruning every branch that was weak." (51).

The first Convocation after the Reformation was summoned in the name of the king; and the archbishop who presided did so simply as *Primatus totius Angliæ*, instead of *Apostolicæ sedis Legatus*. And in the following year (1525), the king appointed his secretary, Cromwell, to be his representative and vicegerent or vicar-general in all spiritual matters; and Cromwell took precedency of the Archbishop of Canterbury in signing all mandates or other ecclesiastical documents. And this same Convocation cited Gregory of Nazianzen, as declaring "that such spiritual assemblies seldom produced any good end or effect; nor that any provision or remedy, but rather increase of mischief proceeded from them; for the eagerness of contention and vain glory has always in them overcome reason."

"During the latter years of his life, Henry relapsed very considerably towards the doctrines and practices of the Papacy, while he arrogated to himself a more than Papal supremacy in the Church. Convocation yielded to every passing caprice with ready pliability. Thus, in 1539, Cromwell, in his capacity of Vicar-General, proposed the celebrated 'Six Questions' to the assembly, and obtained answers affirming the Romish and royal doctrines touching transubstantiation, the celibacy of priests, monastic vows, private masses, and auricular confession" (55).

"If Convocation, during the reign of Henry VIII., had been but a name, in the time of his successor it became even less. The young king and his counsellors, Cranmer at their head, were anxious before all things to establish and purify the Church. Among them they succeeded in doing much towards compiling a body of articles for doctrine, towards regulating discipline, ordering rites, ceremonies, and services, and drawing up a liturgy. In these tasks Convocation was at first expected, and anxious, to assist ..... Ultimately, however, no work was given them. All that had to be done was accomplished by other authority. The king's sole name was used, just as freely as his father's had ever been, to authenticate injunctions and empower commissioners, and issue proclamations respecting spiritual affairs" (58).

"Upon the accession of Mary new doctrines entered Convocation, accompanied by fresh hopes and enlarged ambition. The Lower House especially seem never to have lost their hankering after Romanism, and were always most keen in their scent for heresy and schism. As the Primacy was under suspension, they addressed the Bishop of London praying for the restoration of the Popish ceremonies and practices; for the rights which, under the Papacy, the Church had enjoyed in independence of the Crown ..... in short, the return, in all respects, to the ecclesiastical and hierarchical condition of things as they stood in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII" (59).

"Elizabeth's first Convocation testified some inclination to give her trouble. True to their old *penchant* for Romanism, the Lower House resisted, as far as in them lay, the restoration of Protestantism in the

Church. It was even suggested that they should proceed to enact canons on their own authority; which, as the Act of Submission was not yet renewed, they might have done, if not to any valid purpose, at all events without incurring legal penalties. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed: the members of Convocation obeying the royal precept, though it lacked as yet a parliamentary sanction, contented themselves with issuing petitions and remonstrances, to which the Queen paid no attention. The Legislature meanwhile was engaged in doing the work of a Church synod as well as its own; and the Act of Uniformity being passed, with a Book of Common Prayer attached, Parliament settled at one blow the basis both of the doctrines and the practices that were thenceforth to characterise the Anglican Church" (61).

On the accession of the first of the Stuarts, James found so much occupation in the arrangement of civil affairs that he was glad to avail himself of Convocation in providing for the ecclesiastical wants of the time. The chief of these wants respected the law by which the Church of England was to be governed: for great uncertainty prevailed concerning multitudes of ecclesiastical laws and ordinances, from the divers phases of faith under which they had been passed, and the different claims to acknowledgement under such altered circumstances. A series of one hundred and forty-one canons was thus prepared, "forming the body of ecclesiastical law by which the Church of England is governed at the present day." And as the king was mainly occupied in endeavouring to unite his Scottish and English subjects, the Convocation testified their desire to conciliate Scotland by acknowledging the Presbyterian Establishment, as "a branch of the HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH OF CHRIST," because it was the Church of the majority in Scotland, although it resisted and denied Episcopacy.

This recognition of Presbyterianism, as a true Church, is the more remarkable inasmuch as it was at this very time that High Church principles, as distinct from Romanism, began to come into manifestation—so much so that James himself had to rebuke the Convocation, in a letter which is still extant, saying:—

"I cannot abstain to give my judgment of your proceedings in your Convocation, as you call it; and both as '*rex in solio*' and '*unius gregis in ecclesia*,' I am doubly concerned. My title to the Crown nobody calls in question, but those who love neither you nor me; and you guess whom I mean. You know all of you, as I think, that my reason for calling you together was to give judgment how far a Christian and Protestant king may concur to assist his neighbours to shake off their obedience to their once sovereign, upon account of oppression, tyranny, or whatever else you may please to name it. In

the late queen's time this kingdom was very free to assist the Hollanders, both with arms and advice, and none of your coat ever told me that any scrupled about it in her reign."

This seems to have been the first time of the Convocation's avowing the *jure divino* principle in both Church and State, which afterwards proved so calamitous to the first Charles and the second James. It is the principle which, under the name of *Jacobites*, led the Nonjurors into schism and open rebellion in the cause of the several Pretenders of the House of Stuart—the last of which rebellions was suppressed in 1745; and it is the same principle which has wrought such schism in our own days under the form of Tractarianism, and from which the Romanists are the only party that has reaped any advantage.

But it is not a little curious to find the First James rebuking those very doctrines and principles which have been regarded as the watchwords of the Stuart dynasty; and it would appear to be as great an inconsistency as this same High Church Convocation acknowledging the Presbytery of Scotland to be a branch of the holy Catholic Church of Christ. The fact seems to be that men adopt those principles, not so much on conviction or for the love of truth, as because their vanity and pride of class is flattered thereby. It is much easier to put on a strait coat, and a shovel hat, and a white neckcloth, as passports to clerical dignity, than to clothe the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible—even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

From this time Convocation presents little more than the humiliating spectacle of continual squabbles between the Lower and Upper Houses. We name the Lower first, because they were always the aggressors. For it was among them that the High Church principles were held in their most extreme and repulsive form—just as it is among the younger clergy at the present time, that Tractarianism in its ultra and non-natural absurdity chiefly appears. At one time we see them attacking the bishops: at another time contending for having an inherent right of holding intermediate sittings, even if there should be no Upper House or no sitting of Parliament: at other times saying that they could only be prorogued by their own consent or their own vote. And they not only occupied themselves with questions of heresy and schism, but meddle with "foreign alliances," "the state of the nation," and other questions of the same kind which clearly belong to the Parliament, and with which Convoca-

tion had no proper concern. Into these questions we have at present neither time nor inclination to follow them, and for such particulars we must refer our readers to Mr. Joyce's work.

A Manual of Budhism in its Modern Development; Translated from Singhalese MSS. By R. Spence Hardy. Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

It is supposed that Budhism far exceeds in the number of its votaries the followers of the Mahommedan imposture, and is therefore more widely diffused as well as more ancient than any other delusion existing on the face of the earth. With slight modifications it forms the religious creed of the whole empire of China and the Japanese on the one hand, and Thibet on the other: it has numerous votaries in Hindoostan, and again in the south becomes the predominant religion throughout the Burmese Empire, Cochin China, and Ceylon. The Nepaulese and Siamese, for the most part, profess Budhism, and the same may be said of the Manchou and Mogul races. The word Budha is spelt in nearly sixty different ways, which shows both the extent to which this superstition has attained, and the modifications which the creed itself must also have undergone; and it cannot be a subject unworthy of the Christian philosopher to know something of the religious belief of so large a portion of the human race, while the Christian missionary to the far East is imperatively required to acquaint himself with the religion professed by so large a proportion of the heathen races.

Budha is the Fo, Fohi, and Futh of the Chinese; the Poota, Phuta, Wud, Bod, and Buth of other tribes; with these elementary letters varied in a multitude of ways by interchanging the vowels and aspirates with the same consonants, or interchanging the consonants themselves for others of nearly the same sound.

Gotama Budha is supposed to have lived about the middle of the sixth century before the Christian era, which was near the time of Nebuchadnezzar and the epoch of great revolutions throughout the East: it was also the age of Zoroaster, who held many doctrines in common with the Budhists, and in the West it was near the time of the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, and was the age of the commencement of Grecian literature by the first application of writing to the poems of the Greeks. The doctrines held by his followers could not have been committed to writing till a much later age than that of Gotama Budha, or they would not

have differed so widely as they do in various countries where this religion is professed; and, if they had been committed to writing, that sacred alphabet would have been preserved among all the nations by whom the faith was received and professed. But the Chinese, who form the largest portion of Budhists, have no alphabet to the present day; and the Tibetians on the North, and the Burmese and Singalese on the South, use alphabets which are manifestly derived from the Sanscrit, which kind of writing was not brought into India till some time after the age of Alexander the Great, as appears from the coins collected in Afghanistan.

From the early age at which Budha promulgated his doctrines many extravagancies were contained therein; and these have been increased a hundred fold by their having been handed down only by tradition through various races of most ignorant and superstitious populations, agreeing in scarcely anything save that extravagant and hyperbolical form of expression which is common to all oriental writings, on whatever subject they may happen to treat.

They all hold the doctrine of transmigration and regard it as a punishment for delinquency; and they believe that by abstraction of mind and devout contemplation the soul may attain a higher degree of glory and blessedness than we at present possess. But all they say on these heads is so turgid and so filled with absurd exaggerations that it is difficult to extract sense or consistency out of them. It may be necessary for the missionary to know these things to get at the mind of those to whom he is sent; but to others they appear as stupid and senseless as any of the monkish legends of the dark ages, and still more extravagant from their Oriental colouring.

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1. *The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for the Younger Members of the Church.*
2. *The Magazine for the Young.* October, November, and December, 1852.
3. *Stories and Catechisings on the Collects.* Mozley.

THE first of the publications here enumerated rises in interest as it proceeds, and exhibits marks of very careful and able editing. The "Magazine for the Young" sustains its character—and that is a high one; and the "Stories and Catechisings," the last part of which, the Sundays having been completed in the preceding one, embraces the Saints' day from *St. Andrew* to the *Innocents* inclusive, will form a most valuable series, both as regards the simplicity with which instruction is conveyed, and the soundness of the doctrine propounded.

Synopsis Papismi; or, a General View of the Papacy: with Computations of Romish Errors from the Scriptures, Fathers, Councils, &c., &c., by Andrew WILLETT, DD. . . . . A new Edition, carefully revised and edited by the Rev. John CUMMING, DD. London: Reformation Society, 8, Exeter Hall. 1852. In ten volumes 8vo.

DR. WILLETT was an eminently learned divine who lived and wrote in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. His "Synopsis Papismi," though a large folio of not less than thirteen hundred closely printed folio pages, was so highly esteemed in his own time as to pass through five editions, the last of which appeared some years after his decease. This work has ever since deservedly held a distinguished place in English theological literature, as being a first-rate manual of the whole controversy between Protestants and Romanists. Dr. Willett's "Synopsis" having become extremely scarce, Dr. Cumming has conferred no small service on those who are called to engage in that controversy by re-publishing it in the present handsome and commodious form, with the addition of a general index. All the references have been verified and carefully corrected; and, as the work now appears, we have much pleasure in adding our testimony to that of the editor's, who has justly characterised it as a compressed, clear, and learned compendium of the whole controversy. Every subject is treated in the fewest words. The arguments are the ablest, most numerous, and most conclusive; and as a reference book for clergymen preaching on the Romish controversy, and for persons desirous of seeing, with very little labour or trouble, the best replies to the acutest objections and reasonings of Romish priests, it is alike unrivalled and invaluable.

Spirits of the Past. An Historical Poem, in Three Books. By NICHOLAS MICHELL, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands," &c. London: Tegg. 1853.

EVIDENCES of unquestioned talent, extensive reading, and cultivated taste abound in every page of the graceful volume before us, enhancing the regret with which we enter our humble protest against the claim put forth on the title-page. Mr. Michell has great command of language, and an ear for rythmical harmony, but these do not constitute poetry. A poet never could have penned such a line as—

"The cuirassiers their equals, now, have found."

The "Notes" which extend to more than sixty pages, and display a large amount of classical and historical knowledge, form the most valuable portion of the volume, which is the work of a scholar and a gentleman—would we could add of a poet!

1. *A Memoir of the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Regent's-town, Sierra Leone,* A.D. 1814-1823. *With some Prefatory Remarks.* By the Rev. W. Jowett, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's Church, Clapham; late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Seeleys. 1852.

2. *Parish Sermons; Preached for the most part at Trinity Church, Upper Dicker, in the County of Sussex.* By the Bishop of Sierra Leone, late Incumbent of the Dicker. Darling. 1852.

The first of these volumes brings before us one of the most remarkable instances upon record, in modern times, of the power and abiding efficacy of Gospel truth, when declared in all simplicity, and received into sincere and upright hearts, although unadorned by the learning or eloquence of the speaker, and not preceded by the advantages of much education or intelligence in those who received the glad tidings of salvation. It is, in short, a striking illustration of the fulfilment of the promise, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." And the second volume is of the same character, and full of hope for the future prosperity of that work, begun more than thirty years ago by Mr. Johnson; for we find in these sermons by the Bishop of Sierra Leone evidences of a faith as simple in the elementary truths of the Gospel as in Mr. Johnson's; combined with learning, and theology, and eloquence, yet not obscured or displaced by these attainments, but enhanced and recommended the more.

The subject of this memoir was a humble German, employed as a porter in the establishment of a sugar refiner or some such menial occupation; and while thus engaged his own heart was opened for the reception of divine truth, and he also received the impulsive desire to impart the glad tidings of salvation to others. In this, as in so many other instances upon record, the providence of God and the grace of the Holy Spirit went hand in hand. Johnson was brought low in temporal circumstances; and a passage of Scripture, which had been impressed upon him at school but had lain dormant ever since, was brought forcibly to mind—viz., "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." But the remembrance of his sins brought him to the brink of despair:—

"The following morning I went to work: how I felt I do not know, for I was like a madman. Breakfast time came—all the men went home, but it was of no use for me to go home; yet to stay there would cause suspicions—therefore I went home.

"My wife met me at the door very happy. This was something strange to me: she told me that the breakfast was ready. I was

astonished, and did not know what to say. She then told me that a lady from India had taken a house in the street, and had sent to the mistress of a neighbouring shop, for a woman to stay with her and the mistress had recommended her, and the lady had given her four shillings and told her to get the house ready, and, if she behaved well, she would reward her accordingly.

"My feelings at that moment I cannot well express—the greatest sinner in the world, and God so merciful! My despairing state was turned a little into joy; but still my sins, my sins, laid very heavy upon me.....Oh what shall I do?

This gives the clue to Johnson's future history, and furnishes also the principle on which all his ministrations were grounded, and accounts for their success especially among such a population as that of Sierra Leone. He ever after acknowledged the leadings of God's providence in all things, and every exhortation or reproof he was ready to receive as if specially addressed to himself; and, under circumstances very much calculated to produce pride and self-exaltation, he was kept humble, and he invariably ascribed the success which attended his exertions to the grace of God: so that, disclaiming all human merit and disregarding human censure or applause, he was kept equally steadfast in all cases whether of adversity or prosperity. And the same spirit of a simple reliance upon God and distrust of themselves was imparted to his converts, and this must be the ground-work of every real conversion to Christianity.

Just at this time Johnson went to the German Church in the Savoy, and heard a Moravian missionary preaching on the love of Jesus. In the course of the sermon he said, "Is there a sinner here, full of sin, and ready to sink under it? In the name of Jesus, I bid such an one to come unto Him; for He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" This was exactly suited to Johnson's case: he laid hold of the promise—he was enabled to cry to Jesus for mercy, and he felt that his sins were forgiven for Christ's sake; and soon after he felt an irresistible desire to tell to others what Christ had done for him.

The humble circumstances of Johnson, and the want of preparatory education, rendered it so extremely improbable that this desire would ever be accomplished that he struggled for some time against it; but, finding the desire increase rather than diminish, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and was at once accepted:—

"His name was once mentioned to the committee, and it was agreed that he should have an interview. That interview took place a fortnight after; and without an hour's delay, or any postponement for

further enquiries, Mr. Johnson and his wife—himself a workman at a sugar refiner's in Whitechapel—are at once engaged, and destined to go forth as soon as a certain amount of instruction has been given, as schoolmaster and schoolmistress in Western Africa. The men who thus, at once and without hesitation, grasped at the offer of William Johnson almost as soon as it was made, were not novices or men of rash and heedless tempers. That committee included such names as Josiah Pratt, Basil Wood, William Goode, and Daniel Wilson. The obvious inference, therefore, which we may safely draw from their *immediate* acceptance of Willam Johnson's offer is, that the sincerity and earnestness of his soul so showed itself in his looks and words, that, as Philip could baptise the eunuch whom he had only seen for a single hour, so they felt no danger of deceit or illusion in *at once* accepting the plain assurances of this German mechanic" (4).

In little more than a year we find Mr. Johnson settled as a schoolmaster in Sierra Leone; and Mr. Bickersteth, who had preceded him by about six weeks to fix the stations of the missionaries, wrote home—"I am much pleased with what I have seen in Mr. Johnson: there seems a deadness to the world, and a devotion of heart to the cause, which are likely to make him a blessing where God's providence shall place him." Hog-brook, afterwards called Regent's Town, became the place of his abode and the chief scene of his successful exertions.

There was no church when he arrived at Regent's Town, and Mr. Johnson held family prayers in his own house, to which the people came in such crowds that the house and piazza and windows were all full; and on the first day that school was opened ninety boys, besides girls, made their appearance; while at six o'clock in the evening, when an adult school was opened, thirty-one men and twelve women attended. The simple expositions of Scripture which Mr. Johnson gave soon began to produce an effect, and many came to open their hearts to him and seek for guidance and consolation. "I went (says Mr. Johnson) and related the circumstance to Mr. Butscher at Leicester Mountain, and begged him to come and baptize them, which he did. Twenty-one adults, one boy, and three infants (captured negroes) were baptized. On Saturday evening I examined them one by one; and I was astonished to hear in what manifold and wondrous ways God had revealed himself to these poor people. Several more came soon after, and the number amounted in January, 1817 (not more than six months after his arrival at Regent's Town), to forty-one communicants."

Thus, though he had been sent out only as a schoolmaster, Mr. Johnson was, as it were, constrained to take upon himself

the office of preaching the Gospel. He wrote to the secretary of the Church Missionary Society as follows:—"Excuse my taking the liberty of preaching, as I am not sent out for that purpose, nor have been ordained to preach and have no ability; but what can I do? My heart is full: if I were to hold my peace, the stones would immediately cry out" (39).

When this letter was brought before the committee they instructed the secretaries to send the following reply:—"We have been highly gratified with the account of your labours: the result of them gives us a prospect of a brighter day for Africa than we have yet enjoyed. We do truly rejoice that you seek to diffuse the savour of the Redeemer's name among the poor recaptured negroes, and that he appears to give testimony to his word. Yet it has appeared to us incorrect that you should continue to do this without being ordained. We have, therefore, written to Mr. Garnon on this subject, and requested him to call a meeting of the Missionaries Butscher, Nylander, and Wenzel, to consider the expediency of your being ordained as a Lutheran minister."

The increase of converts proceeded steadily; so that, on Easter Sunday 1819, Mr. Johnson baptised one hundred and ten adults and six infants, and administered the Lord's Supper to two hundred and fifty-three blacks and four whites—ten other communicants being unable to come to church.

A report was sent home to the British Government by the authorities at Sierra Leone which speaks of the improvements at Regent's Town in the following terms:—

"At Regent's Town, formerly called Hog-brook, from the multitude of wild hogs frequenting the beautiful stream that flows through it, the young men settled there have furnished an example which will long be admired and not easily be surpassed. They have finished a road by a new line, avoiding the most steep descents and declivities of the hills without much extending the course, as far as Leicester Mountain, whence it is to be continued towards Free Town. This road is two rods wide throughout, and solid and level to a degree not easily attainable in a country like this. Several vast rocks which impeded its course were split and broken by means of fire, aided by the effusion of cold water when in the ardent state. The adjacent forest furnished abundance of wood for these operations.

"We understand that this successful method of blowing up the rocks was suggested to Mr. Johnson by the effect of a violent tornado which one day extinguished a large fire that had been kindled on the rock, and left the rock so split in many places that its removal was greatly facilitated.....Let it be considered that not more than three or four years have passed since the greater number of Mr. Johnson's population were taken out of the holds of slave ships; and who

can compare their present condition with that from which they have been rescued without seeing manifest cause to exclaim—The hand of heaven is in this! Who can contrast the simple and sincere Christian worship which precedes and follows their daily labours with the grovelling and malignant superstitions of their original state—their greegrees, their red water, their witchcraft, and their devil's houses—without feeling and acknowledging a miracle of good which the immediate interposition of the Almighty alone could have wrought?" (133).

Two missionaries who arrived from England write in terms of astonishment of what they saw:—"This is our first visit at Brother Johnson's. I wish that I could find language sufficiently descriptive of the interesting scenes we have witnessed here. Indeed, they must be seen before the facts will be credited. Had I heard the circumstances from the best authority, I could not have conceived it possible that so glorious a progress could have been made in the work of God as we have beheld since we have been staying at Regent's Town." And again: "Just as we had reached the summit of the last mountain between Free Town and Regent's Town, the latter place presented itself to our view. As I walked down the mountain, pleased with the enchanting scene, I was in an instant lost in wonder, love, and praise. Music of the sweetest kind, and possessing charms which I had never before experienced, burst upon my ears. It was moonlight; and, all the houses being lighted up, I enquired of Brother Johnson from whence this sound proceeded. He pointed to the church, which is situated at the side of a mountain, then opposite to us, on the other side of a brook that runs from the mountains between the church and the principal part of the town, over which Brother Johnson has caused his people to erect a strong handsome stone bridge. The church is a fine stone building. It was now lighted up and the people were assembled in it for evening prayer.....I hastened down this mountain and up the other to enter the church, where I found upwards of five hundred black faces prostrate at the throne of grace. After the service was over, above two hundred of the congregation surrounded us. They came in such crowds to shake hands with us that we were obliged to give both hands at once, so rejoiced were they to see more labourers from 'white man's country'" (164).

Some missionaries had also arrived from America, one of whom said he had heard that the accounts of this place were much exaggerated; but he was sorry things were not known more: he never had seen a church in America filled with more attentive hearers, nor so large a number of communi-

cants who had behaved with more piety at the Lord's table than those here (275).

But, perhaps, one of the most impartial of the testimonies, since all his prejudices lay on the other side, is that of a Quaker who had been sent out by the Society of Friends to collect all the information he could about Africa. He was very reserved at first, but soon found himself at home with Mr. Johnson; and after family prayer requested permission to address them, and was so much affected that he could scarcely speak.

"After breakfast, we visited some of our people's houses and he was much gratified to see them so clean, and a Bible or Testament everywhere on the table. He said he never could have supposed that the people lived so comfortably, and observed that they were by far better off than most of the poor people of England.....In the evening he did a thing which I suppose he would not have done for the king. He had gone into church with his hat on. Two men went up to him, and, in a polite manner, requested that he would take off his hat, which he did, smiling, and appeared to be much pleased with their zeal!" (281).

And a striking testimony to the good order of the people appears in the following:—

"On Tuesday evening I went in company with Messrs. Nylander, Davy, and Taylor, to Kissy, where we had to attend the Quarter Sessions. His Honour the Chief-Justice observed, when addressing the inquest, that ten years ago, when the population of the colony was only 4,000, there were forty cases on the calendar for trial, and now the population was 16,000, there were only six cases on the calendar; and he congratulated the magistrates and grand jury on the moral improvement of the colony. It was remarkable that there was not a single case from any of the villages under the superintendence of a missionary or a schoolmaster. When his Honour found that this was the case, he dismissed us and our constables in a polite manner, as having no business to attend to at the sessions; and we departed well pleased" (369).

"We have here the narrative of a plain and simple mechanic educated but scantily for a schoolmaster of poor liberated negroes; but who, in the course of his labours, speaking of Christ to them, becomes the means of building up an extensive Christian Church. Very soon we find him assembling fifteen hundred people together, Sunday by Sunday, admitting four hundred of them to the Lord's table, and educating one thousand in schools. The reality of the work is shown by its endurance. After much adversity, and many discouragements, long continued, Regent's Town, at this moment, rejoices in the Christian Church which was founded by William Johnson" (424).

Sierra Leone, in being constituted a bishopric, may now be

regarded as having received full recognition as a Church, and as being placed on a regular and permanent foundation; and from the qualifications of the present bishop, so far as we can gather them from the volume of sermons now before us, it is likely to be efficiently cared for; and to be as much benefitted by the personal character of the individual as in the prompt and authoritative oversight of their spiritual concerns, which is guaranteed by the sacred office he holds.

Both these volumes we cordially recommend to our readers as deserving and repaying an attentive perusal—the first as one of the most interesting missionary records that we ever remember to have met with; the second as being truly what the author indicates, "Parish Sermons." But they are so plain, and sound, and practical, as to be well suited for the family or for the cottage; and so experimental as to be profitable for private reading and meditation. The profits arising from the publication will be devoted to the African mission.

The Twin Pupils; or, Education at Home. A Tale Addressed to the Young. By ANN THOMSON GRAY. London: Hatchard. 1852.

ALTHOUGH especially addressed to the young, this is a tale from which many golden rules may be gleaned by the more advanced in years—especially by those who are engaged in the education of children. The design of the author is unexceptionable—indeed, most praiseworthy—and it has been carried out with great ability. The book is, in truth, a practical essay on a very important and difficult subject; and, apart from the interest of the story, which is well and simply told, is a valuable addition to the class of literature to which it belongs.

As a specimen of the author's style and sentiment, we extract a passage which refers to a wedding in a country church:—

"Nor were the spectators only reverently *still*—they were more; they were worshippers also: the hearty *Amens* of those rustics would have shamed many in a very different rank of life who can go 'to see' a wedding, and whose behaviour there is in perfect consistency with their motive for going. Standing on hassocks or kneeling on seats—or in fact doing anything to have 'a good view'—their whole attention is devoted to the outward appearance of the thing. Their thoughts, reasonable enough in a dressmaker's shop, are positive profanity in the sanctuary of our God—in a building dedicated to his especial service, and which, when peopled, should only resound to his adoration and praise. But let us hope that those days are at an end: let us trust that, however in some respects Churchmen may differ, that they will all, for the future, unite in paying increased reverence to the beautiful services of our all but divinely inspired Book of Common Prayer."

The Bible, the Missal, and the Breviary; or, Ritualism Self-illustrated in the Liturgical Books of Rome: containing the Text of the entire Roman Missal, Rubrics, and Prefaces, Translated from the Latin; with Preliminary Dissertations, and Notes from the Breviary, Pontifical, &c. By the Rev. G. Lewis, Omiston. Two Vols. Edinburgh: T and T. Clarke. 1853.

The title-page sufficiently explains the nature and value of this work. It is calculated to furnish the English reader with such information concerning the Roman ritual as is to be derived from the books used in the churches of Rome, all of which are sanctioned by the highest ecclesiastical authority. The first volume consists of preliminary dissertations, in which the history of the books at present in use is given, and the several previous stages through which they have passed are pointed out. The second volume contains a translation of the Missal, from the Mechlin edition of 1840, accompanied with notes, in which the erroneous doctrines of the Church of Rome are denounced in the strongest terms, and the absurdities recorded in the legends of the saints are exposed to the common sense of all mankind, when not blinded by superstition.

We do not find fault with this; and we can make every allowance for the prejudices gendered in certain atmospheres north of the Tweed; but we think that Church of England readers, who have been from their childhood accustomed to our scriptural liturgy, and the moderate views of doctrine contained in our articles and services, will have their prejudices offended by the habitual antagonism to liturgical forms and the ultra Calvinistic views of doctrine which is manifested in these volumes.

We think, too, that a much stronger case against Rome may be made out by one who comes to the examination in a cool temper and with a well balanced mind, and who is able to appreciate the importance of the things sought to be attained by liturgical forms and which Rome has perverted and abused, than by one who, in the heat of partizanship, denounces all forms as useless.

Extempore prayer never can be "common prayer:" it is the expression of the mind of the individual who prays—not of the mind of the congregation who ought to be praying with him. Their thoughts may be devoutly occupied while he is praying; but this is not their prayer: it is one man saying prayers for them; and it is a fault of the same kind as the Roman practice of one man praying in Latin, which the majority of the congregation do not understand, and therefore do not join in it. The "Common Prayer" of the Church of England is a form of

prayer embracing all the ordinary wants, desires, and feelings of the congregation, and it is expected that every individual who comes to church should make himself acquainted with the prayers that are about to be used, so as to join intelligently with the whole congregation in the "Common Prayer;" for each one is expected not only to join in the proper responses, but to follow the minister in his thoughts, according as he is engaged in "supplication, prayer, intercession, or giving of thanks for all men" (1 Tim. ii). And where any special petitions are to be offered, place is provided for these; but even these are expected to be prayers of the Church, which is one body; that so when one member suffers, all the members may suffer with it; or one member rejoice, all the other members may rejoice.

The Revival of the French Emperorship Anticipated from the Necessity of Prophecy. By G. S. Faber, B.D. Bosworth, 1853.

This little tract is only a condensation of that portion of the author's "Sacred Calendar of Prophecy," which bears upon the present time: it is not meant to supersede that work, but rather to promote its study, by showing in what a striking manner one of its most remarkable anticipations is being now fulfilled under our own eyes.

The modern interpreters of prophecy seem to have arrived at a very surprising agreement in their present conclusions, however much they may have differed in their premises. All seem to be now consenting in the opinion that the first Napoleon became the seventh head of the Roman beast seen in the visions of the Apocalypse; and that consequently the revival of an empire which is avowedly the same, but is changed in all its circumstances save the name, renders it exceedingly probable that the present Napoleon may be destined to become the eighth head of the Roman beast; which, being regarded as only a revival of the seventh head, and not as constituting a permanent or distinct headship, and as the solution of the enigma, "The beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven" (Rev. xvii. 11). One additional characteristic is however yet wanting—namely, that the head should fix its seat at Rome; for this seems essential to its becoming in all respects the Roman beast. It was substantially fulfilled in the first Napoleon calling himself King of Italy and appointing a viceroy, and naming his son King of Rome as soon as he was born; but we expect to see it still more literally accomplished.

When men agree in their conclusions, it may be thought a matter of little importance how they have arrived at this agree-

ment; but it is not so. For if they have come by a wrong road they will have missed some important preliminary which they ought to have taken into account by the way; and so it is in the instance before us. Mr. Faber is so intent on the beast that he has missed one important characteristic of the woman that rides on the beast—viz., that "the woman is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth" (Rev. xvii. 18).

The woman represents the Church of Rome as certainly as the beast represents the Roman Empire; and we must find a time when the Church, and not the Empire, was supreme, in order to fulfil the conditions of the prophecy of the woman reigning. This supremacy we recognise in the mouth speaking great things and blasphemies of Rev. xiii. 5, which has power over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations; and whose time of continuance is forty-two months—in all which particulars this mouth corresponds with the little horn of Dan. vii. 8; 20, 25; which we believe all commentators agree in applying to the Papacy. But Mr. Faber understands the head wounded to death (Rev. xiii. 3) to be the seventh head or the first Napoleon, and by so doing merges and passes by the Papal period of 1260 years (xiii. 5-10); and also confounds the head which was wounded to death (xiii. 3) with the *image* of that wounded beast (xiii. 14, 15); which image is set up by another beast which rises from the earth (xiii. 11), and between whose rising and the wounding of the former head 1260 years intervene.

We regard the sixth head to be that which was wounded to death in the person of Augustulus, A.D. 474; and, although the empire did not wholly fall to pieces and the deadly wound was healed by the victories of Belisarius and Narses, yet the Roman empire, as ROMAN, was in abeyance from the deposition of Augustulus till the assumption of the title of Emperor by Napoleon in 1804. For it is ridiculous to call Charlemagne and his successors the continuation of the imperial head as it subsisted in Constantine, who first gave the Church its privileges and endowments; for Charlemagne was made Emperor by the Pope, and not the Pope invested with power by him; and his successors were often created and often deposed by Popes—a sure sign of the inferiority of the former to the latter. And even in the nature and extent of their temporal authority, the German Emperors bear no comparison with the Cæsars. They were no more Emperors of the West than the Czar of Russia was Emperor of the East; and not so much in one respect, for the Emperor of Russia is head of the Church within his own dominions, while the Pope claims obedience of emperors and kings.

If we regard the head which was wounded to death as the sixth head, which was literally brought to an end by the sword of the Gothic nations, when Odoacer compelled Augustulus to abdicate A.D. 474, and as partially healed by Justinian, or if thought better by Charlemagne, but in abeyance during the Papal period; and then regard Napoleon as the beast rising out of the earth at the expiry of the Papal period, and making himself the seventh head by reconstituting the empire in his own person or causing an image of the beast, slain by the sword, to be made; then we think all the conditions of the prophecy will be fully met and answered, and he would stand both as seventh head and as typical of the eighth..

And as the seventh head he foreshadowed, as nearly as it could be done in a type, the character and course of action of that future eighth head who is of the seven, and who being the last Antichrist shall continue only for a short time and goeth into perdition; for Napoleon went into the East and while there professed himself a Mahommedan, and would fain have been regarded as the reconciler of the apostacies of the East and the West, or the two little horns of Dan. vii. 8; viii. 9—so as to be the beast having two horns like a lamb (Rev. xiii. 11)—all which things Mr. Faber thinks his successor will fully accomplish.

"We may see an evident preparation throughout Papal Europe, with a diabolically increased animosity against the principles of the blessed Reformation, for the predicted *war of opinion*—Popery allied with infidelity and secular despotism against the profession of that better form of sound scriptural religion which was disinterred in the sixteenth century.

"This dreadful war, which is I fear at our very doors, will, as we may gather from the Apocalypse, commence in Europe *before* the close of the 1260 years; but at their close it will pass into Palestine and there continue during the short term which Daniel calls the time of the end, and which coincides with the seventh Apocalyptic vial.

"There is considerable reason to believe that the final destruction of the irreclaimable anti-Christian powers will be effected by volcanic agency; and from some prophecies, particularly that contained in the last chapter of Zechariah, no person can be blamed for expecting a *literal* though only a *temporary* manifestation of our Lord on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

"But these matters are discussed most fully in my 'Sacred Calendar of Prophecy,' so that I may well be spared the task of superfluous repetition" (49).

Our readers will remember that the Papal period of 1260 years has been computed three different ways. Some make it commence with the edict of Justinian, A.D. 533, and then it

would expire at the French Revolution of 1793. Others commence with the grant of Phocas, A.D. 604 or 606, and compute the years after the ordinary biblical reckoning of 360 days only to a year, and so reckoned the 1260 years would expire A.D. 1848. Others again, taking the same commencement and the ordinary years of 365 days, conclude this period A.D. 1864 or 1866. Among these last is Mr. Faber. It is a curious coincidence that the French Revolution actually began in 1788, before the expiry of the first of these computations; and that, at its close, Napoleon actually led an army into Palestine, as Mr. Faber asserts will be the case again *before* and *at* the close of the computation which he prefers; and we are pleased to see that he concedes a literal manifestation of the Lord at the time of the destruction of Antichrist to be a blameless expectation; for this is, of course, at the commencement of the Millennium, and, as he allows that there are some prophecies which warrant this expectation, we are quite content with the concession: for the Scriptures will be searched in vain for any prophecies which declare that this literal manifestation will be *only temporary;* or that, after the second advent, the Lord's presence will ever be withdrawn.

Mr. Faber concludes with some very seasonable remarks on the prospect of England in the coming time of trouble, in which he discerns little to hope and much to fear. Had England stood true to her calling as first of the Protestant nations, and faithful to the principles avowed by our fathers at the Reformation—to which, under God, all our prosperity is to be attributed—he thinks that we should have nothing to fear. But we have ceased to regard the Papacy as the Babylon of holy Scripture and have neglected the warning voice which saith, "Come out of her my people and be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues;" and he thinks our only safety lies in retracing our steps, and withdrawing such grants as that to Maynooth, and repudiating all such dalliance with Romish doctrines and practices as that of the Tractarians.

Observations on the Diseases and Loss of the Teeth, and the Various Means of Supplying their Deficiency, and of the Defects in the Palate and their Treatment. By ALFRED BARRON JONES, Surgeon-Dentist; Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. London: Highley. 1853.

THE great recommendation of this book is that it is a popular and practical, not a mere technical, treatise. It is evidently the result of a very laborious study of the subject, acute observation, and an intimate acquaintance with the nature and

structure of the very important organs to the diseases of which the author addresses himself. The work is written in clear and simple language, conveying much valuable information to unprofessional readers like ourselves. It is utterly free from the humbug—we crave pardon for the use of a homely but most expressive phrase—which too frequently characterises books of its class, and it not only points to the best manner of treatment of the various diseases "which teeth are heirs to," but throws out some useful hints for their prevention; and prevention, says a familiar adage, "is better than cure," inasmuch as, in the case of the teeth at least, it saves both pain and pence. We have rarely met with so readable a book on so dry and distasteful a subject.

The Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of Consumption. By Richard Payne Cotton, M.D., Assistant Physician to the Hospital for Consumption. Octavo. London: Churchill. 1852.

This work, though strictly a medical one, is of considerable interest to the public. In the first place, it contributes towards something of a nearer approach to the cure of a very prevalent and fatal malady; and secondly, it constitutes, as such, a valuable result of the establishment of a very excellent charity, the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton. It is "not intended to introduce any newly-discovered cure for consumption, or to advance any speculative theory as to the origin of tubercular diseases; but to present a practical exposition of phthisis, derived from personal observation."

As regards the fatality of consumption, "it appears that in the year 1840 the mortality from all diseases collectively amounted in England and Wales to 413,681, of which number 71,106 were attributed to phthisis; showing that more than one-sixth, and not much less than one-fifth, of the deaths in that year proceeded from this disease. It has been computed from these records that one person in about every three hundred and ten of the entire population annually falls the victim of phthisis."

A disease which commits such ravages, hitherto deemed incurable, and still remaining so, merits all the pains which medical men, and those who will kindly afford scope for their researches can bestow, in the sure trust that Providence, which has blessed so many useful discoveries for the benefit of mankind, will permit some means of cure to be ultimately discovered. Towards this point the enlightened physicians of the present day, fortified with the recorded knowledge of those who have gone before them, are steadily working. The fourth

chapter of Dr. Cotton's work is a fair statement of the progress thus far made. He shows how much prevention can do; how far, in the early stages of the disease, a cure may even yet be made; how complications, which would hasten the fatal result, are removed; and how, in those very rare cases in which nature attempts to effect a cure, medical art can give assistance to the salutary effort. More than this is not as yet within the power of human art; and we must caution our non-medical readers against the dishonest pretensions of those who claim to themselves anything beyond.

What consumption really is may best be learned by the perusal of such a work as this of Dr. Cotton's. It will there be seen that (apart from complications) it consists essentially in the deposition of a certain morbid substance, called tubercle, in the lungs; and that after a while inflammatory action takes place round the tubercle, which then softens and comes away. If there is no tubercle in the lungs the case is *not consumption.* There are frequent instances in which the symptoms closely resemble consumption, and can only be distinguished from it by careful medical examination. Such patients can generally be restored to health by ordinary and well-known treatment. Pretenders to the cure of consumption take advantage of these cases, and publish them to the world without stating their real nature as proofs of the efficacy of their remedies.

Dr. Cotton's treatise is divided into three parts:—first, the *nature;* secondly, the *symptoms;* and, thirdly, the *treatment* of consumption. Without following him through these divisions, or going into the very valuable but strictly medical details with which his pages are filled, we shall merely touch upon those points which may be of general interest and utility.

Foremost among these are the *influences which cause the disease,* as bearing on the question of prevention. Dr. Cotton points out in decided terms the non-contagiousness of consumption. On hereditary transmission he says:—

"It is a disputed point whether a state of general debility, physical or mental, natural or acquired, on the part of either or both parents, is capable of producing phthisis in the offspring. My own impression, derived from much enquiry amongst consumptive patients is, that a parent in any way enfeebled, may, but does not always, communicate to his descendants a low degree of vital energy which at some future time may exhibit itself in the production of disease, the character of which will depend upon the peculiar circumstances to which such descendants become exposed. These men suffer from scrofula in childhood, or phthisis in more advanced age, mental imbecility, degeneration of tissue, malignant diseases—or, in fact, any constitutional affection dependent upon insufficient vitality."

Again: upon the influence of occupation:—

"Although many trades and employments are powerful predisposing and even exciting agents, they are seldom so *per se*, but owe their influence to certain unfavourable circumstances under which too many of them are pursued, and the violation of every sanitary law which they too often involve.....It is lamentable, but true, that the wild beast in his captivity leads a life which offers a contrast to his natural habits, scarcely greater than does the artizan, who labours from sunrise to sunset in his gloomy workshop, or the female domestic in her London kitchen. The forgotten responsibilities of employers make them, unwillingly perhaps, but scarcely on that account less culpably, the disseminators of disease. How many work-rooms of our metropolis remain a disgrace to every feeling of humanity! In numbers of them, even on the sunniest day, the cheering light of heaven scarcely finds an entrance; and the atmosphere, deprived by respiration and combination of every vivifying principle, is hardly ever changed. Thousands of the youth of both sexes annually leave their country homes to become the occupants of these dismal abodes, oftentimes for as much as fourteen or sixteen hours daily; and after a few months', or it may be a few years' service, unequalled in its moral and physical consequences even by the most rigid system of slavery, terminate their cares a prey to phthisis, and perhaps also bequeath it to another generation."

Our author next gives a table showing in one thousand cases the relative frequency of consumption in persons of various occupations. Out of the whole numbers, only one hundred and fifty-nine were persons engaged in out-door pursuits. "Consumption is thus shown to be more than five times as frequent amongst those engaged in in-door as in out-door or more active pursuits—a result which could hardly have been anticipated, but which would justify the general conclusion that the in-door and sedentary habits of many of our working classes are more baneful than even the cold and atmospheric variations to which so many of the lower orders are necessarily exposed."

Dr. Cotton speaks as follows respecting the influence of climate:—

"It is popularly believed that climate has a closer connection than almost any other circumstance with the production of tuberculous diseases; and that consumption is even incompatible with certain geographical positions. If this supposition were but true, the duties of the physician would be more simple and effective; but unhappily it is founded in error. Phthisis finds a birth-place everywhere, and may be seen, to a greater or less extent, over the entire globe. In another portion of these pages I shall have to enter fully upon this subject: at present, therefore, it is unnecessary to say more than that the title *English disease*, the common synonyme of consumption, is completely misapplied; since, quite independently of climate (?)

wherever atmospheric impurities, unhealthy pursuits, immoralities, or, in fact, anything tending to lower the healthy standard of the physical powers, has an existence, there may phthisis be met with."

Again: on the effects of dissipation:—

"The evil and artificial habits of a large proportion of our population, more especially in large towns, exercise at every period of life, but particularly in youth, a very important influence on the body, and are oftentimes the occasion of either arousing within it a dormant tuberculous taint, or of creating one. Vice and dissipation may, indeed, annually claim their consumptive thousands; for however much the debauchee may consider himself secure from the visitation of phthisis, by inheriting from his ancestors a healthy constitution, he has too often to learn that the habits he has acquired are just as capable of generating tubercle as is the strongest hereditary taint. It would seem also, so far at least as its effects are concerned, to be of little consequeuce by what means he reduces his bodily vigour; for the continual disturbance of the balance of health is liable, in proportion to its extent, and not to its kind, to open a way to tubercular diseases. Of all vices, however, none are so apt to lead on to consumption as the unnatural or unrestrained indulgence of the sensual passions. To this cause, indeed, the germ of tubercle are too frequently traceable; and I am convinced that the many bearings of this subject upon the physical and mental energies have a much closer and more frequent relationship to phthisical affections than we can ever expect, from their peculiar nature, to see fully demonstrated. It is, probably, in this way that so much evil appears as the sequel to marriage contracted at too early an age either for the due estimation of its responsibilities or the perfecting of the constitution. I cannot number the individual cases in which it has been quite clear to me, that for such a violation of a natural law, the penalty has been enacted in the subsequent establishment of phthisis in the parent, or in the offspring, or perhaps even in both."

After noticing the influence of neglected personal cleanliness as a cause of consumption, he passes to another point:—

"*Insufficient or improper food* is too common an addition to other evils daily experienced by numbers of our working classes, and must contribute materially towards rendering so many of them the victims of phthisis. This cannot be better exhibited than in the table showing the influence of occupation, those who are proverbially the worst fed being there seen to be the most numerous: thus needlewomen, tailors, and shoemakers, whose sufferings in this particular are far greater than is generally supposed, constitute more than one-seventh of the whole number of cases.* It is

* "It is really the duty of every one to discourage those cheap advertising establishments, where things are sold at a price which, to pay the seller, must starve the maker."

nevertheless surprising to observe how apparently innutritious and even scanty a diet is sufficient for the well-being of the body, when the general conditions to health are united with it..... The depressing habits of life which prevail in large towns seem, indeed, to be the chief agents in rendering a diet prejudicial which might otherwise be salutary: the organizing of new materials, and making them part of ourselves—depending, in fact, as much or even more on the healthfulness and energy of the system itself, than on the kind of material it has to work upon. Repeated enquiries of consumptive persons, as to their previous mode of living, have led me to conclude that one description of food has in itself no greater tendency to induce tuberculosis than another..... It is astonishing how readily the digestive organs accommodate themselves to any particular kind of food when the body is placed under the influence of healthy conditions. In the early periods of life, however, the function of assimilation is adapted only to the most simple and nutritious substances; and it is to this circumstance being overlooked that the physician has frequent cause for tracing back to infant life the first germs of phthisis..... Nothing is so productive of scrofula as the artificial rearing of weak and sickly infants, or even of those who may appear strong and healthy, but whose parents are scrofulous or otherwise sickly; marasmus, hydrocephalus, phthisis, or some kindred affection, is likely to be the result; or, if the child should himself escape these, there is the prospect of a feebleness of constitution showing itself in a subsequent generation under some form of tuberculous disease. But the evil of improper feeding is not limited to infancy..... Pampering the appetite with substances innutritious or injurious, overfeeding, the use of a diet unsuited to the particular age, all act prejudicially, and predispose the system to such diseases, by substituting lowly-organised materials for those highly animalised ones essential to the construction of healthy tissues. The fanciful and almost fashionable habit of excessive abstemiousness, adopted by many young females of the middle and upper classes of society, is also highly injurious, and not unfrequently passes, by insensible degrees, into confirmed phthisis. I have seen this happen where there has been no other cause to which the disease could be attributed: dyspepsia of an obstinate form has been first established; the healthy energy of the system has gradually been lost; and consumption has unexpectedly and rapidly followed."

Inactivity, insufficient clothing, and mental influences, are also noticed as productive of consumption. In the course of all these statements the serious effects of breathing vitiated air, and living in ill-lighted dwellings, are implied, certainly, but not expressly dwelt upon. We wish they had been; for on few points, even among the educated, does so much misconception prevail. The upper classes of society have yet to learn that not alone among the half-starved and over-crowded work-people

of a town, not alone amongst the poor, the needy, and the destitute, but in *all* ranks of life, in *all* situations, in their civilised and beautiful rooms, in churches and other places of assembly, and wherever men put themselves under artificial cover, there the *want of sufficient light and air* is a most active cause of disease. In hardly any construction or building is there adequate provision for ventilation or for admission of light; and the consequence is that a large proportion of the population is rendered delicate and liable to disease, either in their own persons or in their children, by the exclusion of light, and by *breathing the same air over and over again;* being affected by these causes more or less according to the number of hours in the twenty-four that they spend in-doors. Fifty years hence it will scarcely be credited that requirements so obvious were unattended to in the present age of progress and enlightenment.

We have dwelt almost unduly long on these several causes of disease, for they involve social questions which it behoves every one to attend to—questions, the solution of which would be of far more consequence to the welfare of mankind, both temporal and eternal, than the most meritorious care of Church interests. There are books of divinity still neglected and unread; teachings from God unlistened to; revelations are undeciphered and unnoticed; interests, and duties, and opportunities, passing swiftly away, unattended to, uncomprehended, and unthought of. It rests not with us to point them out: the talents to perceive and follow them are not deficient; but we fear that attention to them is postponed in favour of things which have grown up under high sanction into an importance which is artificial and over-magnified.

The *second part* of Dr. Cotton's work, which treats of symptoms of consumption, and from the perusal of which we have derived much information, is not so well adapted for any quotation or comment in the pages of a non-medical review as the *third part*, in which are some matters most profitable and interesting to all. A chapter is here especially devoted to *preventive treatment.* We are heartily glad to find a physician who judges it worth his while to devote so much attention to this very important point. It is a sign that the public are beginning to understand that the business of medical men is not only to CURE, but also to PREVENT, DISEASE. We believe and trust that the time is not far distant when they will be habitually consulted on *both* points. But hitherto their advice concerning prevention has been so seldom asked, except in one or two very obvious predicaments, that it has not been worth while for them, engaged in a multiplicity of other more immediate objects, to give their sys-

tematic attention to it. Where would have been the use of studying the bearings of a question never likely to be asked? And even now, who ever consults a medical man concerning the healthiness of any of those places in which men dwell or are gathered together—the salubrity of building-sites—the means of removing noxious influences from around villages and country houses—the advisability of any system of education and training pursued with children—the chances of transmitting latent morbid tendencies to the offspring of an intended union—or any other such matters, with a view to PREVENT DISEASE? Were this habitually done, there would be less ill health, and less necessity for having recourse to medical treatment; and the physician would consider the knowledge of measures of prevention a specific part of his duty, and would be prepared accordingly in this, as in any other branch of his profession, by a regular course of study.

In speaking here of the method of guarding against consumption in healthy persons, Dr Cotton makes the following judicious remarks:—

"In every particular should a child be made *one of nature*, not of art; and just in proportion as the latter is approached the risk is incurred of inducing scrofula. Judicious feeding, especially as regards the adjustment of particular food to the particular age; ample and regular exercise in the open air; and the avoidance of habitual *dosing* with domestic medicines, seem the three main points upon which rest either the future health or disease of numbers of our race. I have repeatedly seen instances of a disregard to these simple conditions originating the scrofulous diathesis in children who to all appearance had inherited, and probably might otherwise have enjoyed, the most robust health. I cannot forbear making an observation upon what is popularly styled the '*physicking system.*' The *habitual* use of medicines, even of the most simple kind, is apt to disorder the stomach, and so impair the appetite that a proper kind of food is disrelished, whilst the pampering which too often results only aggravates the evil. It is from this circumstance that *homœopathy*—one of the worst species of deceit ever practised upon those who lack the discernment to detect it—has gained the hearts of so many English mothers. One is tempted in such cases rather to smile at than to condemn the imposture, on account of the benefit it so innocently affords, in allowing nature to bring up many healthy children in her own way, by limiting the effect of the dosing to the *parental imagination.*"

He then proceeds to treat of the method of guarding against consumption in persons predisposed to it; a portion of the work from which we should again be tempted to quoted, did not our space forbid. The chapter following is devoted to the

treatment of the preliminary stage of the disease. In some little doubt which to prefer. we are inclined to fix upon this chapter as the best part of Dr. Cotton's book. His recognition of the preliminary stage, antecedent to what is commonly known as the "first stage of phthisis," his specific description of it, his systematic mention of its pathology and diagnostic symptoms, and his account of its appropriate treatment, are to us original, and constitute a new and extremely useful contribution to medical knowledge.

We have now indicated such points in Dr. Cotton's work as are likely to be of service to our readers. Taking it as a whole, and viewing it in regard to its medical and scientific value, it is the best text-book on consumption now extant: it possesses all the newest points that have been gained, and presents the nearest approach to anything like successful treatment of consumption that we are yet acquainted with. Hence the interest of its contents, not to the medical reader only, but to the public, for all are more or less concerned, some on personal and all on national grounds. In conclusion, we are much pleased to remark that the author is evidently one of those who has not allowed himself to be carried blindly away by his pursuit of science to the exclusion of other thoughts. His studies have not rendered him a cold-hearted sceptic. There is a right tone of thought and feeling implied rather than expressed in the pages of this work, which seems to us to contribute to the comparative justness and perfection of its scientific views—a proof that philosophical acumen is most fully available when coupled with attention to the best and highest interests of humanity, and hinting indirectly at the inference that religious truth may be most largely and fully understood, not by mere conservative adherence to old-world doctrines and commentaries, which is often a mere refinement of some covert selfishness, but by accepting and turning to full and conscientious account all the fresh light that from science or from any other quarter can be thrown upon it.

Athanase: a Dramatic Poem. By EDWIN F. ROBERTS. London: Painter, 342, Strand.

WITH no slight alloy of affectation, much grandiloquence and occasional tameness, there is so much of promise in the author of "Athanase" that we shall be glad to meet him again in print; because we believe that, with a little more experience—not a little, perhaps, sobering down of an exuberant imagination—he will do better things. There is *stuff* in him in the best sense of the word.

Retail Mammon; or, the Pawnbroker's Daughter. By HENRY HAYMAN, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford; Author of "Dialogues of the Early Church." London: Skeffington. 1853.

THERE is much originality both in the design and execution of this remarkable book; which, although a work of fiction and thus confessedly coming under the category of a novel, aims at far higher teaching than is commonly found in the class to which it belongs. The story is slight—never very thrilling in its interest—but abounding in graphic sketches of scenes and characters, and is evidently the work of a man of sound Church feeling, good taste, and elegant mind. The character of the pawnbroker is a masterly sketch, while that of Lucy, his daughter, is depicted with marvellous delicacy and truth. He is equally happy in his portraiture of a sick undergraduate and his mother and fair sister who come to nurse him; while the fidelity of his college scenes will be recognised by all who are familiar with university life. It is an admirable book.

A Visit to the Iron Works and Environs of Merthy Tydvil in 1852. By Edwin F. Roberts, Author of "Athanase," &c. London: Painter. 1853.

A CLEVER, graphic, and sensible description of a region which, although within a few hours journey of the metropolis, is, to the majority of our countrymen, as much a *terra incognita* as the interior of Africa; and we, for one, are grateful for his account of this singular and interesting locality.

The Glass and the New Crystal Palace. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. With Cuts. London: Cassell.

WE are glad to meet our friend again in the point character of artist and author; and albeit we have not foresworn port and sherry, or even Burgundy when we can get it, we award our hearty homage to the honest earnestness with which he maintains his crusade against the bottle and the tankard in all their moods and tenses. Upon the pictorial value of this unpretending *brochure* there can be but one opinion. The illustrations—numerous and well engraved—are worthy of himself.

London: William Edward Painter, 342, Strand, Printer.